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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WORTH REPORTING

TASMANIAN reader Barbara Stack, of Hobart, has good reason to be proud of a cake she baked (at right).

It is decorated with a replica of the new Tasman Bridge, which spans the River Derwent at Hobart.

After studying the bridge, Mrs. Stack made her version with gum-paste icing, "first erecting supporting girders, and then assembling the rest of the bridge, section by section."

The cake was designed in honor of the official opening of the bridge by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and was displayed for 600 guests at the ceremony.

"It was later presented to the Duke and Duchess, and I received a thank-you note," she told us.



OUR COVER

● **Peter Sellers took the picture of Joan Sutherland and her husband, Richard Bonynge, on holiday in Jamaica at Noel Coward's villa (see pages 8, 9). Joan was wearing an enveloping poncho, because suntanned skin wouldn't look well in opera.**

A sweet-natured Siamese

GRAND champion Baroda Blue Magda sat up and licked a £25 paw. She has three others of equal value, because Baroda Blue Magda was recently bought at the grand price of £100 "on the paw," as it were.

Even for a pure-bred Blue Point Siamese with the title of grand champion that is a large sum, but her new owners, Mr. and Mrs. G. Rassmussen, of Cronulla, N.S.W., don't begrudge it.

"We have her son, Sharada Blue Lief, but we fell in love with her and eventually persuaded her owners to sell," Mrs. Rassmussen said.

"She's not only beautiful, but has a sweet nature."

The problem of what to do with the cats when their owners go away is easily solved. "We don't go away," said Mr. Rassmussen. "We'd worry as much about leaving the cats as we used to about the children when they were small."

Four of the Rassmussens' seven Siamese cats were on display at a preview of the annual championship show held by the Federal Cat Club of Australasia, which will open on May 29 at the Sydney Town Hall.

★ ★ ★

WHEN a Sydney man-about-town decided to send flowers to an Australian girl holidaying in Madrid, he specified red carnations, and off went the flowers-by-wire order.

But with favorable rates of exchange £A2 buys a lot of flowers in Spain, and it so happened that just then there was an over-supply of red carnations in the Madrid district. So a cartload of flowers arrived outside her hotel!

Give Mother this book

● **Here's a suggestion for a Mother's Day gift that Mother will really appreciate.**

IT'S the big, beautifully illustrated cook book *Step-by-Step Cookery*, edited by the well-known English demonstrator Marguerite Patten in conjunction with Leila Howard, of *The Australian Women's Weekly* Test Kitchen.

The 300 pages are full of exciting recipes for all occasions.

There are nearly 40 recipes for cakes—from good family style raisin gingerbread to luscious gateaus, sponge cakes, rich Christmas cakes—and the recipes are given in easy step-by-step instructions; you can't go wrong!

The book opens with a general section on cooking terms and procedures — then goes right through the menu from hors-d'oeuvre to soup, fish, meat, poultry, puddings.

There are sections on hot and cold drinks, jams, confectionery — and the special section on pastry gives five different recipes, with instructions for quantities to use, how to decorate pies, how to trim pastry, and how to store.

The book is handsomely bound in a hard cover with a colorful dustjacket that's stain-resistant. When opened, it lies flat on the table for easy reference when you're following a recipe.

The book is obtainable from newsagents and booksellers, or you can order it now and have it sent direct as a gift.

Price is 30/- per copy, plus 3/6 postage. Send cheque, money order, or postal note to "Step-by-Step Cookery," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

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"MASQUERADE," the opening number in the international show coming to Australia.

INVASION ON ICE

● Transporting the huge *Ice Capades* show to Australia will require airlifts on the scale of a minor military invasion.

A CHARTERED Boeing 707 cargo jet laden with 30 tons of costumes, scenery, lights, and other equipment will leave Honolulu on May 24 for Sydney. At the same time 150 skaters, musicians, and technicians will fly in commercial jets for the first engagement of the ten-week Australian visit.

The *Ice Capades* will play four weeks in Sydney, beginning May 27; four weeks in Melbourne, from July 1; and two weeks in Adelaide, from August 5.

From our New York office

The company claim they use more electronic equipment backstage and out front than any other live entertainment — including closed-circuit TV, walkie-talkie radios, portable intercoms, and stereophonic sound systems.

The roster of skaters includes Gisela, the Swedish champion, and her English husband, Terry Head; Freddie Trenkler, "the Charlie Chaplin of the ice"; Per Larsen, Norwegian and Scandinavian skating champion; Guy Revell, of Canada, who was 1964 Olympic champion; Canadian Hugh Forgie and partner Shirley Marie, in "Badminton on Ice"; and Brigitte, holder of both the Austrian and European championships.

The principal skaters and corps de ballet will wear more than 500 costumes, costing an average of £700 each. These are so carefully handled that no performer is permitted to sit down or to eat while wearing one. Even so, dry-cleaning bills amounting to more than £1000 are run up every few weeks.

Dyed stage

Ice Capades is performed on blue-and-white dyed ice. It consists of six spectaculars — "Masquerade," "Kiddie Circus," "Salute to Cole Porter," "Annapolettes" "Viva Italia" and "Hallelujah" — and nine comic diversions and displays of skating prowess.

Australian audiences will be especially interested in the "Kiddie Circus" act which features four human kangaroos dancing a precision number to the tune of *Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport.*



GISELA, who is the Swedish figure-skating champion, has danced with the Royal Ballet in Stockholm.

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NEXT WEEK:

● Every wife and mother *worries*

about her family's health—often when there is nothing to worry about. So it's a good idea to arm yourself with some sensible, *plain-speaking advice*

on medical matters . . . and you'll find *that* in our lift-out, where

A DOCTOR DISCUSSES

the questions of everyday good health

In the 16-page book he gives the frank medical facts on common illnesses, and debunks some long-standing old wives' tales, too.

★



COUTURE PATTERNS by famous designers

. . . *CARDIN, MATTLI, PATERSON, LAROCHE*

Here's a special for fashion-conscious home dressmakers — six couture garments in Vogue patterns.

AND . . .

Hats and handbags (plus a scarf) to CROCHET and KNIT



. . . they're the latest in hand-made accessories!

★



● *Planning a party?* If there's a crowd, it's practical to have a

PLATE SUPPER

. . . and our cookery experts suggest some tasty "plate" ideas.

★

And DON'T MISS our color preview of Hayley Mills' latest film.

Now it's brains as

● It's boom time in Sydney for models — for alert young men, mums, dads, children, and bright-eyed babies, as well as living dolls.



JUANITA CABAN, nine, is a freckle-faced schoolgirl who has been a successful photographic and TV model for nine months. She is also a professional singer, appeared in The Sound of Music.

SINCE business leaders began to stress the importance of the "right image" in commerce, there's been an increasing model-mindedness among firms for promotion of their products.

And the range of roles models are now called on to fill includes television documentaries and commercials, demonstrating how to repair old boots in chain stores, and helping to hostess conventions.

Model girls must be able to compere fashion shows, parade clothes, dance, sing, water-ski, change a nappy, wear mink, look at home at a kitchen sink, and appear in brains trust panel quizzes.

"A high IQ has become a model's most vital statistic," says Miss Vivien McDermott, manager of the June Dally Watkins Model Agency in Sydney.

By MARY COLES

"Models are now expected to be able to talk as well as they can walk.

"They have to combine dress sense with common sense, horse sense, and no nonsense.

"Every modelling job has to be handled with dramatic know-how, once unheard of in modelling circles.

"And mostly they have clothes to match. Name the job and they will turn up dressed for the part.

"Few models own an original model garment, but they all have up-to-the-minute basic wardrobes suitable for every occasion.

"Yet often the girls at the top are the ones with the smallest wardrobes.

"They manage with a few good clothes by being clever with accessories.

"They keep their noses glued to the fashion magazines from London, Paris, New York, Berlin, and Rome to keep ahead of the trends.

"Props"

"Most of them have a 'good little dressmaker' or depend on their mothers—their grandmothers, too—to whip up outfits.

"But the savings on clothes are spent on elegant accessories.

"Imported handbags, gloves, scarves, ritzy shoes and costume jewellery are their tools of trade.

"Their 'props' include accessories that can be worn with mink and fabulous evening gowns; just the right saddle-stitched shoulder bag to model a tweed coat at a polo match; and a snug woolly cap, gloves, and scarf to be photographed in at a football final.

"With shoes, particularly, models must always be, so to speak, a step ahead.

"Shoes currently fashionable could be old hat by the time the pictures are circulated to launch the new styles. So they have to pay high prices for 'on-the-way-in' shoes.

"Successful models are the ones who watch for these





ROSALIE WATTEL, 21, the current New South Wales Model of the Year, is going overseas later this year to try modelling in Paris, London, and New York. Rosalie was overweight when she started modelling three years ago, began climbing to success when she lost two stone. Her face is right for the country-girl look (left) or city first-night (above).

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well as beauty

IN Melbourne — regarded as Australia's clothes manufacturing centre — the demand for male models has increased in recent months.

Miss Helen Violarus, managing-director of Melbourne's largest model agency, said, "This season there have been more fashion parades and promotions for men.

"But there is no shortage of male models; often it's easier to get them than girls. The men need no training; their success is in being so natural."

Miss Violarus added: "We are having a mad hectic time, but it's only the usual seasonal rush. Our busiest times are February to May and August to November, when manufacturers and stores are bringing out their new collections."

The former model Helen Homewood, who runs her own agency, said: "In Melbourne there is greater scope for girl models, because of the greater number of dress manufacturers.

"We get more high-fashion trade, while Sydney has more photographers, is a bigger centre for advertising modelling, and uses a variety of people."

Miss Homewood believes the Mod look has given new life to modelling.

"Things have been quiet for a couple of years, and now, with lacy stockings and little heels, this young, fresh look is an easier and quicker way for girls to get started in modelling.

"A 'look' gives the new models a chance to get jobs, because when a 'look' comes in few of the other girls have it.

"A 'look' is easier to achieve than the old-fashioned idea of a model who was beautifully poised and groomed, terribly glamorous, and quite unapproachable. She spent years reaching the ultimate."

seemingly little things that make or mar advance fashion photography."

Miss McDermott said that once girls less than 5ft. 6in. tall didn't have a chance, however attractive they were.

"Now they range from 5ft. 2in. to almost 5ft. 10in.

"Once, photographic models had to strike a pose — and hold it indefinitely.

"Now fashion photographers demand models to work like actresses, carrying out high-speed actions to capture off-beat shots of moods and gestures.

"Creative photographers get their feeling of drama by angling their shots on the flow of lines of a fall of material, or the texture of a fabric.

"They concentrate on off-beat settings for contrast.

"A girl may have to run barefoot over scorching sands to picture the warmth of a tweed suit.

"Or model a new lipstick wearing a chiffon negligee in pelting rain to illustrate its glistening, vibrant color.

"Some girls mime nursery rhymes to get action and a variety of expressions when modelling."

One of Sydney's most happily married top models doesn't think of her husband, but pretends she's on a date with Rock Hudson when she wants to look romantic and ethereal!

Freckles "in"

Miss McDermott said cute child models with Shirley Temple curls were "out."

"There is a tremendous demand now for children with alert, top-of-the-class expressions," she said. "Particularly children with sunny, very freckled faces. The more freckles the greater their popularity.

"Above all, they must look unspoilt and natural.

"Currently, little girls must have long straight hair and fringes."

Miss McDermott added that the youngest model on their books was aged three months. Few good child models were available above the age of ten, because between ten and mid-teens they were usually too busy with their studies to do modelling as a sideline.

There is also plenty of work for full- and part-time male models.

"They have to be very manly men who look completely at home mowing a suburban lawn in a pair of shorts, or calm and confident sipping martinis and wearing white tie and tails," said Miss McDermott.

"Smart young mothers in the early thirties age group are greatly sought after, and there is also a steady demand for older women to parade clothes for the no-longer sylph.

"They keep to their normal appearance when modelling.

"But younger girls vying for top model laurels have to fit into the 'jet set' category.

Transformation

"Clients want models with an international air.

"The top girls can switch in ten minutes flat from mods to sophisticates, still wearing the same dress, just by changing their hairstyles, accessories, and expressions.

"This means that they must be skilled at handling hair and make-up.

"Most have their hair expertly cut in a simple, even-length short, basic style, and dress it up to suit the occasion with a large collection of switches and hairpieces, costing from £10 to £50 each.

"These pieces provide for split-second transformations from bouffants to shingles and fringes."

Miss McDermott says time is money to girls at the top — some rarely stop for lunch — and they're reluctant to spend more hours than are strictly necessary in hairdressing salons.

"Lots of girls shampoo and set their own hair and send their switches and pieces to hairdressers by taxi for professional styling."

Miss McDermott said fees paid to models varied with their own standing and the kind of modelling involved.

Competent, average-ability models earned £25 to £30 a week.

Outstanding, high-fashion photographic models cleared between £50 and £100 a week during busy months modelling new season's collections and products to be featured in promotion campaigns.

"Some firms, such as soap, toothpaste, and cosmetic manufacturing companies, pay retaining fees to models whose faces they feature so they will not pose for similar ads for rival clients for periods of six months or so.

"They take special precautions to do this when a sales campaign is to be geared round a particular girl with a new gimmick."

Although modelling is booming, Miss McDermott says that reputable agencies warn aspiring models to have savings or another job to fall back on until they are established as models.

"A feeling of being utterly dependent on the next job to pay the rent is a fatal handicap," she said.

"Apart from current earnings a model should always have at least £100 to £150 in the bank for slack periods or to meet essential clothing replacements.

"A model just can't work in laddered stockings and get away with it.

"Nor can they afford to live it up as party girls.

"Modelling is strenuous and exacting.

"A model girl needs the appearance of a racehorse and the constitution of a sturdy highland pony!"





JARMILA LLOYD, 21, started modelling in February last year, quickly rose to the status of one of Sydney's top three photographic models. Once an amateur actress, she can express any mood from the young mod look (above) to sophisticated fashions (right).



ROSS HORNIBROOK is, at 28, probably Australia's top male model. He has been a full-time model for eight years, spent a year with the Ford agency in New York, but got homesick. Ross can look debonair in white tie and tails, equally handsome in casual clothes.

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Shining hair so beautifully kept ...It's the loveliness of Gossamer

Diamond bright Gossamer is the pure, clear hair spray that holds your hair beautifully in place without stickiness or lacquer.

The lanolin esters in Gossamer condition your hair, keep it soft and shining. Gossamer accents your hair's natural beauty with lustrous highlights.

Gossamer brushes right out, leaves your hair with a "just washed" feeling. Everything you want a hair spray to do Gossamer does best.



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HERE'S WHAT SHE'S LIKE

- Is 50, looks 40
- Mod hairdo
- Likes to laugh
- 5ft. 7in. slim
- Game to wear colored stockings
- Works
- Diets
- Helps everyone
- Forgets my boyfriends' names

DAD says, fondly: "Sometimes I think your mother is just a kid."

MY MUM'S A MOD

By KERRY YATES

● Now my mum's a character — everyone knows about that. But her latest venture surprised even me. She's become a mod!

IT all began when I came home the other night with a brand-new Cilla Black hairdo. You know, one of those short new styles with the heavy fringe and side-bangs that all the teenagers are wearing.

The family seemed to approve, and Mum even said something like, "I'd love a hairdo like that myself." But of course we (my dad, big brother, and I) laughed off her remark with "Oh, you'd never be game."

We should have known better.

At breakfast next morning she waltzed into the kitchen with her hair bobbed short—just like mine.

Overnight my mum had gone mod.

Now after nearly 20 years (19 years and eight months, to be precise) I'm not usually surprised by Mum's pranks. But that one, especially during breakfast, nearly caused a riot.

For as long as I remember she'd worn her long black hair in a smart but rather severe French roll. So her new short mod style (which she cut and curled herself after we'd all gone to bed) sure was different.

But then I guess my mum IS different.

She's more than 50, looks about 40, and is as gay and frivolous as a teenager.

In fact, as father says fondly (and often), "Sometimes I think your mother is just a kid." And sometimes I'm inclined to agree.

For she really does the maddest things.

The other night I came home from a party about 1.30 a.m. to find Mum still up—with a mud-pack caked on her face.

Eyelashes dyed, curled

"It's an oatmeal and egg-white mixture and you have to leave it on four hours," she explained. "But it's guaranteed to vanish wrinkles."

Dried hard like cement, it looked as though it had vanished Mother, too!

Now you may think that sounds a crazy beauty treatment for a more-than-50-year-old. But what about this?

When she's not planning to borrow my false eyelashes, Mum has discovered a beauty parlor where she has her own eyelashes dyed and curled.

An elegant 5ft. 7in., Mum has a really good, trim figure for her age, but guess how she got and keeps it?

Well, about a year ago (after years of talking about it) she went on a diet. She went from 12st. 5lb. to 10st. 2lb.—from an OS fitting to an SW. But she ate nothing but eggs and grapefruit for three whole weeks.

And although she lost the weight she never lost her love of food. She still eats and eats all the weekend and then diets all the next week so she's back to her original weight by Friday, when she starts eating all over again.

"Instead of having sensible but usually dull low-caloric meals all the time," she explains, "I'd rather starve all the week and enjoy my food at the weekend."

With her new young figure, Mum dresses young, too. She wears shifts most of the time, sling-back shoes, Cleo sandals, mini-scarves, stretch slacks, shorts, and bulky jumpers, and she's even planning to buy some of the new colored stockings this winter. Nothing is too mod for my mum.

She'll be in anything for fun. I can remember times when we talked her into riding a pushbike, diving from a springboard, and riding a horse—all for the first time.

Her first time on a horse was really funny. Before Mum was properly settled in the saddle someone whacked the horse's rump and it galloped off into the bush with Mum clinging to its mane—riding "side-saddle."

She's always doing or joining something new. The latest was a yoga class. But she was so stiff after the first lesson that she spent what seemed like a week in bed, and we never let her go again.

Mum loves people and it's not unusual for there to be visitors for breakfast, lunch, and tea. We live right on the beach, and in summer it's always "Back to our house" at the weekends.

It's really just like being on a holiday all the year, because there's always a party going on. No wonder poor old Dad sometimes says, "There must be a sanctuary somewhere."

And Mum's usually the cause of it all, because she's so delightfully vague.

Handbag on the ice

For instance, I remember when she:

- Lost her handbag and found it later in the refrigerator.
- Put the teapot, instead of a teatowel, in the washing-machine.
- Served fruit salad and ice-cream in a champagne glass at a dinner party. Perhaps not so crazy when you remember they do look like parfait glasses — but half-full of champagne?

And then another day she was telling a group of our friends about her recent cruise on the Barrier Reef.

"It was lovely — so informal," she said. "We even called the captain by his first name, 'Skipper'."

Dad always calls her Mandrake, because she usually manages to disappear at washing-up time or when the meat or a cake is ready to be taken out of the oven. She is usually found upstairs or next door helping a neighbor cut out a dress or mend a fused light-bulb.

A few years ago, after my brother (now 23) and I had left school, Mum went back to work, and now she holds a responsible senior position with a finance company. She's in an office of girls, and from what I gather is the office adviser on everything from clothes to love problems—just like at home.

For as well as my mum she's also my dressmaker (making everything from bikinis to topcoats), my milliner, my hairdresser, and my own special Miss Lonely Hearts.

She's one of those remarkable people who can do everything. As well as our clothes she makes the curtains and bedspreads and is always re-covering our kitchen and dining-room chairs. She knits, crochets, makes flower and driftwood arrangements, and even does our dry-cleaning.

And she's the original Mrs. Fix-It. You never know when you'll come home to find her sitting on the floor with the washing-machine, or the alarm clock, or the radio pulled to pieces around her. And by some magical, hardly electrical genius she usually manages to fix everything, too.

But she sometimes mars my romances.

She often calls my boyfriend by the wrong name —usually an ex-boyfriend's name. One night she came out with "Hello, Roger" to one called Bill. That was really funny, because I've never known a Roger in my life.

Another night a fairly steady boyfriend rang when I was out with someone else and Mum tried to cover up for me by saying, "Oh, she's at Jill Watson's place." But then he asked did she know Jill's phone number and Mum said, "Oh, I don't even know her second name."

But for all that she has been a great mum. I remember when my girlfriend's mother was saying "no" to lipstick, shoes with little heels, nailpolish, stockings, and boyfriends—my mother encouraged me (within reason, of course). I've always been welcome to bring my friends (girls *and* boys) home.

I often laugh to myself when Dad says sometimes, "Your mother's only consistency is her inconsistency —you never know what she'll be up to next."

For Dad doesn't know all her good deeds of the past, either. Many things have been kept from him because he's always been inclined to press that "your mother's doing too much—she's killing herself."

When I was a child he went fishing on Saturday *afternoons*, so Mum used to hold free dancing lessons for all the kids in the neighborhood in our living-room.

If it hadn't been for those lessons we'd probably never have learnt all the oldies' dances like the Pride of Erin, the Gipsy Tap, and the Fox-trot.

What Dad didn't know

Other days when Dad was out Mum used to make dresses for everyone. When we heard Dad coming up the side path there was a mad panic, and in one minute the sewing-machine was packed away.

He never really guessed the place had been such a hive of industry all the afternoon.

One of my girlfriends probably paid Mum her greatest compliment the other day.

"Your mother's such fun," she told me. "She's not like a mother at all."

A GIRLFRIEND told me: "Your mother's such fun. She's not like a mother at all."

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JOAN SUTHERLAND'S JAMAICA HOLIDAY



PETER SELLERS, expert photographer as well as actor, goes into action at Coward's swim-pool. (Betty Best took this picture.)

By BETTY BEST

● Last month, ahead of her Australian tour, soprano Joan Sutherland and her husband, Richard Bonynge, holidayed in Jamaica with Peter Sellers and his wife, Britt Eklund, as house guests of Noel Coward. Betty Best, of our London staff, flew to Jamaica, and sent this story of artists on holiday — with pictures by Sellers.



CURRY baked in green coconuts is served on a glass-topped table in the patio. From left, Joan, Sellers, Cole Lesley, Coward, Ricky.

GLORIOUS and pure, the unmistakable voice of Joan Sutherland soared out into the tropical night.

The scene: A whitewashed villa surrounded by graceful palms tossing in balmy trade winds; behind us a green velvet hill winking alive with the first fireflies of the evening; before us the Caribbean Ocean fired by the dying sun.

A typical Jamaican evening — yet so different from all the others.

For the song which was captured in that incomparable voice was not an aria from Rossini or Bellini. It was a haunting tune made popular in the early '30s by Yvonne Printemps: Noel Coward's *I'll Follow My Secret Heart.*

A song one wouldn't have expected from the great Australian opera singer? But, then, she was staying at Noel Coward's—a holiday which was part of the complex preparations which have gone into the making of her first Australian tour.

Flawless

Plans have been in preparation for more than a year under the meticulous supervision of Miss Sutherland's husband, Richard Bonynge, who will be the musical and artistic director.

But the flawlessness of that unique instrument around which everything has been built—the Sutherland voice—could only be guaranteed by a complete rest after the recent strenuous American season.

And this is where the Bonynges' friend of many years' standing, Noel Coward, came in.

For at least three months of every year he lives in his magnificent villa, "Firefly," on top of that green velvet mountain just above Port Maria, a tiny unspoilt village on Jamaica's north coast.

During this time he enjoys complete seclusion unbroken by telephone calls or any social life other than that he chooses to have with the friends he invites to stay in his seashore villa, "Blue Harbor."

"When Noel found that we had nearly a month to

Continued on page 12



CARDS before lunch for keen players Joan and Ricky. On wall is a Coward painting of banana leaves. A maid, Icylin, serves drinks.



NOEL'S pink jeep for a drive from his hilltop home. Ricky on bonnet, Joan in back seat, her secretary, Anne Roughley, on running board.

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SCOOP! Joan sings with Coward

• On Jamaica, Betty Best got a scoop — she heard Sutherland and Coward rehearsing for an LP recording of about a dozen of his romantic songs.

They will sing the duets together, Richard Bonynge conducting the orchestra, Noel at the piano. "It will be one of the most enchanting experiences in my life," Coward told Betty.

"We first met—briefly—just before she was presented to Princess Marina after her great Covent Garden *Lucia*. I adored her on the spot."

After a tour of Coward's magnificent hilltop garden, ablaze with crotons, hibiscus, bougainvilleas of all colors, and a multitude of flowering vines, Betty was invited to hear the famous pair sing together.

They sang *Nevermore* and *I'll Follow My Secret Heart* from *Conversation Piece*, several snatches from *Bitter Sweet*, and a full chorus of *Some Day I'll Find You*.

Betty writes that it was all sheer magic.

Coward told her later it was Joan herself who suggested the LP when he saw her backstage after her performance in Philadelphia of *Traviata*.

"The mad girl announced in front of about 200 people that we'd do a record together.

"Imagine the divine shock for all the fuddy-duddies! Imagine my feelings at the thought of the purest, greatest voice in the world singing my songs — singing with me!

"I'm as merry as a grig!"





***THE DIVA AND THE MASTER** sing together. To the haunting strains of* **Zigeuner** *and* **I'll Follow My Secret Heart**, *the voice the Italians call "La Stupenda" soars through the tropical Jamaican afternoon, and Coward, the composer, realises an ambition which, he said, he would never have dared to hold—to have the great Joan Sutherland singing one of his own songs with him.*

PETER SELLERS took our pictures

(World copyright)

***AT "FIREFLY,"** Coward's villa on top of the hill above Port Maria, the famous playwright greets his guests with a drink on his ocean-view terrace, where he writes every day. From left are reporter Betty Best, Noel Coward, Joan Sutherland, Richard Bonynge, Peter Sellers, and his wife, Britt Eklund.*

• Next month Joan Sutherland and a dazzling contingent of singers will arrive in Australia for the 14-week Sutherland-Williamson International Grand Opera tour, starting in Melbourne at the end of June and going after to Adelaide, Sydney, and Brisbane. Director of the seven operas will be Joan's husband, Richard Bonynge.



***JOAN AND RICKY** go for a walk along the water's edge. They love this part of "Blue Harbor," because it so reminds them of the Sydney foreshore they knew as children. In Jamaica, Coward and Sutherland are making a choice of songs for their LP.*

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

LATEST in the gay round of pre-wedding parties for attractive Carolyn Quist is the luncheon Mrs. Bruce Rose is arranging for her on May 11.

Twenty guests have been asked to bring a kitchen gift for Carolyn, who'll marry Hamish Turnbull, of Tasmania, later this month.

If the weather is fine, Mrs. Rose plans to serve the luncheon on small tables on the terrace of her lovely home at Point Piper overlooking the harbor. Special treat for the party will be an Italian dish prepared by Mrs. Rose's Swedish cook.

Carolyn's five bridesmaids, Melissa McCoy, Margot Mackay, Diana Thomson, Libby Pilcher, and Katie Locke, will be among the guests.

★ ★ ★

SHORT stay in the country for Dr. and Mrs. Denis Rowe, who'll spend a few days on their property, "Cowl Cowl," Hillston, before they set off for the picnic races at Mudgee and then Muswellbrook. At Muswellbrook they'll be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Moses on "Wandewoi," and will later spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Bath on their property at Scone.

★ ★ ★

CHANGE of address for Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Palmer, who moved recently to Double Bay from their house at Seaforth. Also preparing to move house shortly are Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Farquharson, who will move from their house at Rose Bay to the new home they have just bought at Point Piper.

★ ★ ★

HEARD this week of two new babies—both boys—Mr. and Mrs. Bill McFadden's son, born on April 28 at Royal North Shore, is their first child. Mrs. McFadden is the former Desiree Meredith. The second baby, to be called Hugo Charles, is the third child for Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, jun., who have a son, John Frances, and a daughter, Amabel. Hugo was born at St. Margaret's Hospital on April 23.

★ ★ ★

BRIEF stay in Sydney for Mrs. June Campbell, of Hawthorn, who spent two days and a night with Dr. and Mrs. Ross Hayes at their home at Bellevue Hill. Mrs. Campbell, who is honorary secretary for the Asthma Foundation in Victoria, was returning from the inauguration of the foundation in Queensland.

TWO engagements in one week for Dr. and Mrs. Eric Roberts, whose daughters, Kerry and Toni-Lee, announced their betrothals within five days of each other. Toni-Lee will fly to New Zealand to wed Stewart Caves at Hastings on May 29, and Kerry, who will marry Rodney Henderson, of Port Moresby, is planning a wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point, in December. Dr. and Mrs. Roberts will fly to New Zealand for Toni-Lee's wedding.

★ ★ ★

QUITE the most glamorous person I saw during the week was Mrs. Mit Lonergan, of Mudgee, who watched a parade of ski clothes dressed in a stunning all-white outfit. A beret of snow-white mink complemented her slim tailored white wool shirtmaker dress, which she wore with two strands of pearls and accessories in the palest bone skin.

★ ★ ★

THE month's rest planned by the Sid Albrights at their weekender at Cottage Point turned into a rather hectic open-house party at Easter. During the weekend their guests included the Mark Hopkinsons, the Alex Zeppes, and Hudson Faussett. Guests who dropped in for luncheon included Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton and Dr. and Mrs. M. McCreedy. Back in town now for the round of Coral Sea Week celebrations, they plan to go back to Cottage Point later to finish their holiday.

★ ★ ★

NEWS from abroad this week for Mrs. Joyce Snelling, who received a long letter from her daughter, Mrs. Armand George. Mrs. George is at present in Brussels with her husband and two daughters, Caroline and Natalie. The family are living in a flat in Rue Fosse-Aux-Loups and looking up members of the George family. They spent some time in Paris, where Mrs. George saw some of the collections. The next step of their trip will take them by car to France, Italy, and Greece, after which Mr. George will fly home while they continue their travels.

★ ★ ★

HEAR the Lennox Bodes will leave by air on May 8 for a two-month world trip. First stop will be America, and from there they'll visit Europe.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Antony White outside St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, following their marriage. The bride was Miss Sue Patterson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Patterson, of "Kinkuna," Manilla. The bridegroom is the son of Colonel and Mrs. Dennis White, of "Whakathane," Kootingal.



AT RIGHT: Just wed, Mr. and Mrs. John Sedgwick following their marriage at Shore Chapel. The bride was formerly Miss Alison Davies, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Davies, of "Moulin," Coonabarabran. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Sedgwick, of Tumut.

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ABOVE: Committee member Miss Dianne Klippel showing Mr. and Mrs. John Lance one of the outfits she modelled at the Parade of Ski Wear at Menzies Hotel, arranged by the Ski Council of New South Wales in aid of the Snow Country Ambulance Service. Proceeds will help buy ambulances which will be stationed at Jindabyne.



ABOVE RIGHT: Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. John Patience, and Mrs. Monica Read (left to right) made the Royal Art Society exhibition their first call of the Day on the North Shore, which was arranged by the Art Gallery Ball Committee. More than 300 people inspected North Shore homes and buildings and saw art exhibitions during the day.





ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell after their marriage at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, with their attendants (from left), Miss Jill Spedding, Mrs. Vince Nicholson, and Miss Mariette Dwyer. The bride was Miss Sue Spedding, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Spedding, of Darling Point. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mitchell, also of Darling Point.



ABOVE: The National Secretary of the RSS & AILA, Mr. A. G. W. Keys (left), the National President, Mr. A. J. Lee (right), and Mrs. Lee, and the Duke of Gloucester (partly obscured) looked on while the Duchess of Gloucester planted a pine tree in the grounds of the national headquarters in Canberra. The Duke also planted a tree.

AT LEFT: The Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, with Mrs. A. R. Lakeman (left) and Lady Berryman at the farewell reception given by the Council of Commonwealth Societies in Lord De L'Isle's honor at the Royal Commonwealth Society clubrooms.

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SUTHERLAND'S JAMAICA HOLIDAY

Continued from page 9

spare before the Covent Garden and Australian seasons he insisted that we come," said Joan.

"Of course, it is absolutely perfect for us. Glorious Australian-type heat, which we both miss so much in Europe, absolute privacy with no need to dress up or fuss, our own swimming-pool in the garden, and the joy of Noel's company either at lunch or dinner every day.

"I do absolutely no singing practice, because complete rest is the best possible thing for the voice. The only work we do is on the final arrangements for our Australian schedule, which, of course, is the great thrill uppermost in both our minds just now."

Sutherland and Bonynge have longed to come to Australia ever since her first great international success with *Lucia di Lammermoor* at Covent Garden in 1959.

"When I left Australia 14 years ago it was in the hope of becoming a good singer. Of course, I never dreamed then how big the success would become.

Glad to come back

"Now we are both so happy to come back and appear with a full opera company of fine singers and combine with the Elizabethan Trust for this Williamson season.

"I am very proud of my country, so it is only natural to want to return. I'm terribly intrigued to see all the changes that have taken place.

"All this has been heightened by the fact that when Ricky returned he was so enthusiastic about the warmth of the people, the great charm of the Victorian architecture, and the beauty of the cities.

"I long to go back and see if our old house in Woollahra is still standing — that was Victoriana plus!

"I long, too, to see Lindley Evans again. He, who was Melba's last accompanist, taught Ricky so much, as did Sir Eugene Goossens, — we only wish he were alive to be there for this tour.

"It would have repaid his great faith in us.

"Of course, we have heard from all our friends in theatre and opera how wonderful Australian audiences are with their warmth and keen appreciation. Their greatest champion is, perhaps, Noel Coward himself, who so loved Australia and the Australians. He never stops talking about it."

Later at "Firefly," where Joan and Coward were to sing together for us, Coward remarked, "Joan darling, you're looking magnificently like the MGM lion today!"

She had had her luxuriant auburn hair specially dressed for our picture session with Coward.

Peter Sellers, holidaying on another part of the island, had made a special trip to be what he described as the "Lord Snowdon of the day" and take our pictures for us.

It was a great honor, because, as an international-class photographer he has been asked to take pictures by leading publications all over the world for vast fees.

"I usually refuse because I'm too busy on films or because the subject matter suggested does not appeal to me," he said.

"But who, with any sensitivity, could refuse the combination of Coward and Sutherland at a piano on a hill in Jamaica?"

At 65 Noel Coward keeps up a working schedule which would appal many men half his age.

"I'm up every morning by six o'clock, because I write better early," he said.

"If, as now, I'm polishing up a play, I just can't leave it alone. I've just finished the rough draft of *Just A Song At Twilight*.

"Who will be in it, you ask? Why, me, of course! It's about time I came back to the stage — can't allow myself to get rusty.

"And I had to make sure it was complete before I leave here to go and do a delicious film with Larry (Olivier).

"We shall begin shooting in England very soon and I never begin even a rehearsal without being word perfect.

"I said to Larry when he suggested it: 'How can I refuse?' I have at least two marvellous lines: One is 'Good!' and the other 'Morning.'

"It's a thriller called *Bunny Lake Is Missing*, and I might say I have something rather nasty to do with her disappearance.

"I play a sinister, aging, masochistic old monster. A lovely part."

Luncheon on the dining terrace with its blue-washed local stone walls, polished red-tiled floor, and the flower-filled garden making up the fourth wall of the rectangle was as colorful in the menu as in the conversation.

We were served "Coward Special" soup, which consists of equal parts of green pea soup and bouillon, spiced with fresh lime juice and iced. Ice cubes clinking in each bowl made it even more refreshing.

Curry and coconut

The second course was a magnificent beef curry which is baked in green coconuts (complete with husk). When served, great luscious slices of the green coconut meat are scooped out with the beef.

It is served with spiced Jamaican wild rice, fresh banana, orange segments, grated dried coconut, mango chutney, and poppadoms.

Pressed by the Master and Sutherland, Sellers took the centre of the luncheon stage to give their favorite voices from his old Goon shows, plus some new ones he had picked up on the island.

His mastery of the peculiarities of English and American tourist chatter meant that his audience could hardly stop their laughter long enough to eat.

They all swopped reminiscences on amateur critics who bowl up to celebrities, introduce themselves, and then proudly announce, "I like to be frank. I didn't really enjoy your performance very much."

"I always ask if they want their money back," said Noel Coward firmly. "They haven't a hope in hell of getting it, but it seems to stop them."

Both "Firefly" and "Blue Harbor" are packed with Noel Coward's own paintings and sculpture.

A Texan multi-millionaire once offered Coward 10,000 dollars (£A5000) for one of his oils of Jamaican banana leaves and flower.

"I'm sorry. I never sell my paintings," Coward said.

The man raised his offer to 20,000 dollars, but Coward still resisted.

When he had gone, Coward packed up a similar painting and sent it off to his hotel as a present.

The millionaire was overwhelmed, has travelled with the picture ever since, and sent Coward a handsome sum of money to be donated to whatever charity he should choose.

Thus, and with the help of other donations, Coward began a native co-operative enterprise to encourage the sale of Jamaican-made furniture, mats, clothing, and materials.

Most of his villas are furnished with these, and at one time he got orders for them from all over the world.

He set up a small interior decorating shop in Port Maria called "Designs For Living," and for about four years the co-operative flourished.

But as the orders grew bigger the Jamaicans found the pressure of business too European for their temperaments.

"I adore the heat"

"We learned defeat after a long, sad struggle," Coward admitted.

But Coward says that Jamaica is still his favorite home.

"It is the only place in the world I find it difficult to leave. I adore the heat.

"It doesn't matter how worn out I am, I only have to be here for two or three days and I'm completely fit.

"As you see, one can have unlimited animals about. I think we're up to 17 cats just now, but there are lots more on the way.

"We haven't counted the dogs lately.

"I keep only two house servants up here at 'Firefly,' because my wants are pretty simple. When I have guests for a meal the staff at the 'Harbor' cook and we bring it all up the hill ready prepared."

"Blue Harbor" is really a collection of buildings around the main villa which Coward first bought.

Up by the gate is the "African Village," as he affectionately calls the staff quarters, where anything from two to seven Jamaicans seem to live and keep their families.

Down in the garden along the seashore are two guest-houses with two bedrooms each, and another smaller one with one bedroom.

These buildings have their own bathrooms and verandas and are a delightful mixture of ancient Jamaican architecture, with wooden shingle roofs and stone walls, some old carved furniture dating back to Spanish occupation, and some modern native hand-made furniture.

The Bonynges, who have recently bought a house next to Coward's, near Montreux, Switzerland, were so taken with their Jamaican setting that they now plan to buy a place near "Blue Harbor."

"It is the ideal arrangement for us whether working in America or Europe," said Ricky.

Both he and his wife love decorating houses.

But until now the one thing they have missed is the heat and sunshine.

"Here we have just that. And look at the foreshore! It is so like Sydney we might be at home!

"Next year, with my new contract to conduct at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, a house in Jamaica would be the perfect answer for both of us."

Busy Bonynges

Ricky will be the youngest conductor ever to have been put under contract by the famous "Met."

But before he takes up his appointment there he will conduct the forthcoming Covent Garden season in which Sutherland will repeat her famous *Lucia di Lammermoor* and Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, in which she has had such great success in America and Europe.

"And then Australia — which will, we hope, make it one of the happiest years in our careers."

It all means solid work straight through from April until October with new productions involved — a feat which would be well nigh impossible if the Bonynges did not know how to relax.

"But we learnt this years ago," Ricky said.

"I can get into a plane and drop straight off to sleep, or play cards, or read, and put work right out of my mind until I land. So can Joan.

"That is why in Jamaica we are getting so much value out of our stay. We have games of scrabble, play cards, or do Noel's complicated jigsaw puzzles.

"And I never go to sleep without reading — it may be for only ten minutes, or for hours, but the book gets my full attention—even if it is only a thriller.

"My favorite reading is probably historical biographies, which Joan also loves.

"And we play a lot of records; not always opera by any means.

"We both love good musicals and are particularly keen on *High Spirit* and *Dolly*, both of which we saw in New York recently.

"Two of Joan's favorite singers are Ella Fitzgerald and Lena Horne, because they are both such consummate musicians.

"In fact, the only thing approaching work which Joan has done while she has been here is to write a tribute to Lena for a book of photographs Roddy McDowall is publishing."

(WORLD COPYRIGHT)



JOAN AND RICKY in the bedroom of their little villa at "Blue Harbor." Carved four-poster is a relic of Jamaica's Spanish days.



COWARD'S fresh-water swimming-pool is right on the ridge of the hill and overlooking the Caribbean Sea. The party poses for Sellers.



BRITT helps Joan into a new muu - muu which an island dressmaker had made for her.



PARTY GROUP near the door of the "African Village," as Noel Coward calls the staff quarters near the gate of "Blue Harbor." Dogs and cats abound.

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PRINCE BERTIL escorted the Dutch Princess Margriet at a banquet in Holland.

Romance began with knock-out

● Royal duties have kept 53-year-old Prince Bertil of Sweden a bachelor, unable to marry the woman he has loved for 20 years — the woman he met by knocking out a pestering drunk. The prince will visit Australia this month.



PRINCE BERTIL OF SWEDEN.

PRINCE BERTIL will fly to Sydney on May 16 from New Zealand, and will also visit Canberra and Melbourne before leaving on May 20 for Mexico and Sweden.

Even in the most democratic monarchies, royalty has its own particular problems. Bertil of Sweden has certainly had his share — though nobody would guess it on meeting this friendly, gay, hard-working sportsman.

In theory, the younger children of the Swedish royal house can, and often do, marry commoners, opt out of the royal circle, and follow some chosen career like any other private citizen.

Life has not been as simple as that for Prince Bertil, although he is the second son of King Gustav.

Bertil's elder brother, Crown Prince Gustav Adolf, was killed in an air crash in 1947, and Bertil had to take over the duties of regent in the absence or illness of the king, while his nephew, Crown Prince Carl Gustav, was a minor.

Bertil had grown up as a tall, handsome, happy-go-lucky young naval officer.

He was a natural athlete, skier, and skater, an expert driver of racing cars and speedboats, and a skilled aircraft pilot, completely unruffled by a narrow escape from death in a helicopter crash.

When he was 22, there was a spate of rumors that the handsome, eligible prince would marry Juliana of the Netherlands, who was then crown princess.

From CELIA HENDERSON, in London

The next rumors were of a secret engagement with the pretty Christina Brambeck, daughter of a Swedish civil servant. Since then, rumors have tried to marry him off to Lady Pamela Mountbatten (now married to decorator David Hicks) and even to Princess Margaret.

But Prince Bertil is still a bachelor, and the reason may well be the royal rules that make it impossible for him to marry the Englishwoman who has been his close friend for some 20 years now.

They met in London in 1945 when Prince Bertil, after a spell as naval attache in Paris, was handling marine affairs at the Swedish Embassy.

It was in a nightclub where the singer, Lilian Craig, a pretty, blue-eyed brunette from Wales, was being annoyed by a drunken guest until a tall, handsome stranger quietly knocked him out.

Afterward, Lilian made inquiries about her anonymous rescuer, discovered that he had just gone into hospital for a minor operation, and went to see him.

It was a typical gesture. This pretty ex-model and dancer had chosen to work during the war as hostess at the plastic surgery unit in the famous East Grinstead Hospital, where pilots and soldiers who had been hideously disfigured by appalling burns were treated.

The friendship between the singer and the prince grew, but at this stage there could be no question of marriage, because Lilian was married to actor Ian Craig. The marriage never recovered from the long separation of the war years, when Ian was in the forces.

But when Lilian was free, Crown Prince Gustav Adolf died and Prince Bertil was suddenly thrust into the top working royal circle which, even in Scandinavia and Holland, still bars marriage with a commoner.

And so the friendship has gone on for 20 years, and they meet in London, at the prince's villa at St. Tropez, and his holiday villa outside Stockholm, but there is no question of marriage.

The situation has been rather cruelly complicated by political developments in Sweden, which are continually putting more years on to the term of regency that governs Prince Bertil's life.

By the old law, current when the crown prince died, his son would have attained his majority at the age of 18 — last year. But the Swedish parliament passed a law extending the majority age to 21, and now this year they have stretched it still further to 25.

So Prince Bertil's duties as regent go on, and get no lighter, as the king is 81 and in failing health.

Many Swedes feel that the monarchy is now outdated and this super-democratic country would be better as a republic with a president.

King Gustav is popular, and it was said of him that if he hadn't been king he would have been the first president — but there is less enthusiasm for the young crown prince, because many people distrust the influence of his mother, the German Princess Sybilla.

There is more liking for Bertil, whose English mother was Princess Margaret of Connaught, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and whose stepmother, the late Queen Louise, sister of Lord Mountbatten, was immensely popular.

So—though both his surviving brothers have married commoners, as well as his cousin, Prince Lennart, and niece, Princess Margaretha (Mrs. John Ambler) — the prince stays single.



FUNERAL of Queen Louise, Prince Bertil's stepmother, in March. Leading the group of mourners is King Gustav. Prince Bertil is on the left in the third row, and Crown Prince Carl Gustav is in the back row.



PETER LEE, of Randwick, works with an artist's palette when he makes up Mrs. Dorothy Seeton, of Woollahra, a fellow-graduate of a Sydney beauticians' school.

An architect—of faces

By ANNE OLSEN

● Designing houses and "renovating" women's faces are not incompatible tasks, according to Malaysian student Peter Lee, of Randwick, N.S.W.

A FIRST-YEAR student in architecture at the University of Sydney, Peter, who is Chinese, graduated recently as a beautician from a well-known beauty school.

Peter undertook the six months' part-time course "out of curiosity" and became so interested that he later did a further course in "corrective" make-up.

The only man in a class of 15, he was not at all embarrassed. "After all, these days there is nothing sissy about such work'" he said. "It is an accepted part of modern life.

"Of course, some of my mates at the University said it wasn't much of a career for a man, but I enjoy it, and that is what counts, isn't it?

"Men have proved themselves in the hairdressing field, so there's no reason why they shouldn't enter this one, too.

"I think men would make better beauticians than women. They are more able to evaluate a woman's true beauty, her best points, than another woman."

Peter's real name is Kim Poi, "but down here everyone expects a Chinese to be named Lee, so Lee it is." He is the youngest of nine children.

His three sisters are married. His brothers are employed in various real estate, business, and plantation ventures owned by his father, an importer and exporter of Port Dickson, Malaya.

Peter won't disclose his age. "I don't think that is necessary. Why does everybody here think it is important? Age is of no consequence."

His greatest challenge as a beautician, he says, is a really "ugly" woman. "Unfortunately they are very hard to find. Most women have some features which are quite attractive, if they play them up."

When Peter gets his degree in architecture he hopes to design, build, and operate his first beauty salon in Singapore.

"Chinese women will feel happier, I think, being treated by a fellow Chinese rather than going to the European salons," he said.

"My parents, of course want me to be a full-time architect, but I don't think they will mind me combining the two activities."

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TOMMY the bookworm (left) relaxes in Card Mondor's flat, attached to the Hanlon house. Right: A compulsive, non-betting pinball machine addict, Tommy adores this gift from wife Murphy. It was banished from the bedroom because he played it in the early hours of the morning.

TOMMY'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE

● At home Tommy Hanlon reads in the sunshine (a book a day) or retires to his office to work on his own book or play pinball.

By BERENICE CRAIG



TOMMY HANLON doesn't actually hang out a "do not disturb" sign when he gets home after coping with other people's troubles on *It Could Be You*, but he does scheme for a little peace and quiet.

Tommy admits that the human problems he meets daily on his TV show can keep him awake at night.

That's why, despite being an American, he agrees with the traditional Englishman that his home should be his castle.

He confides that it is not easy to maintain this attitude with two livewire females like his attractive wife, Murphy, and his 12-year-old daughter, April, around.

However, by using a little native cunning he has worked out a pretty good system.

Tommy's first book, *The Secret Life of Tommy Hanlon Jnr.*, was released in Australia on April 22.

Now he is hard at work on his second.

This takes up quite a bit of his off-camera time and when he is writing he shuts himself away in the detached office behind the Hanlon home in the Melbourne suburb of South Yarra.

Not even Murphy is allowed to visit uninvited.

Tommy, who uses a typewriter or a pen according to his mood, battles on in a glorious state of organised chaos.

"I like it this way. After all, I know where everything is," he said, eyeing with affection the accumulation of clutter on his desk.

But Murphy, her housewifely pride wounded, makes it clear that she is not encouraged to tidy up.

April is allowed in to practise on the upright piano that stands in a corner of the office, but has been threatened with banishment if she so much as lays a finger on anything else.

When he isn't writing, Tommy Hanlon is more than likely to have his nose in a book—he usually reads seven a week.

His tastes are catholic — murders, histories, biographies, and novels overflow his bookshelves.

Tommy's high-walled, completely private back garden is a high-priority spot for reading when the sun is shining. He can polish up his suntan at the same time and usually has the family terriers, Dinky and Bonnie, as companions.

Otherwise, the sitting-room of the small flat attached to the house, which Tommy personally designed and decorated for his film-producer friend Card Mondor (who divides his time between America and Melbourne), makes a peaceful male sanctuary.

When Tommy first bought the South Yarra house just over two years ago he and Card slaved for weeks panelling walls, relaying floors, and painting.

His pet social activity is to dine his family out at his favorite restaurant in South Yarra.

"It Could Be You" is seen on the Nine network each weekday in Sydney, Melbourne, and Perth at 2 p.m.; Brisbane at 2.30 p.m.; and Adelaide at 3.30 p.m.; Tuesdays to Thursdays in Hobart at 2 p.m.

OVERSEER Tommy offers advice while Murphy and Mrs. Betty Lockwood (right), known to ICBY viewers as "Murphy's friend Betty," clean his car. Not even Murphy can shame Tommy into doing the job himself.

Television

HOST WITH THE MOST. At least once a week Tommy likes to dine his girls, Murphy and 12-year-old daughter April, at his favorite restaurant in their home suburb of South Yarra.



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The magic of TV's "Peyton Place"

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● It takes all kinds of people to make up a viewing audience, and they're such exacting, yet unpredictable critics that the formula for a really successful TV show is one of the great unsolved mysteries.

A SUCCESSFUL show needs a story, a cast, and a place to film it. It needs a channel eager (or at least willing) to show it, a sponsor, and a ready supply of money.

And most important, according to case-hardened TV producers, it takes a little magic.

A show which has certainly proved it has that little magic is *Peyton Place* (TCN9, 9 p.m., Mondays and Wednesdays).

It was greeted with catcalls before it appeared on the screen in America, where one critic described it as "mawkish soap opera . . . a worthy candidate for TV's trash barrel — and the sooner the better."

But once the first show hit the screen it started to be applauded, not only by critics but, more importantly, by the viewers.

A continuing drama, *Peyton Place* proved early that it isn't merely a rehash of the sensational Grace Metalious book.

It has been cleaned up sufficiently to make it palatable for adult TV audiences, and though it retains many of the familiar characters of the book and much of its small-town scandal, it also introduces new personalities in situations magnetic enough to attract regular viewers.

So many avid fans are following *Peyton Place* that it's among Australia's top-rated shows.

"Its success has been so great," said a TCN spokesman, "it has staggered us.

"We weren't sure how people would react to a format of two half-hour programs a week in prime viewing time.

"It was new to night-time programming, but it suits *Peyton Place*, because it heightens the impact and momentum essential to its continuing drama.

"The success of this continuing series proves that viewers have developed a regular viewing habit."

You'll notice, by the way, that it's always "continuing series," never "serial."

It's not "in" to talk about serials in TV circles. (I gather this is because the experts feel the word "serial" makes it sound too much like a radio soap opera which goes on for ever.)

Peyton Place fans organise their social lives so that they won't miss a beat of the saga.

Television

"And on the odd occasion when something drastic happens to stop them viewing, we hear all about it," TCN's spokesman added.

"Next morning they jam the switchboard, wanting a detailed description of what has happened to whom."

Another pointer to the popular appeal of *Peyton Place* is that 104 espisodes are made for the year so that there won't be a break.

Most regular shows limit themselves to 39 weeks a year, and take a break for the other 13 to avoid overexposure.

Like *The Fugitive* (TCN9, 8.30 p.m., Tuesdays), *Peyton Place* will keep running until ratings begin to drop.

I can understand *Peyton Place's* human appeal. But I can't understand how a show like *The Munsters* (ATN7, 7 p.m., Tuesdays) ever got off the ground.

I endured 30 minutes of this the other night out of grisly interest.

Its stars, with the exception of Yvonne de Carlo, are offensively ugly. Its setting isn't much better, and its dialogue is sick, sick, sick.

Said Grandpa Munster (Al Lewis) in a recent show: "My mother told me we would live here for the rest of our lives, maybe longer."

It hasn't even the excitement of a really blood-curdling horror series.

Of course, you may prefer your TV stars with flattened heads, pointed ears, and ghoulish looks.



GLAMOROUS** stars add to the lustre of* **Peyton Place.** ***Mia Farrow (left) plays Allison MacKenzie, with Dorothy Malone as her mother, Constance MacKenzie.

If viewers have much taste I think the ratings should mercifully shorten *The Munsters'* lives.

The Addams Family (TCN9, 7 p.m., Wednesdays), currently one of the channel's top-rating shows, also has a pretty macabre humor.

Though it's not my cup of tea, either, at least its principal characters aren't as grotesque, and its dialogue is considerably healthier than that of *The Munsters*.

★ ★ ★

WELL, times are certainly changing!

It seems only yesterday that TV programs were liberally peppered with old, old movies more of historical interest than anything else.

Today, of course, viewers see films which haven't long finished the theatre circuit as box-office hits.

But that's not the end of the story. Apparently in America the power of TV has finally triumphed. In future, many movies will be made to be shown on TV screen BEFORE beginning their theatre runs.

Hollywood film - makers have found that movies are making more money on TV than in theatres.

Incidentally, if you're a film fan, don't miss *The Millionairess* on TCN9 at 8 p.m., Sunday, May 9.

One of the most recent films released on Australian TV, it's a star attraction, featuring such names as Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers, Alastair Sim, and Vittorio de Sica.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THIS WEEK: Fixed-income market

INVESTMENT GUIDE

By Mary Broker

● The stock market is still extremely depressed and shows no sign of becoming any livelier in the near future.

THE only really bright spot at the moment is the spate of new flotations, which in their own way are helping to keep the market down by sponging up the new money available.

The bulk of them, however, are extremely good ones in well-known companies, which at least provide the market with a little excitement and give some lucky people a chance of getting in on the ground floor.

But the Government is now trying to restrict the raising of money in Australia by the big overseas corporations, and it seems unlikely that anything else will liven up the market to any extent.

Therefore, I thought today I could look in detail at a class of investment I have only skimmed over before, the fixed-income market, which comprises debentures, unsecured notes, and preference shares.

The last-named form of investment is actually slightly different in principle from the first two in that it is a part of the issued capital of the company, while the other two are part of the company's liabilities, or money that they owe.

Preference shares usually form only a small part of the company's capital and vary in two distinct ways from ordinary shares.

First, dividend is at a fixed rate—for instance, one talks about Company X's 6 percent preference shares. Dividend does not go up and down with the company's earnings, as in the case with ordinary shares.

This, of course, excludes the situation where the company cannot afford to pay any dividends at all, which brings us to the second distinction. For if preference dividends are missed in any year — and if you buy preference shares in a top-class company this won't happen, anyway — all back payments must be made before any ordinary dividend is paid.

In other words, preference shares rank before ordinary shares should the company be wound up, and preference shareholders receive their capital in full before ordinary shareholders receive anything.

Because preference shares are bought by people who want a fixed return and are not as much interested in capital gain, they are not traded in the same volume as ordinary shares. But if you let your broker know you are interested in this class of security he will contact you when a good share becomes available.

Debenture stock and unsecured notes are, as I said earlier, borrowings by the company, and as such will be found under the heading of liabilities, usually on the left-hand side of the balance sheet.

Higher return

Debentures and unsecured notes bear much the same relationship to one another as do preference and ordinary shares. Debentures, being in fact a mortgage over the company's assets, rank before the unsecured notes should the company be wound up.

For this slight (in a first-class company) risk the investor will receive a higher return on his money, usually between ¼ and ½ percent on securities with the same maturity date.

For instance, in a recent issue by Associated Securities Ltd., the interest rate paid on a ten-year debenture was 7¼ percent, while the interest rate on an unsecured note of the same date was 7½ percent.

In Australia you will find that an investment can be made in these types of security for periods ranging from three months to 20 years.

Naturally enough, the interest rate rises in proportion with the period for which you are lending the company your money. In the case I just instanced the interest rate on three months' unsecured notes was 4½ percent.

By the very nature of their business, the hire-purchase companies are the biggest and most constant borrowers on our public capital markets — I am here disregarding the issues offered to and taken up only by institutions. There have, however, been big capital raisings by this means over the past three years by such giants as BHP, CSR, and ICI.

The main thing the fixed-interest investor wants is to avoid trouble, and so I shall give you four basic principles to watch for.

THE FIRST, of course, is the financial stability of the company and its ability to meet all of its obligations. You must look at its profit and dividend record, and, most important, at the size of its assets in relation to its liabilities. The limit to all fixed-interest borrowing will be set at a maximum ratio to shareholders' funds.

SECONDLY, try to measure this financial capacity in bad times as well as good. For instance, it is quite possible that companies such as Reid Murray and the Stanhill group might still be borrowing public money if the 1961 recession had not clamped down on them. Borrowing legislation has since been considerably tightened.

THIRDLY, don't be too greedy in wanting the highest yield available on your money. This is how many people get caught in company crashes by taking up the highest yielding debenture and rates. Remember that borrowing rates are in some degree a measure of the company's financial standing.

AND LASTLY, always consult your broker. He will advise you on the best fixed-interest investments available and will always be ready to answer any queries you may have.

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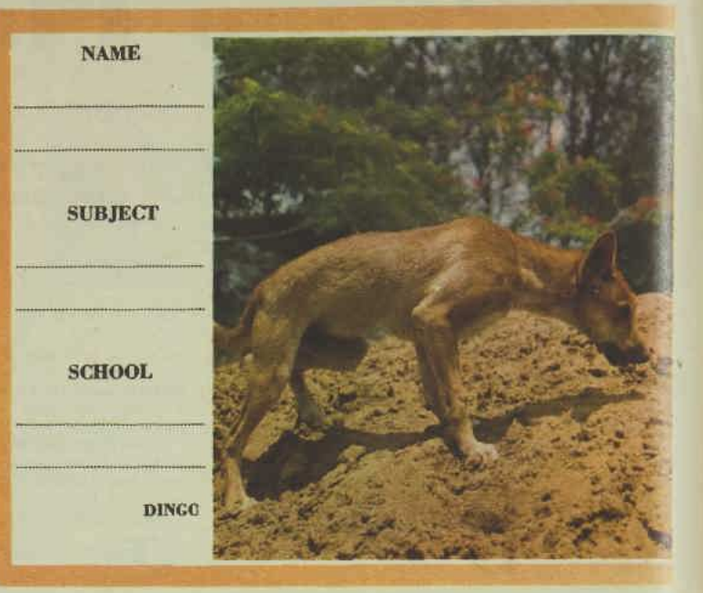
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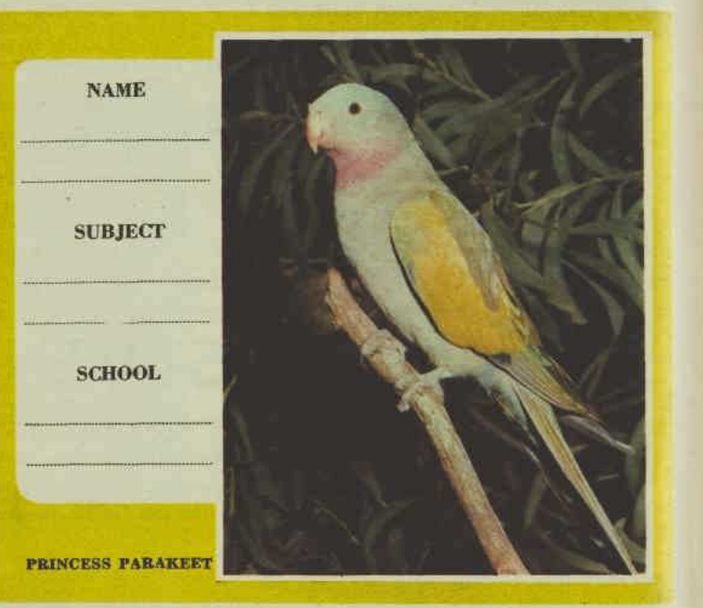
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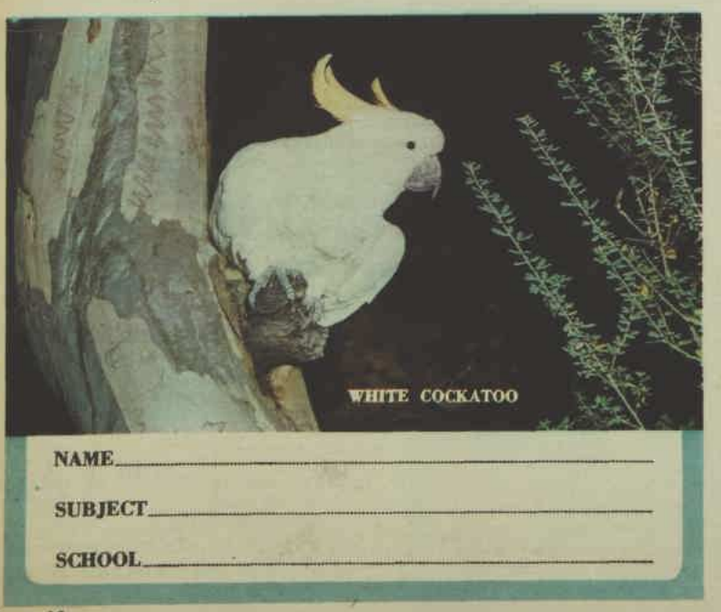
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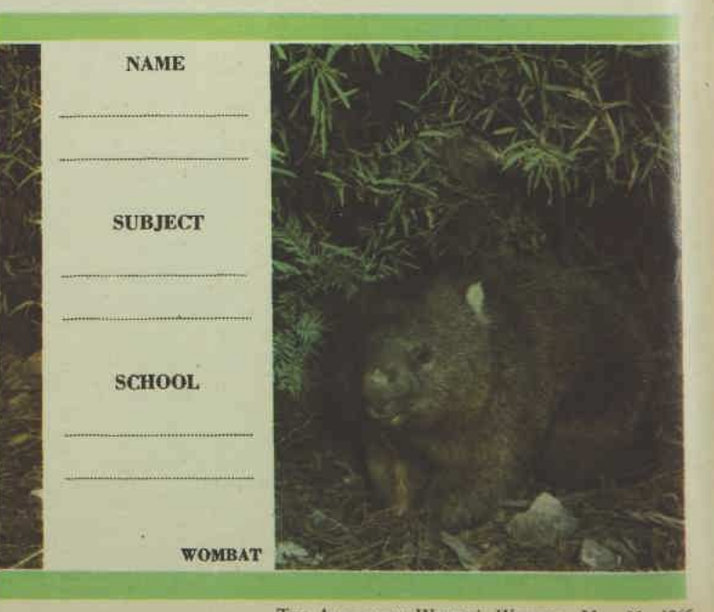












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SCHOOL BOOKS

More labels page 19—



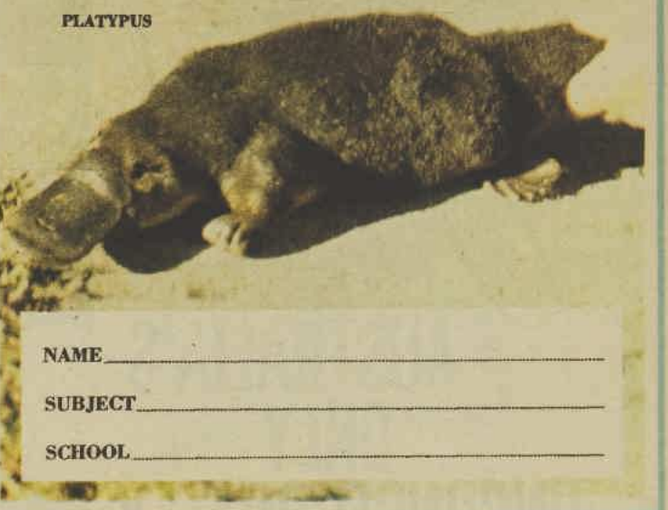
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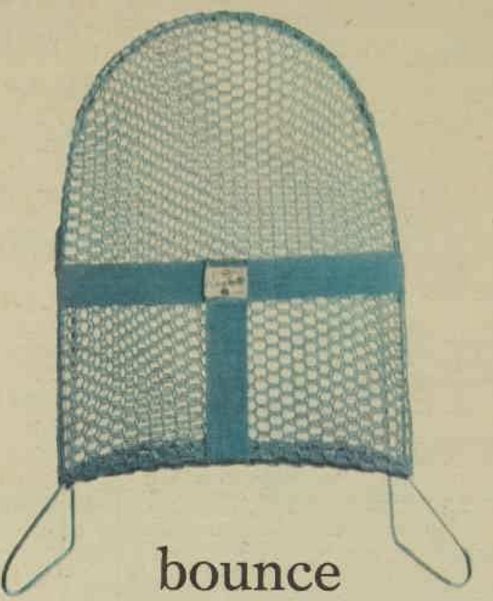
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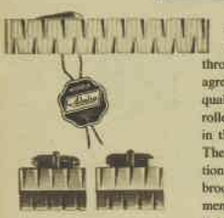
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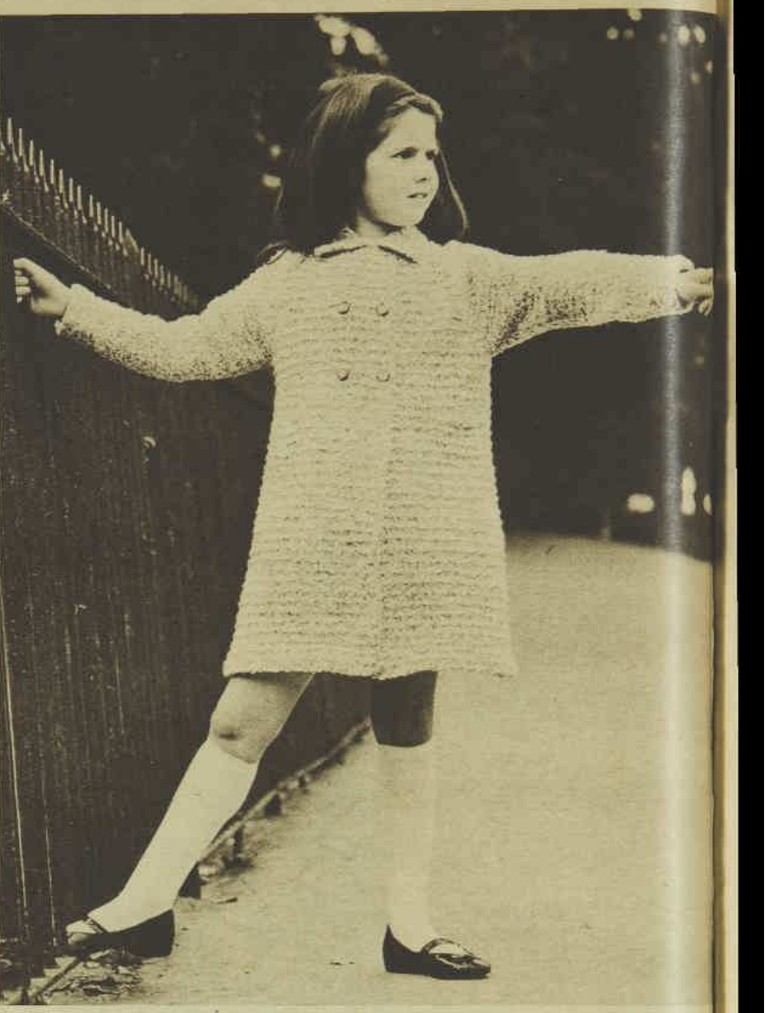
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HANDKNITS FOR

Our three pages of junior handknits include a number of attractive designs in new season's yarns and simple pattern stitches for girls and boys from two to eight years old. Other styles are on page 23.



DOUBLE-BREASTED topcoat in new tweed yarn has raglan sleeves, a trim peaked collar and two handy waist-high pockets. Directions below are for four- six- and eight - year - old measurements.

TWEED FOR A TOPCOAT

Materials: 19 (21, 28) balls Emu Tweedle; 1 (2, 2) balls Emu Scotch Double Knitting; 1 pair No. 10 needles, 4 buttons, press studs.

Measurements: To fit 24 (26, 28) in. chest. (Actual measurement will be 3in. larger for comfortable fit.) Length from top of shoulder, 19 (21, 27) in.; length of sleeve seam, 9 (12, 14) in.

Tension: 6½ sts., 12 rows to 1in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase; dec., decrease; st-st., stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately); foll., follows; cont., continues.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and Scotch Double Knitting, cast on 106 (112, 118) sts. and work in st-st. for 1½in. Change to Tweedle and work as follows:

1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: Purl.
3rd Row: Knit.
4th Row: Purl.
5th Row: Knit.
6th Row: Knit.

These 6 rows complete pattern. Cont. in pattern until work measures 2 (3, 4) in. above hemline. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following 14th (14th, 20th) row until decreased to 90 (96, 102) sts. When work measures 12½ (14, 19½) in. above hemline or required length, shape raglan armholes by decreasing 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 3rd row, until dec. to 68 (70, 64) sts., then every alternate row until dec. to 22 (24, 26) sts. Cast off loosely.

POCKET LININGS (2)

Using No. 10 needles and Tweedle, cast on 24 (24, 24) sts. and work in pattern as back for 4in. ending on 6th row. Leave on a spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and Scotch Double Knitting, cast on 67 (70, 73) sts. and work in st-st. for 1½in. Change to Tweedle and work in pattern as for back. When work measures 2 (3, 4) in. above hemline dec. 1 st. at side seam edge on next and every foll. 14th (14th, 20th) row until dec. to 59 (62, 65) sts., at the same time, when work measures 9 (10½, 14) in. above hemline and 6th row has been worked, insert pocket as follows.

Next Row: K 14 (16, 16) sts., cast off 24 (24, 24) sts., slip last st. back on to left-hand needle, k the 24 pocket lining sts. from spare needle, sl. 1, k to end.

Cont. in pattern until work measures 12½ (14, 19½) in. above hemline, or required length. Shape raglan by dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next and every foll. 3rd row until dec. to 33 (34, 38) sts.

Shape neck by casting off 20 (20, 20) sts. at neck edge of next row.

Cont. to decrease at armhole edge every alternate row and dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every alternate row 4 (5, 6) times. Cont. to dec. at armhole edge until all sts. have been dec. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working all shapings at opposite ends. Make 2 sets of buttonholes: first when work measures 11 (12½, 17½) in. above hemline, and second, 4 (4, 4½) in. above first set.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Work 4 sts., cast off 3 sts. loosely, work 14 sts., cast off 3 sts. loosely, work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 18 sts., cast on 3 sts. loosely, work 14 sts., cast on 3 sts. loosely, work to end of row.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and Scotch Double Knitting, cast on 44 (48, 52) sts. Work in st-st. for 1in. Change to Tweedle and work in pattern as for back, inc. 1 st. each end of 14th and every foll. 8th (10th, 12th) row until inc. to 64 (70, 74) sts. When sleeve seam measures 9 (12, 14) in. above hemline or required length, shape raglan by dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 3rd row until dec. to 26 (32, 24) sts., then every alternate row until dec. to 4 (4, 4) sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles and Scotch Double Knitting, cast on 18 (19, 20) sts. Work in st-st. for ½in. Change to Tweedle and work in pattern as for back until work measures 11½ (12, 12½) in. Change to Scotch Double Knitting and work in st-st. for ½in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press with warm iron over damp cloth on wrong side. Using back-stitch seam join raglan, side, and sleeve seams. Turn back the Scotch Double Knitting facings and stitch neatly. Sew pocket linings into position. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Stitch collar neatly into position, starting and ending 2in. from outside edge. Sew press studs at neck edge.

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CHILDREN

Sweater for boy or girl

Materials: 7 (8, 9) oz. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 8 knitting needles; cable needle; 3 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 22 (24, 26) in. chest. (Actual measurement about 23½ (25½, 27½) in.); length, 14 (15½, 17) in.; sleeve seam 9½ (10½, 11½) in.

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in. over st-st. Pattern panel of 12 sts. measures 2in. after light pressing.

Abbreviations: C.n., cable needle; sl., slip; k.b.s., knit in back of next st.; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over.

BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 70 (76, 82) sts. and work 19 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row: P to end.

Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in patt: **1st Row:** K 7 (8, 9) * p 1, k.b.s., (p 2, k.b.s.) 3 times, p 1, * k 10 (12, 14), rep. from * to *, k 10 (12, 14), rep. from * to * once, k 7 (8, 9).

2nd Row: P 7 (8, 9) * k 1, p 1 (k 2, p 1) 3 times, k 1, * p 10 (12, 14), rep. from * to *, p 10 (12, 14), rep. from * to * p 7 (8, 9).

3rd to 6th Rows: Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: K 7 (8, 9) * p 1, k.b.s., p 2, sl. next st. on c.n. and leave at front, p 1, k 1 from c.n., sl. next st. on c.n. and leave at back, k 1, p 1 from c.n., p 2, k.b.s., p 1, * k 10 (12, 14), rep. from * to *, k 10 (12, 14), rep. from * to *, k 7 (8, 9).

8th Row: P 7 (8, 9) * k 1, p 1, k 3, p 2, k 3, p 1, k 1, * p 10 (12, 14), rep. from * to *, p 10 (12, 14), rep. from * to *, p 7 (8, 9).

9th Row: K 7 (8, 9) * p 1, k.b.s., p 3, sl. next st. on c.n. and leave at front, k 1, k 1 from c.n., p 3, k.b.s., p 1, * k 10 (12, 14), rep. from * to *, k 10 (12, 14), rep. from * to * k 7 (8, 9).

10th Row: As 8th row.

11th Row: K 7 (8, 9) * p 1, k.b.s., p 2, sl. next st. on c.n. and leave at back, k 1, p 1 from c.n., sl. next st. on c.n. and leave at front, p 1, k 1 from c.n., p 2, k.b.s., p 1, * k 10 (12, 14), rep. from * to *, k 10 (12, 14), rep. from * to *, k 7 (8, 9).

12th Row: As 2nd row.

These 12 rows form the patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 8 (9, 10) in. from beg., ending with a wrong side row and making a note of last row worked.

To Shape Armholes — 1st Row: Sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Patt. to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until 22 (24, 26) sts. rem., ending with 2nd row. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as for back until work measures 8 (9, 10) in. from beg., ending with same row as back, to armhole.

To Shape Armholes: Rep. the 2 rows of armhole shaping as for back 2 (3, 4) times. 66 (70, 74) sts.

Divide for Front Opening — Next Row: Sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., patt. 28 (30, 32), turn and leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Cont. on these first 29 (31, 33) sts. for one side of front opening, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every right side row as before until 14 (16, 18) sts. rem., ending with wrong side row.

To Shape Neck: Rep. the 2 rows of armhole shaping as for back until 2 sts. rem., ending with wrong side row. Work 2 tog. Fasten off. Return to rem. sts. on spare needle and with right side facing, slip the first 6 sts. (centre sts.) on to safety-pin, rejoin wool and work on rem. sts. thus: **1st Row:** Patt. 28 (30, 32), k 2 tog.

Now work on these 29 (31, 33) sts. to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES
(Both alike)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 36 (38, 40) sts. and work 2in. in k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row: P 2 (3, 4), inc. in next st., * p 5, inc. in next st. Rep from * to last 3 (4, 5) sts., p to end. 42 (44, 46) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in patt. **1st Row:** Rep. from * to * as in 1st patt. row of back, k 18 (20, 22), rep. from * to * as in 1st patt. row.

2nd Row: Rep. from * to * as in 2nd patt. row, p 18 (20, 22), rep. from * to *.

Cont. thus in patt. as set, inc. 1 st. both ends of the next and every foll. 8th row, working extra sts. in st-st. until there are 56 (60, 64) sts. Then cont. straight until work measures 9½ (10½, 11½) in. from beg., ending with same patt. row as in back immediately before armhole shaping.

To Shape Top: Rep. the 2 rows of armhole shaping as back until 8 sts. rem., ending with a 2nd row. Cast off.

Front borders

Slip 6 sts. from safety-pin at centre front on to No. 10 needle, right side facing. Rejoin wool, and using No. 10 needles work thus: (inc. in first st., k 1) 3 times. (9 sts.). Cont. in rib. **1st Row:** (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) to last st., p 1.

Rep. these 2 rows once more, then 1st row once again.

To Make Buttonhole — 1st Row: Rib 3, cast off 2 sts., rib to end.

2nd Row: Rib, casting on 2 sts. above cast off sts. of previous row. Cont. in rib, making 2 more buttonholes at intervals of 1½in., measured with work slightly stretched and always working first row of buttonhole on a right side row. Work 2 rows in rib after last buttonhole. Cast off in rib. Now with No. 10 needles cast on 9 sts. and work in rib for same length as buttonhole border. Cast off in rib.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles cast on 91 (97, 103) sts. and work 18 (20, 22) rows in k 1, p 1 rib, beg. and ending 1st row k 1 and 2nd row p 1.

Next Row: Rib 16 (19, 22) sts., * sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rib 5, rep. from * 7 times more, rib 11 (14, 17). 75 (81, 87) sts.

Next Row: Rib to last 26 (29, 32) sts., turn.

Next Row: Rib to last 26 (29, 32) sts., turn.

Next Row: Rib to last 20 (23, 26) sts., turn.

Next Row: Rib to last 20 (23, 26) sts., turn.

Next Row: Rib to last 14 (17, 20) sts., turn.

Next Row: Rib to last 14 (17, 20) sts., turn.

Next Row: Rib to end. Cast off in the rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side with a damp cloth and hot iron. Back-stitch raglan armhole seams, then join side and sleeve seams. Sew buttonhole border to right front for a girl or left front for a boy, then sew underwrap to other front and to base of buttonhole border. Sew on collar beg. and ending at centre of front border. Sew on buttons. Press seams.



BROTHER AND SISTER (left) sweaters are designed to fit two- to six-year-olds. Note the neat collar and raglan sleeves.



BOY'S SUIT is worked in reverse stocking-stitch, with garter-stitch contrast. See directions below.

Boy's two-piece suit

Materials: Jacket, 8 balls main color (m.c.), 2 balls contrasting color (c.c.); trousers, 4 balls m.c., 1 ball c.c. Patons Totem Knitting Yarn. One pair each Nos. 8 and 9 needles; 5 buttons; elastic for waist.

Measurements: Jacket — to fit 24in. chest; length, 13½in.; sleeve seam, 11in. Trousers — centre-front length, 9in.

Tension: 11½ sts. to 2in.

JACKET
BACK

With c.c. and No. 9 needles cast on 74 sts. and work 9 rows in garter-st. **. Change to m.c. and No. 8 needles. **1st Row:** Knit. **2nd Row:** Knit. **3rd Row:** Purl.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until back measures 9in., ending with a k row. **.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 60 sts. remain. Cont. straight until armholes measure 5in.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 24 sts.

LEFT FRONT

With c.c. and No. 9 needles, cast on 37 sts. and work 9 rows in garter-st. Rep. from ** to ** as given for back.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next row then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in every alt. row until 30 sts. remain. Cont. straight until armhole measures 3½in., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at this edge in next and every alt. row until 18 sts. remain. Cont. until armhole measures same as back, ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off in next and alt. row 9 sts. twice. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front; reverse shapings.

SLEEVES

With c.c. and No. 9 needles, cast on 36 sts. and work 9 rows in garter-st. Change to m.c. and No. 8 needles. **1st Row:** Knit. **2nd Row:** Knit. **3rd Row:** Purl.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows, inc. 1 st. at each end of needle in next and every foll. 6th row until there are 54 sts. on needle. Work straight until sleeve measures 11½in. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 34 sts. remain, then in every row until 16 sts. remain. Cast off.

Neckband: Join shoulder seams. With right side of work facing and using c.c. and No. 9 needles, knit up 60 sts. evenly round neck edge and work 9 rows in garter-st. Cast off.

Right Front Band: Join side seams. Fold c.c. bands at lower edge of jacket and neckband in half and slip-st. in position on wrong side. With right side of work facing and using c.c. and No. 9 needles, knit up 78sts. on front edge and work 8 rows in garter-st. Cast off.

Left Front Band: Work as right band, making 5 buttonholes in 3rd and 4th rows.

To Make Buttonholes: Next Row: (3rd row) K 2, (cast off 2 sts., k 16) 4 times, cast off 2 sts., k 2.

Next Row. Cast on sts. over cast off sts. in previous row.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Join sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Turn back c.c. band at lower edge of sleeves and slip-st. in position on wrong side. Sew on buttons.

TROUSERS
FRONT

** With c.c. and No. 9 needles, cast on 36 sts. and work 9 rows in garter-st. Change to m.c. and No. 8 needles. **1st Row:** Knit. **2nd Row:** Knit. **3rd Row:** Purl.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows 3 times. Leave these sts. on a st.-holder. Work another piece in same manner. Cast on 14 sts., then work across 36 sts. from st.-holder (86 sts.). Cont. in reversed st-st., dec. 1 st. at each end of 11th and every foll. 6th row until 70 sts. remain. Work straight until centre front measures 8in. ** (from where sts. were cast on at crutch). Using No. 9 needles, work ½in. in k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row: * K 1, wl. fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Work ½in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

BACK

Work as front from ** to **. **To Shape Back: 1st and 2nd Rows:** Work to last 10 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 20 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 30 sts., turn.

7th Row: Work to end of row, picking up horizontal thread at each point where work was turned and working it tog. with next st. to avoid a hole. **8th Row:** As 7th row.

Change to No. 9 needles, work rib and holes as front.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Join seams. Fold c.c. band at leg edges in half and slip-st. on wrong side. Thread elastic through holes.

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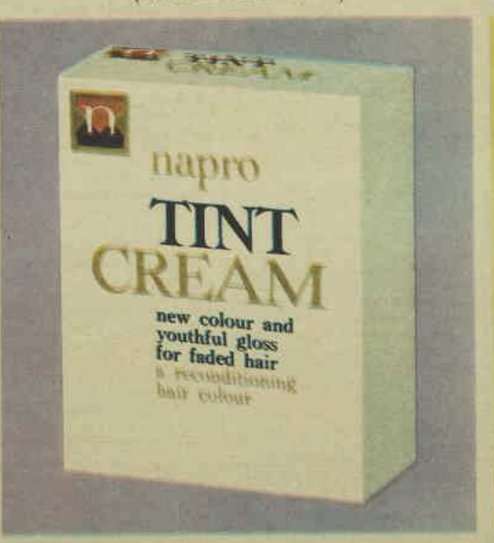
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10 BASIC NATURAL HAIR SHADES (and in-betweens)









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Junior blazer



Materials: 5 (6, 6) oz. 4 ply Sirdar Majestic Wool, or 6 (7, 7) oz. Sirdar Fontein Crepe; 6 small blazer buttons; 1 pair each No. 11 and 12 knitting needles.

Measurements: Width all round at underarm, 22 (24, 26) in.; length from top of shoulder, 13 (14, 15) in.; length of sleeve seam, 9½ (11, 12½) in.

Tension: 8½ sts. to 1in. over k 1, p 1 rib on No. 11 needles, slightly stretched.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 97 (105, 113) sts.

1st Row: Sl. 1, k 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, * p 1, k 1 rep. from * to end of row.

These two rows are repeated throughout the garment, unless directed otherwise.

Work 6½ (6¾, 7) in. in patt. (adjust length here if desired), ending wrong side row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 (8, 10) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Continue in rib until armholes measure 4¼ (4½, 5½) in., ending wrong side row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of each row, 10 sts. 4 times, and 9 (10, 11) sts. twice. Cast off the rem. sts. in rib.

FRONT

Knit first front as left side for girl, right side for boy.

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 63 (67, 71) sts. and work to correspond with back to armholes, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 6 (8, 10) sts. at beg. of next row. Cont. in rib until armhole measures as back armhole.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off from armhole side, 10 sts. twice and 9 (10, 11) sts. once. Cast off the rem. sts. in rib. Leave second front to be knitted later.

WAISTBAND

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 25 (27, 29) sts. Work in rib for ¾in. Cast off three centre sts. in next row, casting them on again in following row. Work another 1¼ (1½, 1¾) in. and make a second buttonhole. Cont. in rib until band measures 22 (24, 26) in. Cast off in rib. Place buttonhole end of band to front edge of front, stretching band slightly, and mark positions for two more pairs of buttons. Check number of rows between buttons and number of sts. from front edge.

SECOND FRONT

Follow instructions for first front, reversing shapings and making buttonholes to correspond with button positions.

SLEEVES (Both alike)

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 47 (51, 55) sts. and work 2in. in rib, ending wrong side row. Change to No. 11 needles and cont. in rib, inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 6th row until there are 73 (79, 87) sts. Cont. without further shaping until sleeve measures 9½ (11, 12½) in. or desired length to armhole. Place markers at each end of this row. Work another ¾ (1, 1¼) in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out pieces, wrong side up, and press lightly with hot iron over damp cloth. Back-stitch shoulder seams. Pin sleeve to armhole, placing markers at side edges. With back and front of garment facing, back-stitch sleeves in position. Sew sleeve and side seams. Pin waistband to lower edge of garment, right sides together. Oversew or back-stitch seam. Finish buttonholes as desired. Press seams lightly. Sew on buttons.

Jacket and skirt

Materials: 6 (6, 7) oz. white, 10 (11, 14) oz. blue of Sirdar Double Knitting Wool, a pair each of Nos. 9 and 11 knitting needles; 5 (5, 6) buttons; waist measurement of elastic.

Measurements: Jacket — to fit 24 (26, 28) in. chest; length, 13½ (14½, 16) in.; sleeve seam, 10 (11, 13) in. Skirt — length, 11 (12½, 15) in.; waist, 22 (24, 26) in. or as required.

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in.

Abbreviations: B. — blue; W.—white.

JACKET

BACK

With No. 11 needles and B., cast on 74 (80, 86) sts. and work 10 rows k 1, p 1 rib, dec. 1 st. at end of last row; 73 (79, 85) sts. Change to W., No. 9 needles and patt.

1st to 4th Rows: Work in stocking-stitch.

5th Row: K 4 (7, 6), * p 1, k 7, rep. from * to last 5 (8, 7) sts., p 1, k 4 (7, 6).

6th Row: Purl.

7th Row: K 3 (6, 5), * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 5, rep. from * to last 6 (9, 8) sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 3 (6, 5).

8th Row: Purl.

9th Row: As 5th row.

10th Row: Purl.

These 10 rows form patt. and are rep. throughout. Cont. straight to 9 (9½, 10½) in. from cast on edge.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. alt. row until 53 (57, 61) sts. rem. Cont. straight until work measures 13½ (14½, 16) in. from cast on edge.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 5 (6, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 6 sts. at beg. of foll. 4 rows. Cast off rem. 19 (21, 23) sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 11 needles and B., cast on 44 (46, 50) sts. and work 4 rows k 1, p 1 rib.

To Make Buttonholes: **Next Row:** Rib 5 sts., wool round needle twice, k 2 tog., rib to end.

Next Row: Work in rib, slipping extra loop off needle at buttonhole.

Work 4 more rows rib, inc. 1 st. at beg. of last row for medium size only; 44 (47, 50) sts.

Next Row: Rib 10 sts., then leave these sts. on a holder. Break off B.

Change to No. 9 needles and W., and cont. in patt.

1st to 4th Rows: Work in st-st.

5th Row: K 5 (5, 1), * p 1, k 7, rep. from * to last 5 (8, 7) sts., p 1, k 4 (7, 6).



6th Row: Purl.

7th Row: K 4 (4, 0), * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 5, rep. from * to last 6 (9, 8) sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 3 (6, 5).

8th Row: Purl.

9th Row: As 5th row.

10th Row: Purl.

Cont. in patt. and work to 9 (9½, 10½) in. from cast-on edge ending at side edge.

To Shape Armhole and Front: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on next and 1 (2, 3) foll. alt. rows, at the same time dec. 1 st. at front edge at beg. of next and 6 (7, 8) foll. 4th rows; 17 (18, 19) sts. rem. Cont. straight until armhole matches back armhole ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 5 (6, 7) sts. at beg. of next row, then cast off 6 sts. at beg. of 2 foll. alt. rows.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front omitting buttonholes. 5th row of patt. will be: **5th Row:** K 4 (7, 6), * p 1, k 7, rep. from * to last 6 (6, 2) sts., p 1, k 5 (5, 1).

SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 11 needles and B, cast on 34 (38, 42) sts. and work 10 rows k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at end of last row. Change to No. 9 needles and W., and work in patt. 5th row will be: **5th Row:** K 5 (7, 1), * p 1, k 7, rep. from * to last 6 (8, 2), p 1, k 5 (7, 1). Cont. thus in patt. and inc. 1 st. each end of 11th and every foll. 8th row until there are 49 (55, 61) sts. Cont. straight until sleeve measures 11½ (12½, 14½) in. Extra measurement fits in armhole.

To Shape Top: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

FRONT AND NECK BANDS

With B and No. 11 needles, cont. in rib on 10 sts. left on holder for front band, making 4 (4, 5) more buttonholes with 2 (2½, 2) in. between measured from base of each, then cont. straight until band fits up front and to centre of back neck. Cast off. Work left front band in same way omitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron over damp cloth. Join shoulder and side seams. Join sleeve seams to within 1½in. of top shaping. Set in sleeves joining the 1½in. left open to the cast off sts. at underarms. Sew on front bands, joining seam at back. Sew on buttons. Press seams.

SKIRT

BACK

With No. 9 needles and B, cast on 204 (216, 228) sts.

1st Row: * K 8, p 4, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: * K 4, p 8, rep. from * to end. Rep. these 2 rows to 4 (4½, 6) in. from beg. Adjust length here if required.

Next Row: * K 8, p 1, p 2, tog., p 1, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: * P 3, k 8, rep. from * to end. Work 16 (18, 20) rows in k 8, p 3 rib.

Next Row: * K 8, p 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to end; 170 (180, 190) sts.

Next Row: * K 2, p 8, rep. from * to end. Work 16 (18, 20) rows, k 8, p 2 rib.

Next Row: * K 8, p 2 tog., rep. from * to end; 153 (162, 171) sts.

Next Row: * K 1, p 8, rep. from * to end. Work in k 8, p 1 rib until skirt measures 10 (11½, 14) in. from cast on edge or required length ending with wrong side row.

Next Row: K 7 * k 3 tog., k 6, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Change to No. 11 needles and beg. with p row work 2in. st-st. Cast off. Work front in same way.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron over damp cloth. Join side seams. Make 1in. hem at top and insert required length of elastic. Press seams.



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"JACQUELINE." Slender front-buttoned one-piece has a leather belt matched to leather buttons. The material is check wool, and color choice includes apricot/brown/deep rose - pink, orange/brown/yellow, green/royal blue/pale blue, bottle - green/lemon/pale green.

READY TO WEAR: Sizes 30 and 32in. bust £8/17/6, 34 and 36in. bust £8/19/6, 38in. bust £9/1/6. Postage 6/- extra. Cut out only: Sizes 30 and 32in. bust £7/-/-, 34 and 36in. bust £7/2/6, 38in. bust £7/2/6. Postage 6/- extra.



"GILLIAN." Two-piece jumper suit has a contrasting tie trim. The jumper top is lined. The material is pure wool, and the color choice includes snow-white, red rage, powerhouse pink, cameo brown. The tie is in black.

READY TO WEAR: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £9/15/-, 36 and 38in. bust £9/17/6. Postage 6/- extra. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £7/16/-, 36 and 38in. bust £7/18/-. Postage 6/- extra.



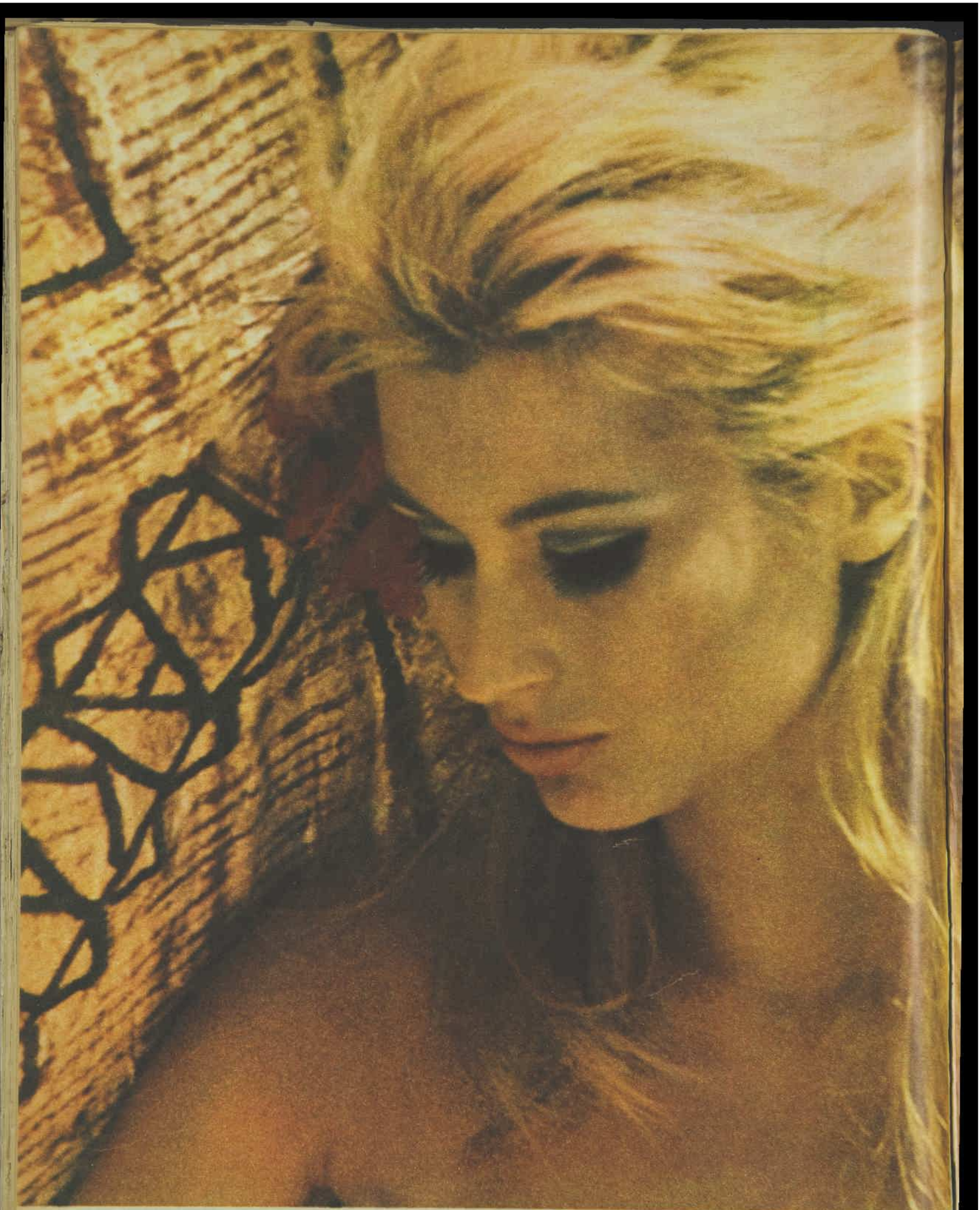
"SHEELAGH." Smart shift and tie - necked blouse. Material choice for shift is silk-finished corduroy. Colors include red, royal blue, honey gold, dark brown, deep saxe blue, deep mint green, and American beauty red. The material for blouse is white dacron.

READY TO WEAR: Shift, sizes 32 and 34in. bust £5/1/6, 36 and 38in. bust £5/3/6. Postage 6/- extra. Cut out only: Shift, sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/3/-, 36 and 38in. bust £4/5/-. Ready to wear: Blouse, 32 and 34in. bust, £4/10/6, 36 and 38in. bust £4/12/6. Postage 6/- extra.

"NIKKI." Chanel-type suit. The lining of the jacket is matched to the pure silk overblouse. Suit material is pure wool suiting. The color choice includes lipstick pink, gleaming turquoise, orange flash, sunflower yellow, heritage (mid) blue. The suit has a braid trim.

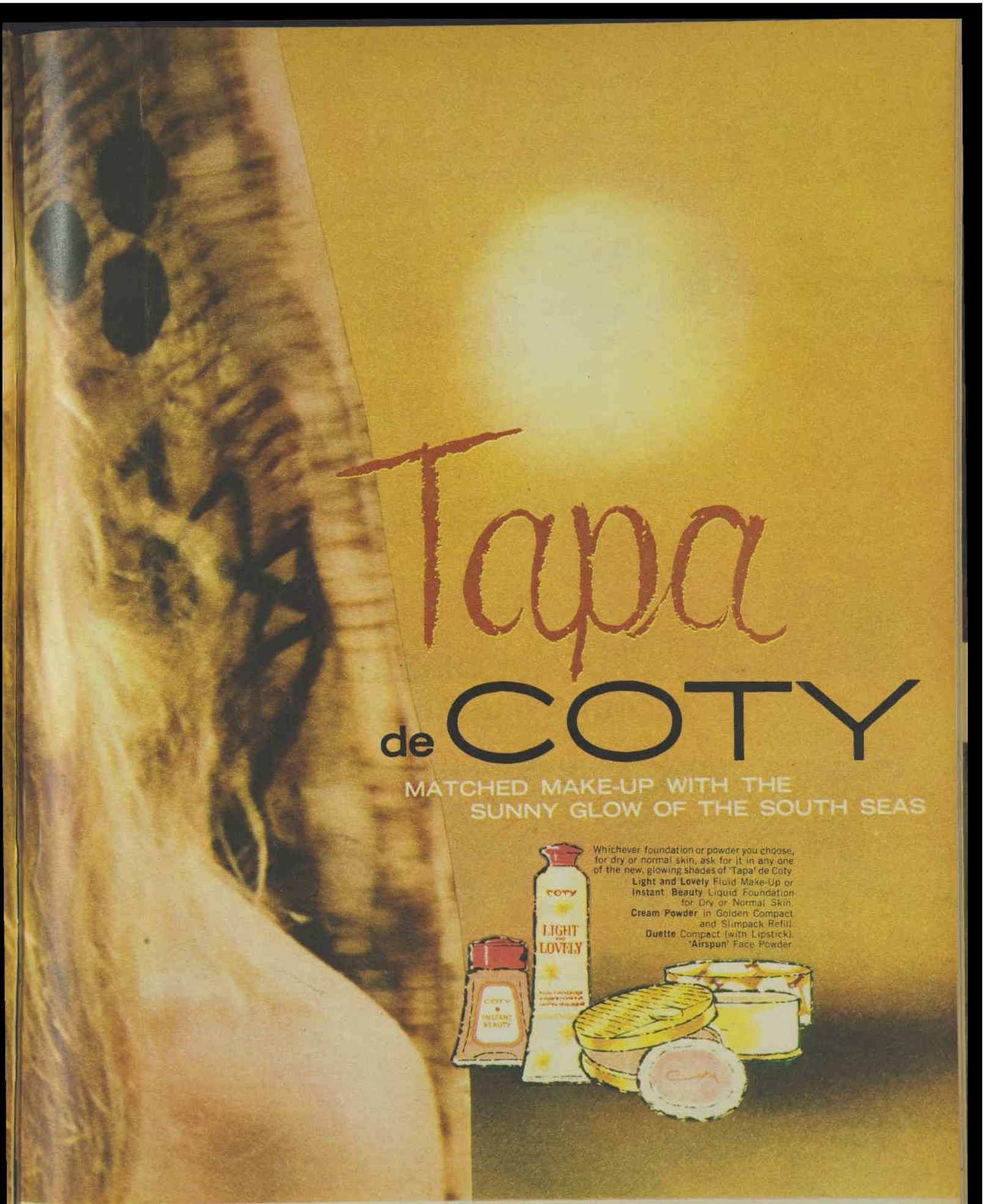
READY TO WEAR: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £10/19/11, 36 and 38in. bust £11/2/6. Postage 6/- extra. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £8/19/11, 36 and 38in. bust £9/1/11. Postage 6/- extra.

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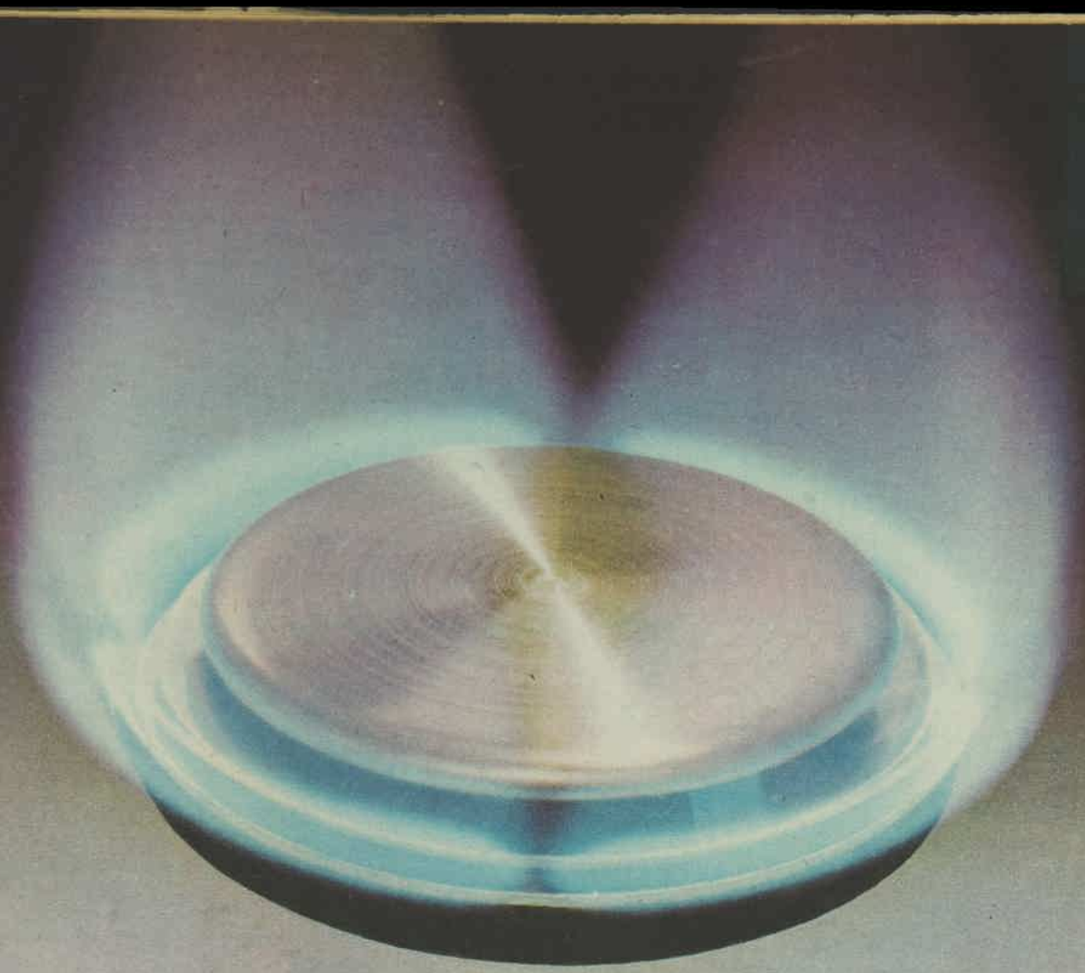
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Castles in the air



Commencing a new two-part serial

By PHILIP WYLIE

"The plane won't come down — she just stays up and keeps flying," the captain told Annabelle, who looked perplexed.

THE loudspeaker clanged in the cavern of the airport. "Your attention, please! Inter-Continental Flight Eleven-oh-Five is now scheduled to take off at two-fifteen."

A tall man who had been staring from a window into the light-spattered darkness of Miami airfield swung about and glared at the Inter-Continental ticketing counters. Other passengers of Flight 1105 were annoyed by the news that they would have to wait for an extra hour; this man seemed more than annoyed: outraged.

He was not the sort of person who usually revealed his emotions overtly. Wrath stamped his features with small wrinkles and muscle-ridges that would not have seemed possible before the announcement. Until then his handsome features had been composed as a serene lake surface. Too composed, perhaps. But it was a strong face, a capable face, a face accustomed to calm command. Anger over so commonplace an event as a plane delay gave the man an incongruously childish look.

He bent to pick up a tooled-leather briefcase. The soft folds of his grey suit vanished when he stood—brief notice of distinguished tailoring and expensive material. That movement had slightly displaced his hat. He lifted it to set it properly. His hair was reddish-brown, tightly curled, and silvered, not at the temples but in the centre, over his straight, formidable brow.

Two young ladies, both attractive, travelling companions rather than relatives, were watching the man.

"See," said the brunette. "Grey in the middle. So I was right. He's over forty-five."

The blonde nodded. "But not much."

"My! He's mad!"

"It doesn't hurt his looks, though. I still say he's an actor."

"In those clothes? With the matched luggage his porter brought in? A briefcase you can buy only on Fifth Avenue — in one store? For a bucket of dough? He's just rich. And straight Ivy League. If he was an actor—that successful —we'd know who he is." The dark-haired girl's brows arched. "He must have had a date in New York."

"At four a.m.? Some date!"

Their theme strode diagonally toward them, halted beside a pillar, set down his heavy briefcase, took a cigarette from a new packet and tried to light it from the short stub of the one he had been smoking. He was awkward and his hand shook slightly but he managed. He poked his first cigarette into the bowl of a tall standing ashtray.

"At chain-smoking," the blonde observed, "he's a beginner."

"His type never chain-smokes, Judy. Except when in an uproar. As now." Evelyn patted the dark, heaped-up waves of her hair in the hope that the man would perceive them. He didn't. Drawing on his fresh cigarette so the tip paled, he strode toward the Inter-Continental counters.

They could hear a baritone voice with overtones of tension emphasised by effort at restraint. His speech, cultivated, natural to him, had the slightly broadened "a's" and the dropped "r's" of Park Avenue in Manhattan, of contemporary Back Bay Boston, or Philadelphia's Main Line.

"Exactly what error has delayed Eleven-oh-Five?" he asked.

The clerk was a Latin, perhaps Cuban, since Miami thronged with refugees from that island, but his English was lucid and his manner soothing. "Mechanical trouble, sir." He saw that fact further incensed the tall passenger, so he elaborated. "A light on the instrument panel is not working properly. Loose connection." The clerk then remembered the man's name and added it respectfully: "Mr. Morrison."

"Does it take an hour—to fix one wire?"

"All the connections in the system will have to be checked. It's for your own protection—"

Mr. Morrison stalked away. But the vast, thinly peopled airport was a conspicuous place for furious striding. Soon he slowed, cast his grey eyes about, and turned into the nearest concourse. There he pulled open a door marked "Silver Cloud Club" and walked through. The door closed itself.

Judy, the blonde, who dressed like somebody's secretary, which she was, but who looked like a model, which she had been, giggled. "It's his wife he's so sore about."

"How do you know?" Evelyn was sceptical. Her vacation companion had proven to possess a vivid if specialised imagination and a tendency to confuse what she invented with what Evelyn believed to be real.

This time, however, Judy's deduction seemed plausible: "Mr. Morrison—and I guess I was wrong about him being an actor, because what big-time actor's named that?—came in with his wife, his luggage, and a friend. You didn't see them?"

"I was checking our luggage. Remember?"

"Yes. The wife was about twenty years younger. Well, fifteen. Blonde as me. Taller. Simply gorgeous. Evening gown made in Paris. The man friend was dark and husky and crazy about Mr. Morrison's wife. Anybody could see that. Her name is Angelica, and Mr. Morrison called her 'Angel.' She kissed him goodbye at the counter and didn't wait to see, even, if the plane was leaving on time.

"She and the boyfriend hurried away. They'd left the party of a Mrs. Somebody-or-other on Miami Beach, and wanted to get back to it. So they said, anyhow. Angelica had been drinking a bit. Her eyes are genuinely dark blue, but they had that wet look drinks give people. Our Mr. M. watched his young bride depart, after getting one cool, farewell kiss. She didn't look back. The boyfriend was hugging her arm hard enough to bend her bracelets. A car was waiting for

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'Shadow Stripe'



'Rose Petal'



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the flattery of silk
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9766) 'Gaytime' Waltz-length Nightie. Petal Pink, Lagoon Blue, Coral. Sizes 32-38. 59/11. Matching Bed Jacket. 49/11.

9871) 'Shadow Stripe' Pyjamas. Blue, Pink. Sizes 32-38. 85/-. Waltz-length Nightie. 69/11.

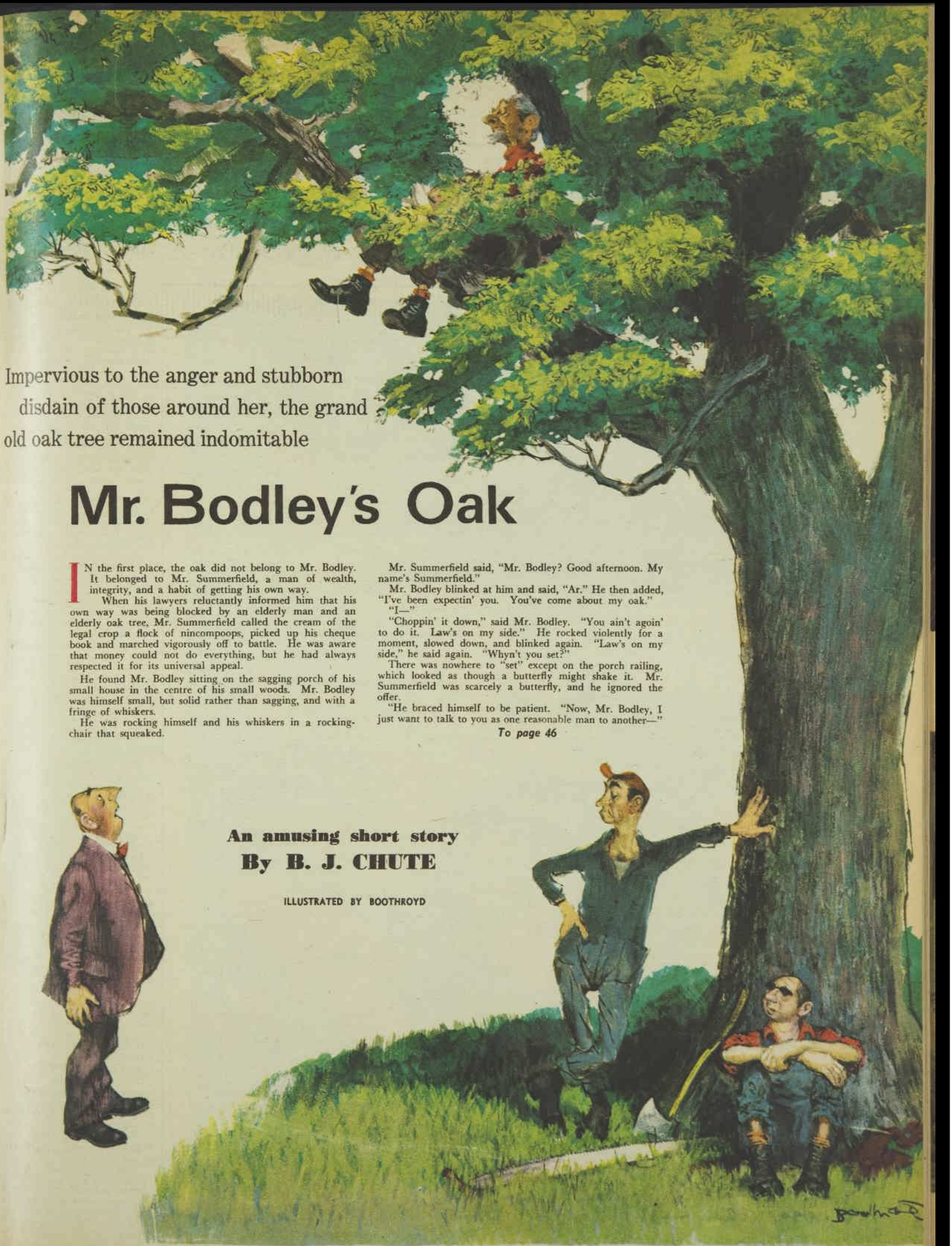
9774) 'Rose Petal' Nightie. Petal Pink, Lagoon Blue. Sizes 32-40. 89/11. Waltz-length Nightie. 79/11.

9770) 'Diamond Miss' Waltz-length Nightie. Petal Pink, Lagoon Blue, Coral. Sizes 32-38. 69/11.

9767) 'Classique' Nightie. Petal Pink, Lagoon Blue, Coral. Sizes 34-40. 69/11

From the fashion world of Kayser International

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Impervious to the anger and stubborn disdain of those around her, the grand old oak tree remained indomitable

Mr. Bodley's Oak

An amusing short story

By B. J. CHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

IN the first place, the oak did not belong to Mr. Bodley. It belonged to Mr. Summerfield, a man of wealth, integrity, and a habit of getting his own way.

When his lawyers reluctantly informed him that his own way was being blocked by an elderly man and an elderly oak tree, Mr. Summerfield called the cream of the legal crop a flock of nincompoops, picked up his cheque book and marched vigorously off to battle. He was aware that money could not do everything, but he had always respected it for its universal appeal.

He found Mr. Bodley sitting on the sagging porch of his small house in the centre of his small woods. Mr. Bodley was himself small, but solid rather than sagging, and with a fringe of whiskers.

He was rocking himself and his whiskers in a rocking-chair that squeaked.

Mr. Summerfield said, "Mr. Bodley? Good afternoon. My name's Summerfield."

Mr. Bodley blinked at him and said, "Ar." He then added, "I've been expectin' you. You've come about my oak."

"I—"

"Choppin' it down," said Mr. Bodley. "You ain't agoin' to do it. Law's on my side." He rocked violently for a moment, slowed down, and blinked again. "Law's on my side," he said again. "Whyn't you set?"

There was nowhere to "set" except on the porch railing, which looked as though a butterfly might shake it. Mr. Summerfield was scarcely a butterfly, and he ignored the offer.

"He braced himself to be patient. "Now, Mr. Bodley, I just want to talk to you as one reasonable man to another—"

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972867



Love to Mother

By JOSEPHINE NOYES

Eunice was unhappy when she thought her family had forgotten this very special day — a short short story

EUNICE BANNER always planned something special for Sunday morning breakfast for her family. Today she took great pains to give them one of their favorites: Spears of fresh, juicy pineapple, crisp waffles with lots of tiny, well-browned sausages. It was a special breakfast for a special occasion — Mother's Day.

But no one at the table seemed aware of the occasion except Eunice. They murmured, "Ummm, good!" and "Nice eating, Mum!" but, even before she had time to finish her coffee, they spread the Sunday paper and divided it three ways.

Dick grinned over the comics; Donna avidly hunted fashion ideas for June graduates in the women's pages; Jim carefully compared car advertisements.

In the midst of my family I'm alone, she thought miserably. As lonely as if I were actually all alone.

Dick stretched his lean, 16-year-old frame and looked across the table at his mother. "Say, Mum, how about dinner at noon today instead of the usual one o'clock? Doug and I . . ."

Donna abruptly broke in. "Yes. Twelve o'clock's more like it," she declared. "I'd like to be out of the house by 12.30."

Jim got up from the table. "Noon will be fine for me, too, Eunice. Must make a quick trip to the agency, but I'll drive back in plenty of time."

They forgot this particular day and now they're crowding me. And a noon dinner will leave me with the dishes if Donna goes at 12.30! How can they—all three of them—act so thoughtlessly?

She dared not speak. She nodded mutely at Jim.

Dick called to her from the doorway. "If anyone phones, give them Doug's number, OK, Mum?"

"I'll help at noon, Mother," Donna said. "Now I'm due at Barb's." She smiled up at her father. "Daddy, will you drop me off?"

"Always glad to give a lift to a pretty girl." Jim grinned, and waved goodbye to Eunice. "Take it easy," he told her.

For a few minutes Eunice stood gazing after them. Suddenly she snatched up some of the stacked dishes, placed them in the kitchen sink, ran water over them noisily. Her tears dripped drearily. Now there was no one to see, no one to hear her complain.

Take it easy, she said. Fine chance, Jim Banner, I have to take it easy with a full dinner to prepare, dishes to wash, the kitchen to straighten. If the kitchen wasn't so inconvenient, if Donna would help a little more, if Jim would . . .

"You do too much for them, Eunny. They take you for granted because you spoil them. Wait on them hand and foot. Come to visit me. Let them fend for themselves for a while. Do them good to be without you. It'll open their eyes."

That's what Aunt Emmie had

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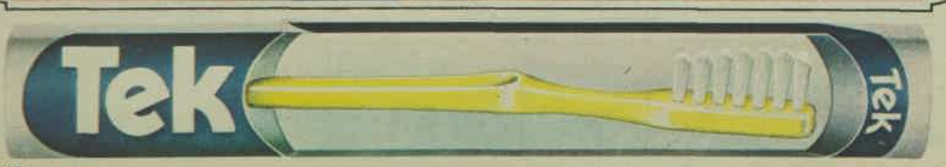
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been advising these past weeks. Eunice could hear her voice as clear and convincing as if she were right beside her in the room.

Aunt Emmie had reared Eunice and she offered gems of wisdom and advice whenever she came in from her lake home in Pewaukee to see the family. She'd never married but she read the articles she found on bringing up children and she felt she knew all the answers.

Jim used to speak out on my behalf, Eunice mused. Of course, he isn't at home much these days. Bolts his evening meal, drives across town, helps his cousin Joe with the used-car business. Jim's proud of the eye-catching newspaper ads he's turning out. Enjoys creating the layouts.

I haven't the heart to complain that he monopolises the car — restricting my shopping schedule. He knows Dick's too old now to go on errands. Besides he's rarely available.

"Dick, why don't you work at home? In your own workshop?" Aunt Emmie demanded during her latest visit.

"Can't on this project," Dick answered. "I need Doug's brains. And his tools! One of these days I'll show what I'm building and you'll understand."

Not being a mother, Aunt Emmie doesn't understand Donna's need for clothes. A senior in high school needs variety.

"Y'see, Aunt Em, Barb and I exchange patterns and fittings. It's easier at Darnell's. There's a mob of kids there, anyway, so . . ." Donna didn't elaborate.

Eunice flew about the kitchen. When the dinner was roasting in the oven, she dashed to the attic for a suitcase. Her mind was made up. She'd pack now, steal out during the afternoon, take a bus to Pewaukee.

Her heart began a surprised thumping. There, at the head of the stairs, stood all the family luggage! From the small overnight case to Jim's big leather suitcase! Dusted. Polished. Ready.

Somebody was up to something! . . . Was Donna . . . or . . . Dick . . . planning to run away . . . teenagers do crazy things!

What should she do? Her knees shook. She sank on to the nearest step. No. No, she couldn't leave. Appreciated or not she belonged here. What kind of mother would she be if she walked out on her duty? Weak tears came and she brushed them aside. Weren't they tears of self-pity?

The front doorbell startled her with a series of violent trills. She stood undecided. Then carefully she dried her eyes with a corner of her apron. "It wouldn't be any use," she muttered. "I'd worry every minute; I'd miss them. Maybe I do spoil my children, but I guess I'm one of those old-fashioned mothers who will never change."

She lifted her head high like all the Banners did and she walked as erect and tall as she could into the living-room.

A huge sign was thrust in front of her. In letters a foot high the sign read: LOVE TO MOTHER. Dick's grinning face appeared from behind it. "Wasn't able to wrap this!" Donna helped him carry a gleaming chrome table.

"This kitchen item was designed for your special littleness. Turn the handle, madam."

Eunice exclaimed, "Why, it raises and lowers the top of the table! And you made it, Dick?"

"My turn now." Donna laughed and pushed a huge box toward her mother. "Sit here. There's more to come."

Eunice shook out her gifts from Donna. The hours of sewing entailed was incredible! A housegown gay with flowers! A nightie with matching robe! A dress of pink linen!

Donna glowed with pride. "The Darnells are charging you rent. I've practically lived there sewing these."

"Now for Dad's part in the Love-to-Mother project," Dick pulled Eunice outside.

"Oh, Jim!" was all she could manage when she saw the little car in the driveway.

"Isn't it terrif! Dad's been slaving over layouts for months to get you this neat little buggy!"

She flew into Jim's arms.

"Mother, mind if we take your dinner to Aunt Em's? I promised her if we came we'd leave at 12.30. She has a cake and trimmings."

"Hey, I'll drive our old bus."

"Fine." Jim agreed. "We'll follow. Your mother can try out her car, then stay with Aunt Em for the rest she needs and I'll drive back with you two." He turned to Eunice. "You're packed aren't you?"

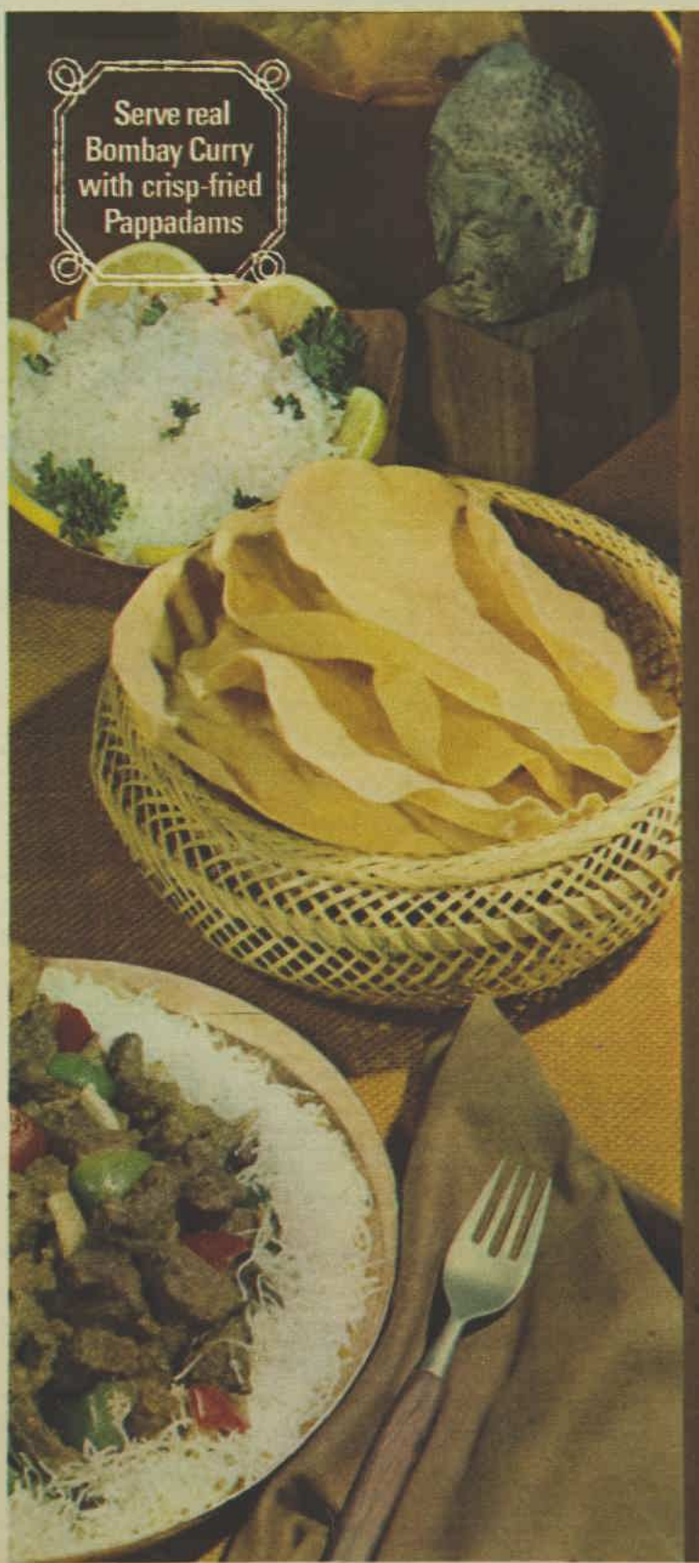
"You! You got the luggage ready."

"Sure. Been expecting you to run off any day. We've given you a very rugged time. And this morning when I saw your woebegone face . . ."

"Wasn't that somebody else?" Eunice smiled radiantly. "Well, anyway, it wasn't this happy mother."

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BOMBAY CURRY. *2 oz. Copha shortening, 2 large onions, 1 clove garlic, 1 small apple, 2 tablespns. curry powder, ½ tsp. ground ginger, spice and sugar, 2½ lb. beef, 1 bay leaf, ¼ cup desiccated coconut, ½ pint stock, 1 wedge lemon, 1 capsicum, sliced.*

Method: Finely chop onions, garlic and cored apple. Fry in hot Copha with curry powder and spices. Do not overcook. Spoon into saucepan. Chop meat into small pieces, toss in a little flour, brown quickly in hot Copha. Remove to saucepan, add bay leaf, coconut, stock and lemon, cover, cook slowly 1½-2 hours. Remove lemon, add capsicum, salt, simmer further 15 mins. All curries are served with fluffy boiled rice and other assorted side dishes of Pappadams, various chutneys, thin slices of pineapple or banana, toasted coconut, cashews, etc.

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HESI

Smallest Miracle

By JILL GILL



It was a simple, childish gesture, but it effected the most astonishing result . . . a short short story

MY grandfather always said that Love — with a capital L — is the greatest force in the world; and that, strangely, this force shines most brightly through small, simple things.

"Love can heal anything," he used to say. "Love is the answer to prayer."

I remembered his words when Dave, my husband, was mixed up in the terrible accident. Dave is a truck driver; when the accident happened he was fifty-eight, and up to that time his record had been unblemished.

I knew he was a good driver; and he thought that care and good driving could prevent accidents. We've two sons, and when they were small Dave spent hours teaching them the Highway Code. When they married, and we had grandchildren, he taught them, too.

"One can't be too careful!" he always said.

So it was a shock when a policeman called at our house that terrible night and told me there'd been an accident and that Dave was in hospital.

"Now, there's no need to worry, Mrs. Nichols," he soothed, seeing my face. "Your husband's not injured. He's suffering from shock."

"Was it a bad accident?" I asked anxiously.

The policeman nodded. "Car came round a corner on the wrong side of the road and ran head-on into the truck. There wasn't a thing Mr. Nichols could do — he's no need to blame himself."

My mouth felt suddenly dry, and I couldn't speak, but I had to know.

"Was anyone — hurt?" I asked.

"There were four youngsters in the car," the policeman said heavily. "Two, a girl and a boy, were killed. The other two are on the danger list."

The accident had happened nearly five hundred miles from home, and I didn't see Dave in hospital; but when he came home, three days later, he was a changed man, silent and depressed, his eyes haunted.

"Oh, Dave!" I cried, hugging him. "Don't look like that! It wasn't your fault! The policeman said it wasn't!"

"No," he said quietly, "it wasn't my fault. But that doesn't make it any easier, Rosie. And the couple they took to hospital died next day! Did you know?"

"No," I said, "I didn't know."

Dave wouldn't talk about the accident—he wouldn't talk about anything. He was silent and withdrawn, and somehow frozen. I thought that in time the warmth and tenderness that were so much a part of him would come back, but they didn't.

He went on with his job, driving the big truck, but I knew he was unhappy. In the past he'd believed that his skill was enough, that a good driver could always avoid accidents: now he knew this wasn't true.

Sometimes he had nightmares. Once, only half awake, he said: "They were so young—just a bunch of kids."

Poor Dave! He'd forgotten how to smile. Even our adored grandchildren couldn't make him smile.

"Why won't grandad play with me?" Polly, our second grandchild, asked one day. She's six; she lives just down the road, and she and Dave had always been very close.

"He's unhappy," I told her. "The accident upset him. When he's happy again, he'll play with you."

Because I was worried, I consulted our family doctor.

"What shall I do?" I asked. "He's like a man in a dream!"

"Give him time," the doctor advised. "Give him time to get over the shock."

But with Dave time seemed to make no difference. It was as though part of him had died.

I'd almost given up hope of finding the old Dave when one day he came in from the garden holding a tiny kitten.

"I found this in the greenhouse!" he said. "There was a saucer of milk, too. Do you know anything about it?"

"Why, that's Polly's kitten!" I cried. "She loves it! She can't bear it out of her sight! What's it doing here?"

"Polly?" Dave said. "I didn't know she had a kitten!"

He held the kitten in his big hand, and it looked at him, liking what it saw. Then out came its pink tongue, and it licked his thumb.

I hurried out to the greenhouse, and sure enough there was a note, propped against Dave's most cherished potted plants.

"Dear grandad," the note said, "Kitty is for you. Love from Polly." There were kisses all round the paper, and smudges that could have been tears.

I went back to the house and gave the note to Dave.

"I don't understand," he said slowly. "Why does she want me to have her kitten? Why didn't she bring it round when I was at home? I mean . . . why didn't she just give it to me, instead of leaving it in the greenhouse?"

I answered the last question first. "You've had no time for her lately," I told him. "Sometimes you don't even answer when she speaks to you! As for why she wants you to have her kitten . . . it's her greatest treasure! It gives her joy, and she wants to share her joy with you! She loves you, Dave!"

His eyes were so bright that for a moment I thought they were bright with tears. Then silently he turned away, took an old paper bag, and screwed it up for the kitten to play with; then he sat by the fire while I got tea ready, and the kitten chased the paper round the room, tossed it in the air, and lay on its back, worrying it.

I poured tea, and Dave came over to the table, and presently, tired out, the kitten climbed up his leg and lay curled on his knee, purring.

"It's taken to you!" I said, and Dave nodded.

Then gently, tenderly, like the old Dave, he stroked the soft fur, and the kitten purred like ten kittens.

Watching him, I remembered all that my grandfather used to say about Love being the greatest power in the world, and shining most brightly through small, simple things.

There seemed to be two Daves. One, the man who drove the truck, the man who'd been shocked and hurt by the terrible accident. The other, a tender, uncomplicated Dave, a child, delighting in small joys. And Dave the man, who'd been so shocked and hurt, was at last being healed by Polly, who'd given her greatest treasure to Dave, the child.

I watched Dave. Presently he said, "Puss!"

Hearing his voice the kitten rolled over on his lap, waving its paws in the air and asking to play. He tickled it gently, and after a while it fell asleep.

"Will you hand me the paper, please, Rosie?" Dave said. "If I move, I'll wake the cat!"

I handed him the paper, but he didn't read it. He sat smiling at the sleeping kitten, just like the old Dave, and I knew my prayers had been answered, and that everything was going to be all right.

Presently he reached over and took my hand. "Poor Rosie!" he said softly. "Poor little Polly! I'm sorry I've given you both such heartache . . . I didn't realise . . .

"If you'll nurse the kitten I'll go and see Polly now. I'll tell her we'll share it. I'll have it in the evenings, when I'm home; and she can have it when I'm away driving. And on Sundays we'll play with it together!"

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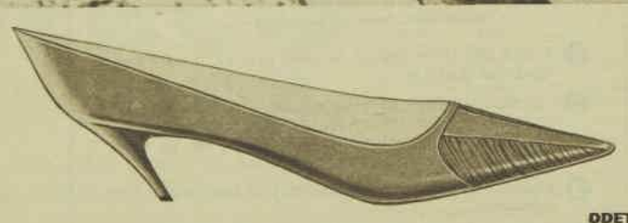
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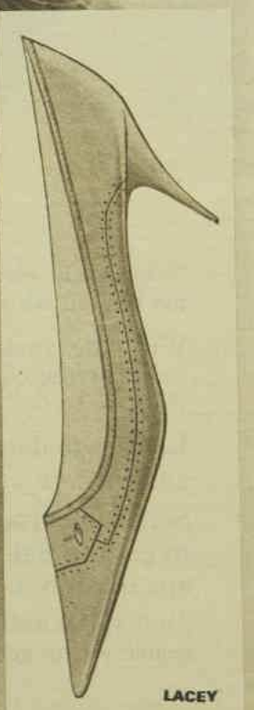
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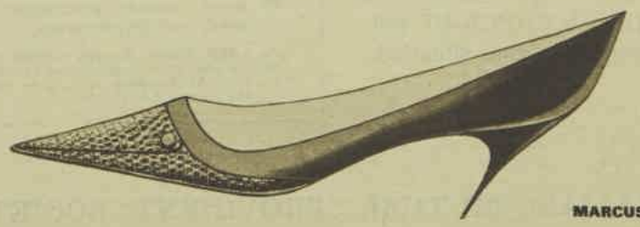
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The way to make a bed

AFTER reading the advice of Mrs. Tree (W.A.) of "First the foot and then the head, that's the way to make a bed," I tried it out. But it wasn't successful as far as I was concerned, and I decided to write in with my own version: "First the head and then the toe, that's the way a bed should go."

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Young, Penguin, Tas.

★ ★ ★

THE way I was taught to make a bed was to have sheet hems facing down, the wide hem to be at the head of the bed. Pillow-slip openings were to face inwards in the case of a double bed and toward the wall on a single bed. The blankets came to the pillow and turned back with the top sheet folding over them. Then tuck-in all round and put on bedspread. I always start at the foot.

£1/1/- to "Bay-ite" (name supplied), Arno Bay, S.A.

★ ★ ★

MY mother's instructions were, "Bottoms for sheets and tops for blankets." In this way you are sure of a good tuck-in for the sheets, keeping the bedclothes firm, and a generous turn-back of the blankets for extra warmth at the shoulders. I have carried out these instructions for 40 years.

£1/1/- to "Edie" (name supplied), Preston, Vic.

★ ★ ★

HAS any reader heard the expression "I have dressed the beds"? I always say "I have made the beds," but I have a friend who uses this term, and so do her mother and daughter. I have never heard anyone else use it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Day, Seven Hills, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

WHEN nursing at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, we were taught to attend to the head of the bed first, and then the foot. Also to make one side of the bed first, and then the other.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Bennett, Penrith, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I RECALL having heard as a child an amusing bit of near-doggerel on the subject of bed-making. It went like this: "First sheet from the head to foot, second one and all the rest, foot comes first and then the head." Having just spent some time in hospital, I've been able to observe the experts at work, and the rule was always: First sheet tucked in at the head and then the foot, with the blankets handled from the foot first.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Johnston, Parramatta, N.S.W.

Tale of a shirt

AS a quartermaster for his unit in New Guinea, my father received an issue of shirts. One of the men returned his, saying, "Here, you may as well have this, it's too big for me." After wearing it for some time my father found in a pocket a scrap of brown paper bearing the following message: "Wishing you a safe return." It bore his own mother's signature! Her war work had been making shirts. My father still has the scrap of paper.

£1/1/- to Heather Lees, Bogan Gate, N.S.W.

A plenitude of place-names

CAN anyone beat this? We live at a place called Forest Glen, have a Palmswoods phone number, and Woombye is our postal address. Two of our children attend Chevaellum State school, and two attend Nambour high school. No wonder people who ask us for our particulars look dumbfounded.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Joyce Killip, Woombye, Qld.

Reluctant testator

MY husband will not make a will, and seems afraid to do so, as though he would be signing his death warrant. I have tried pointing out that it is unfair to the children and myself, but he replies that we are only young and have plenty of time. Can readers give me any advice, as I am really concerned?

£1/1/- to "Will-wisher" (name supplied), Grafton, N.S.W.

Sympathy may be foolish

MY four-year-old daughter was quite happy about her visit to the dentist, and sat quietly while a tooth was filled. She proudly showed off her filling to anyone who would look. Most people immediately asked, "Did it hurt?" As a result the second visit to the dentist was a tearful scene. How I wish people would stop and think before they frighten young children about dentists, doctors, policemen, etc.

£1/1/- to "A Mother" (name supplied), Gladstone, Qld.

Health and the tuckshop

MOTHERS who run school tuckshops obviously have the welfare of their children at heart, giving up their time to make money to buy books, sporting equipment, etc. But why don't they consider the health of their children and sell salads and soup rather than sweets, pies, hot dogs and bread rolls? Health is far more important than tape-recorders, record-players, and gym equipment.

£1/1/- to "Teacher-to-be" (name supplied), Bathurst, N.S.W.



Straight ahead, you can't miss it

● After the East African Safari car rally there were reports that Stirling Moss and his co-driver, Erik Carlsson, were not speaking to each other. (They are brothers-in-law.) Moss denied there had been a quarrel, but said it was probably his fault that they took a wrong turning, losing an hour, before withdrawing from the race.

DRIVER

SAYS: Worry not, old boy. A small mistake,
The kind of error anyone could make.
THINKS: Navigator's bootlace! What a chap!
All that he had to do was read the map.

CO-DRIVER

SAYS: I fear it was my fault. Oh yes, it's true,
I realise I made a frightful blue.
THINKS: Muggins, you have eyes. Why can't you see?
Why should the onus fall, I ask, on me?

CHORUS

Of course we're friends. Not speaking? Bosh and rot!
But "Least said, soonest mended," says the lot.

— Dorothy Drain

When Dad took over

I ALWAYS used to cut the lawn, using an old-fashioned mower which was so decrepit and rusty that one day I stopped dead in the middle of mowing and told my husband that I wouldn't cut the lawn any more. He came out and finished it for me, and guess what? Next week he bought a motor mower, which he now walks behind, and I can't even get a go at it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Matson, Frankston, Vic.

Without any incantations?

A FRIEND who was staying with us suggested the following "safe and sure" cure for a big wart on my brother's knee. It was to take a piece of raw steak, soak it in vinegar all day, then bandage it over the wart at night, and the next day bury the meat. The wart will disappear in a week or so. (Incidentally, our friend was a baker not a butcher!)

£1/1/- to A. Hibbert, Taree, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

ONE of the world's most affectionate women is a Mrs. Puxty, of London.

She loves her husband so much that she will not let him go to work.

Mr. Puxty told the court this when he was hauled up for failing to support his family.

"I'm not lazy," he insisted. "It's just that my wife can't bear to part with me."

A newspaper report of Mrs. Puxty's devotion set me thinking. My wife had never tried to stop me from going to work.

Next morning I said to her: "Well, I'd better be off now."

"Goodbye," she said. "Don't forget to buy that electric bulb for the fridge."

"You don't seem to care much," I said.

"About what?"

"About my going to work. It doesn't seem to matter to you."

"But it does!" she said. "I'm very glad you've got a steady job."

"What I mean is, you don't like my company enough to ask me to stay at home."

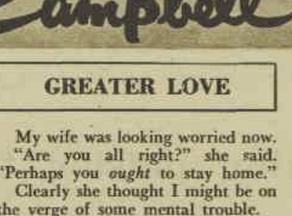
GREATER LOVE

My wife was looking worried now.

"Are you all right?" she said. "Perhaps you *ought* to stay home."

Clearly she thought I might be on the verge of some mental trouble.

I told her what I had read about Mrs. Puxty's refusal to let her husband go to work. She seemed relieved that was not my own idea.



"I do like your company, except when you're eating celery," she said (she hates the crunching noise). "But to put it bluntly, I'm not prepared to starve for the sake of having you home all day."

She paused and added: "Anyhow, do you want to give up your job for the sake of staying home with me?"

I had to admit the thought had not occurred to me. We agreed that the present arrangement was for the best.

Since then I have discussed the Puxty way of life with other people. None of them could see much in favor of it.

A lady whom I shall call Mrs. H.— said: "Good heavens, I'd go mad if Les stayed home every day! It's hard enough to keep him occupied at weekends."

They all thought Mrs. Puxty should make a sacrifice for the family's sake. She should let her husband take a job.

She might appreciate him more if he were away in the daytime. Absence could make even Mrs. Puxty's warm heart grow fonder.

To tell the truth I have doubts about the sincerity of Mr. Puxty's evidence.

The trouble may not be simply that Mrs. Puxty loves him too much. It may be that he loves work too little.



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dance like a girl...
play like a girl...
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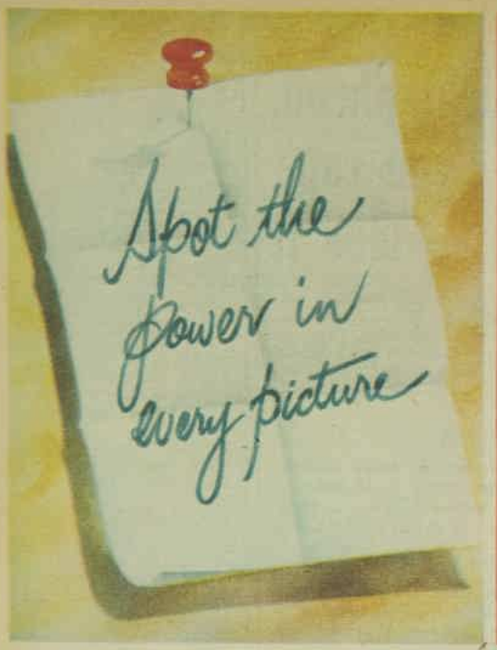
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TURNABOUT
Fashion applauds return of the derriere. The back view should be cute and it's never cuter than with the angelic assist of a Riddle pantie.



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You can buy 'em anywhere, but they won't look like this without a Warner's Riddle pantie underneath.

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The new Riddle by Warner's U.S.A.

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TRIBUTES TO "MUM"

● With Mother's Day near, these two stories — written by a housewife and a schoolgirl in appreciation of their "mums" — have timely appeal.

A grand old trouper . . .

● I wonder what makes an old lady ride a bicycle and go on the stage at the age of 75.

READERS' STORIES
(The writers have supplied their names and addresses but wish to be anonymous.)

I HAVE been closely associated with such an old lady for a long time, and I can remember her getting up at five o'clock on cold winter mornings to clean out banks and the local dance hall before other more fortunate folk were ready to start their daily jobs.

And I remember her walking a mile to bring home a bag of laundry to be washed and ironed and carried back again, helped by one of her brood of seven.

Her husband had lost his right hand in an explosion, and he couldn't contribute much toward the family budget, as work was very scarce in a country town 40 years ago. So it was she who had to go out to wash and scrub each day to feed her family.

I often watched her ironing white shirts and stiff collars with her old flatirons, which she used to heat up on top of the fuel stove, and then one day she bought an old petrol iron at an auction sale. From then on she was really living!

Faster work . . .

This iron had to be filled with petrol, and each time it had to be lit a great sheet of flame leapt up. But seemingly dangerous as it was she mastered it quite well, and it took a lot of the slowness out of ironing, as it kept hot all the time.

Gradually, of course, the children grew up and got married and moved away to various places, and she became old enough to get the pension.

One is inclined to think that once people get a pension they are content just to potter about for the rest of their days. Not so this old lady.

The first thing she did once the children were off her hands was to buy herself a bicycle "to do the messages," as she put it.

It soon became her best asset, because there are no buses in a country town and distances are often great. Having the bicycle meant she could get around to all her friends in quick time.

She also belongs to the auxiliary of the RSL club, and does her roster duties each weekend.

Then, when she was 73, she and a group of her friends decided to form a ballet group and to put on shows.

They made themselves several outfits and, because this old lady was so much older than the others and had more go in her, she became the leading lady, and now performs a couple of solo items at each show!

One outfit she made consists of a full Scottish-type dress, complete with whitewash brush. At the end of her song and dance in this outfit, she kicks up her leg to disclose long red drawers. This, of course, sends the audience into convulsions, and she usually has to take five or six curtain calls.

The ballet group is in great demand, and they travel round the countryside putting on shows for other aged pensioners and various social clubs.

For the purpose of keeping up to date, the 75-year-old has just bought herself a piano, which she plays rather well though she can't read a note of music.

She goes in every talent quest at the RSL Club, and has just won her fifteenth trophy for carpet bowls for this year.

I'm sure I don't know what makes an old lady of 75 ride a bike or go on the stage, unless it's a great love of life. Or maybe it all just helps to make up for all the poor years of long ago.

But one thing I do know — I am very proud to call this grand person my mother!

"How hard she works"

● Do some people realise how very hard a mother strives to ensure that the health and happiness of her family is complete?

I MUST admit I never realised how very hard Mum does work until I had to enter the role of makeshift mother to three children, as well as looking after my father, and being nursemaid to my mother.

Getting three growing kids off to school is harder than it seems.

The youngest was running round in a flap, sure that she had put the missing schoolbag away where it belonged. Naturally, it wasn't there when she looked at half past eight on Monday morning.

My brother was no trouble at all, except that he ate twice as much breakfast as all of us put together.

Dad left the house without a word of complaint, even though he had had no breakfast and the sandwiches in his lunch looked like something the cat had dragged in.

Kicking the dog out the door once again, I waved goodbye to the youngest, who had found the lost schoolbag out in the backyard.

Mum would have to get sick just now, I thought rather savagely. Just when I wanted to try for the tennis team at school. Still, no use moping about it.

I attacked the pile of dirty breakfast dishes, which took simply ages to struggle through. Then I did my best to tidy the kitchen, which looked as though a tornado had been through it.

After hours of hard work I had the house looking reasonably tidy.

Mum kept wanting things from the bedroom and the doctor was due at any minute. Shoving rubbish quickly under the bed, I ran to answer the shrilling doorbell.

Ordered to bed

The doctor soon confirmed my worst fears. Mum would have to stay in bed until the new baby arrived, because she had pneumonia and pleurisy.

It was Monday and washing-day and there were enough dirty clothes in the box to clothe an army. Sheets, towels, shirts, underclothing, socks, jumpers, and a mountain of handkerchiefs were piled into the machine.

Several of Dad's white shirts turned a queer color, so I washed them again very carefully in the hope of restoring them to their brilliant white. I was in luck!

Already the other kids were beginning to arrive home from school and there was their temporary mother up to her ears in wet clothes. The tea still had to be prepared as quickly as possible, but even then we did not eat until very late.

As the days passed Dad's lunch improved, my young sister managed to find her school-bag in time, and my brother and other sister washed the dishes for me each morning.

Things were looking up! I even began to sing as I hopped into the vacuuming and dusting. Housework wasn't so bad when you became used to it.

At last my grandmother came down from the country and took over as chief cook and bottle-washer.

I must say I was pleased to return to school. One thing I learned is not to take Mum too much for granted now that I realise how very hard she does work.

(Advertisement)

Beauty Salon Hints



Mrs. M. Reynolds
Beauty Skin Care Consultant

MANY beautiful women retain their complexion youthfulness and radiance even though they are in their mature years because they make a "must" of simple daily care. This helps nature to make you feel and look more beautiful irrespective of the years. Here are some suggestions to help you towards a peaches-and-cream loveliness.

The Peaches and Cream Look

WE all envy the lovely English countryside complexion enjoyed by women who live in moist cool climates. A hint to give the complexion cool climate moisture is to dampen a cloth with cold water from your refrigerator and press it over your face for a few minutes once or twice a day. Then to give the skin soft loveliness and help in softening away lines, smooth on a film of moist tropical Oil of Ulan. Besides protecting and softening your complexion this oil will ensure your final make-up has a perfect matt finish.

Smooth Elbows

SMOOTH and lovely elbows will enhance the beauty of your arms. Combine a teaspoon each of white sugar, lemon delph freshener and Oil of Ulan, and rub the mixture well into the elbows until the skin becomes pink and clean. Remove pack with warm water, dry thoroughly and then smooth in a rich film of Oil of Ulan to nourish and promote a silky smooth surface.

Beauty Complexion Pack

TO transform a dry skin into a soft, velvety one and keep youthful bloom and beauty use this simple pack. Add Oil of Ulan, drop by drop, to a cake of yeast and mix into a smooth paste. Apply this to the entire complexion leaving only the eye area clear. Relax on the bed for twenty minutes and then remove the pack with pads of cotton wool wrung out in warm water. Pat the skin gently with a mild Lemon Delph Freshener and, finally, smooth a light film of Oil of Ulan over your complexion before you apply make-up.

Teenage Beauty

THE quickest and easiest way to remedy those little skin blemishes and pimples in the teenage years is to dab the affected areas with a pure, gentle stimulant such as Lemon Delph Freshener, which tones and closes enlarged pores so that blemishes do not have a chance of forming. Before making-up smooth a film of tropical moist Oil of Ulan over the face and neck to nourish and protect the petal-soft texture against the blemish-inducing infections to which young complexions are particularly prone.

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Melbourne's Olivia Newton-John is an Angel Face girl . . . a girl going places.



Folk singing is one of Olivia's favourite pastimes. Here, at the Little Reata, she sings to an admiring audience. Thanks to Angel Face Liquid, 'Natural Angel' (one of their 8 shades), she knows her skin looks soft and dewy under the revealing light.

The fresh natural look of Angel Face—Olivia Newton-John has it. You can too.

You, too, can have the Angel Face look. Start by smoothing on Angel Face Liquid. Touch up with Angel Face powder — the pressed powder that's blended with creamy foundation. See how lastingly fresh and natural your complexion is now.

Window shopping on the way home, Olivia is as fresh and beautiful as when she started her day. She touched up with Angel Face powder and it never gets caked or streaky. Angel Face will do pretty things for you too. Try it. You'll see.



Be everything you want to be with . . .

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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● At this time of year my mind runs on food. It must be the cold weather; but it is the time of year when the family cook can get away with anything in the way of experiments and new discoveries, as long as they're hot and savory.

IT'S only a short period. After a few weeks people begin to count calories again and mutter about their waistlines.

Time for fattening experiments is fast running out in this household I realised last week when I heard Diana say angrily, "You are the biggest LIAR I know."

"Oh, do stop bickering, you two," I called out. Di and Kay have been going through one of their periodic fighting phases, which is no doubt entertaining for them but fearfully boring for the innocent non-combatant bystanders.

"Who's bickering?" Di said in an injured tone of voice. "I was talking to the bathroom scales."

I know just how she feels. Other people's bathroom scales may be dependable and accurate. Ours are moody, changeable, mean, uncharitable, and downright dishonest.

Anyway, scales or no scales, I intend to make Bramborak at least once more before everyone starts dieting. It's a Czech dish—a good one for these times of high-priced potatoes, because it turns the humble spud into sheer poetry.

Peel, grate, and drain 1lb. potatoes. Stir 2 tablespoons milk into 2oz. plain flour and add to the potatoes. Stir in 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 finely chopped onion, salt, pepper, and a little marjoram. Put the mixture into a greased pan, dot it liberally with butter, and bake it for 30 minutes in a hot oven.

Some good hot food for wintry nights!

ANOTHER thing that goes down well with my family on a cold night is a Plum Jam Casserole.

It's a good recipe for those who like a moderately sweet-and-sour dish. You need 1lb. round or topside steak, the juice of a lemon, flour, salt, worcestershire and tomato sauces, and 2 tablespoons dark plum jam.

Cut the steak into half-inch cubes, fry in a little oil until brown. Remove the meat and make a thick gravy with the flour and stock or water. Add the lemon juice and the jam, together with salt, pepper, and the two sauces to taste. Stir till the mixture is a smooth, thick sauce, pour it over the browned meat in a casserole dish, cook it for 1½ hours in a moderate oven.

Warning: this makes a fairly small quantity. You'd better double all ingredients if you have to cope with the sort of appetites that get brought home to this house on cold nights.

Any dedicated curry eaters in your family? If there are, try a Vindaloo Curry, but you'd better provide a nice grilled chop for the not-so-keen. This is a curry that doesn't fool around—it's hot!

Slice 6 medium onions and fry them in a saucepan in 4oz. butter. Stir in 2 tablespoons curry powder. Cut 1lb. round steak into ½in. cubes and brown these in 1oz. butter.

Add the meat to the onion mixture, put over a low heat, and add half a pint of wine vinegar drop by drop, stirring all the time. Add ½ teaspoon salt, cover, and simmer very gently for two hours.

Should skiers be allowed to drive a car . . .?

HOW would you feel about sitting for a 90-minute examination in order to take out an insurance policy on your car?

In your 90-minute examination you would have to give yes/no answers to about 30 questions — many of which a thoughtful person wouldn't answer with a straight yes or no and without a few ifs and buts.

The examination is imposed on people applying for car insurance with a number of firms in the United States. So far the tests have been aimed mainly at the under-25s, but there's a chance that they'll be extended to all motorists later on.

As a good Australian who objects to unwarranted invasion of your privacy, you'll be pleased to hear that Australian companies are NOT thinking of following suit.

"Answering questions of this personal kind would go against the grain with Australians," insurance officials here have said.

Not only would it go against the grain, but it would produce some remarkably quaint answers. A young friend of ours who feels strongly about answering personal questions amused himself the other day with an application for a credit account at a retail store.

The application form asked for his present address, which he gave. It then asked "How long?" He filled in the answer "sixty-six feet"—the length of the block of land his house stands on. On the next line it asked: Occupation . . . How long . . . ? He answered "Accountant. 5ft. 11½in."

He argued that they've got to base their decision on whether he's a suitable account customer on something a little more solid than how long he has had his present house and job.

He might have come into money and bought himself a fine new house a month ago; he might have changed a poorly paid job for a magnificently well-paid one only a week before.

Yet the answers "one month" and "one week" to the two questions would either have to be ignored by the credit manager (in which case there's no justification for asking them) or else would have to suggest that the applicant was a fly-by-night type with no security.

It's my bet that he'll get that credit account, in spite of his deliberately idiotic answers.

Some of the questions American insurance companies are asking: "Are you bothered by nightmares?" "Do you like to ski?" "Do you believe another world war is inevitable?"

A motorist who answered "yes" to any of those would either be rejected or would have to pay a higher premium. Why? Because he's emotionally unstable if he has nightmares (or if he's bothered by them—how would they rate the answer "no, I love 'em"); if he likes skiing he's less cautious than someone who avoids the sport; he's showing "excessive fatalistic tendencies" if he thinks another world war is inevitable.

This is bumbledom run riot. The point they miss is that the maladjusted and dare-devil person they're trying to eliminate from their list of premium payers is often highly intelligent as well, and quite capable of outsmarting them by giving them the answers he thinks they want.



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Illustrated: "Cathedral," £7.19.6.

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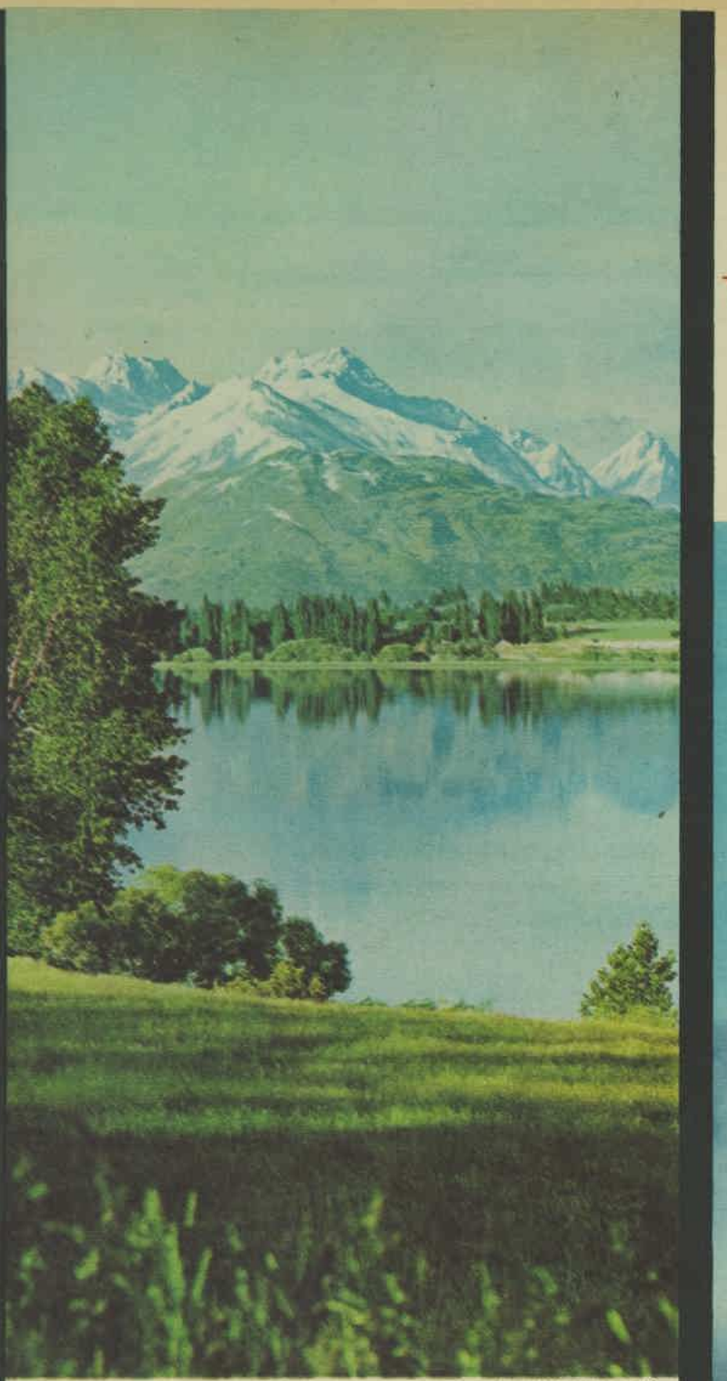
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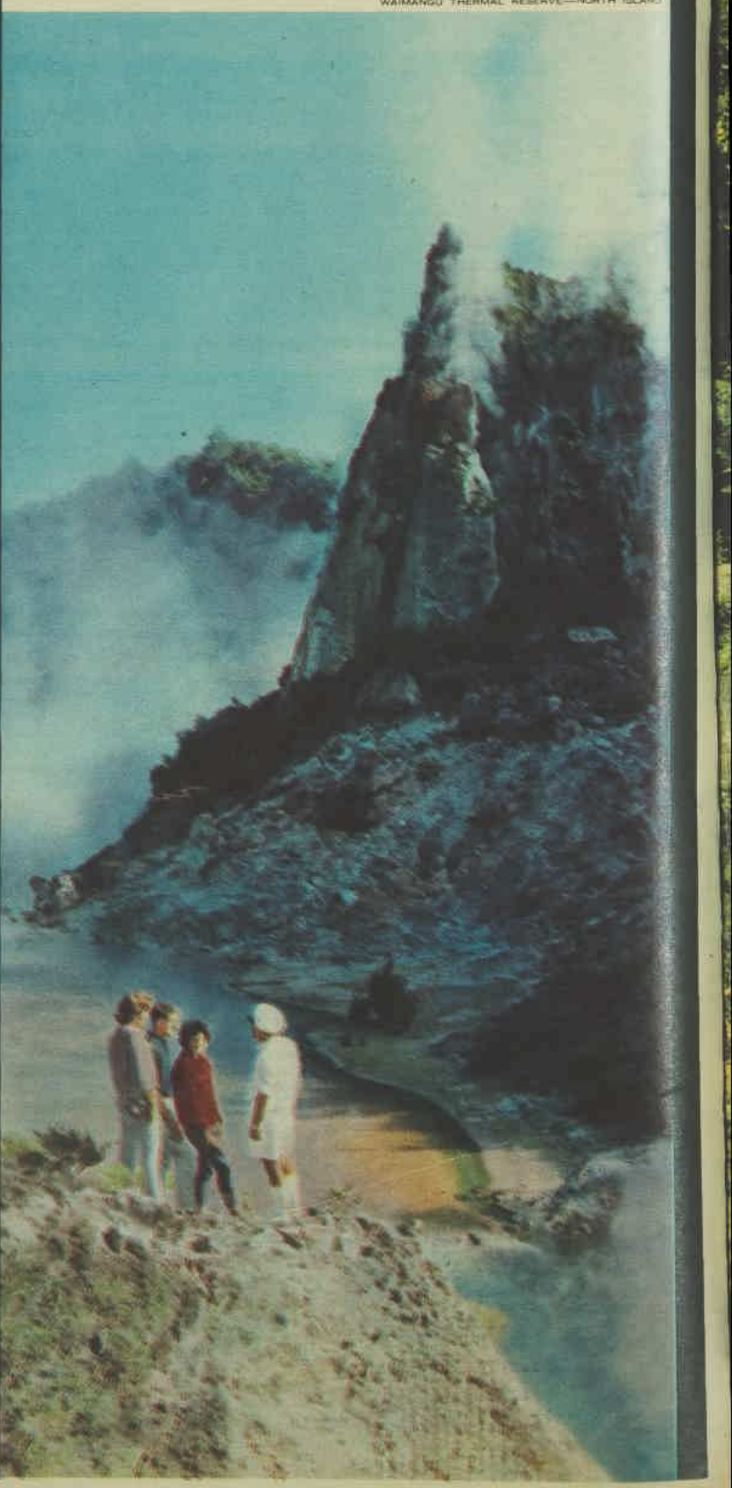
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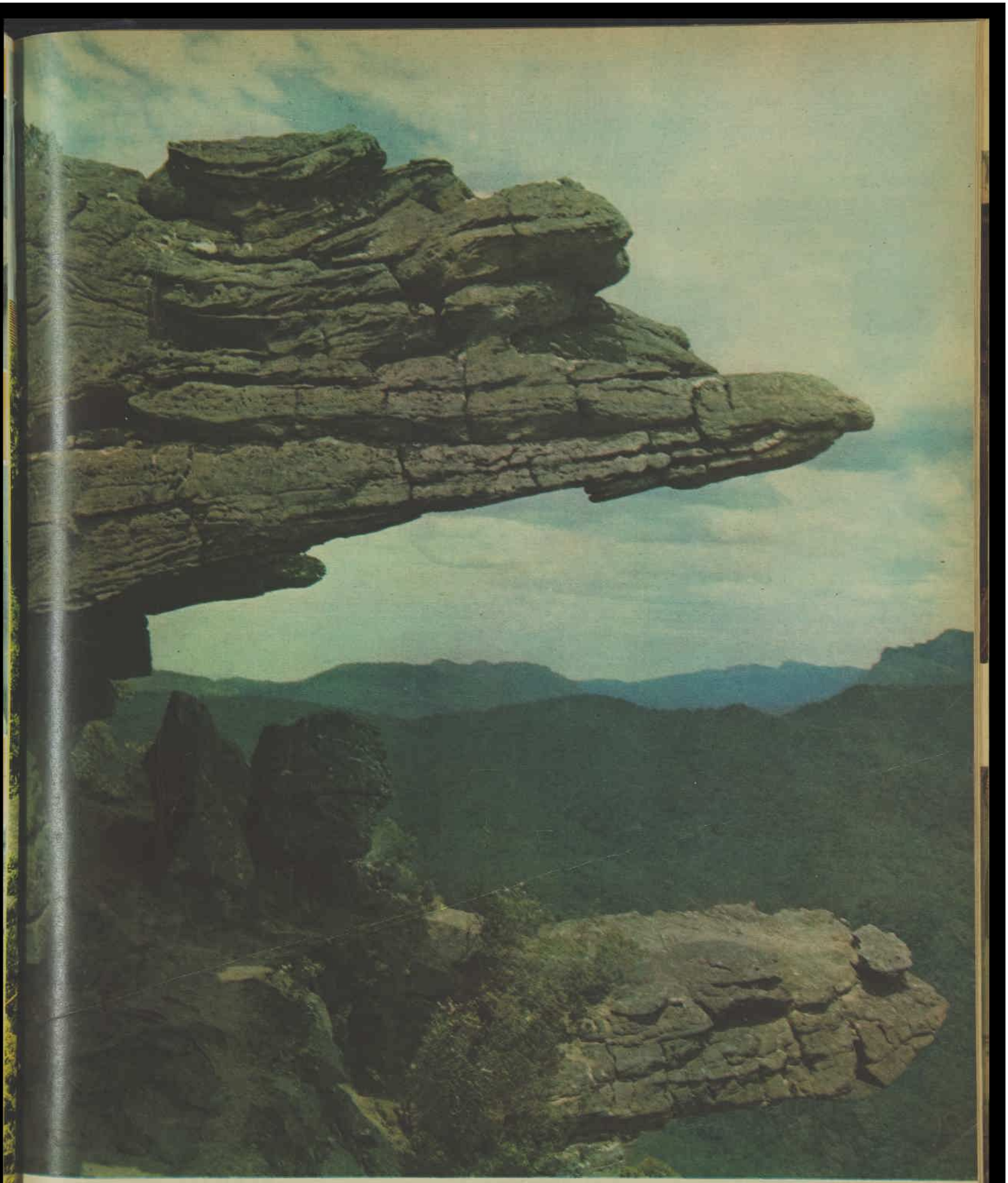


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VICTORIA'S GRAMPIANS

● Nature's sculptors, the wind and rain, have carved remarkable rock formations high in the Grampian Mountains, the spectacular range which was thrust by volcanic activity out of the plain south of the Melbourne-Adelaide highway in Victoria's Western District. Picture taken from Mt. Victory by Keith Phillips, Hawthorn, S.A.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

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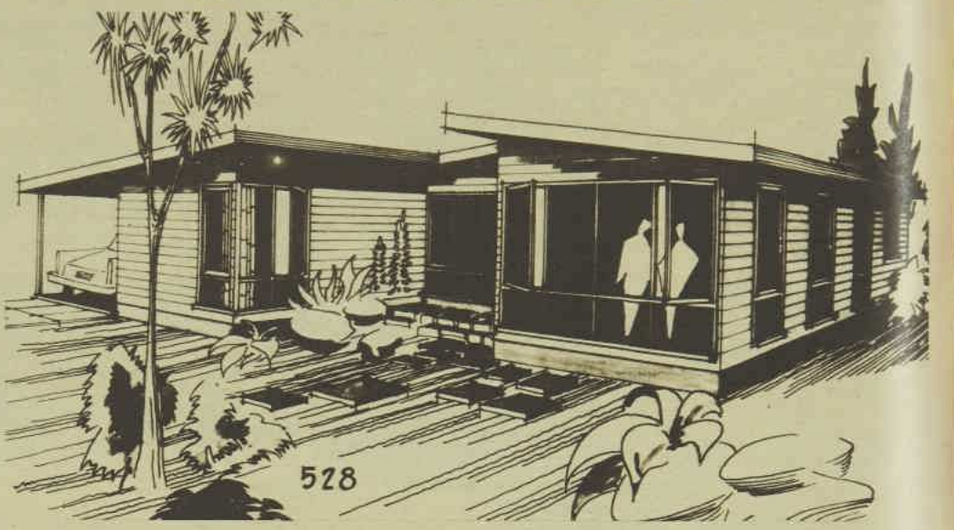
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Home Plans Service

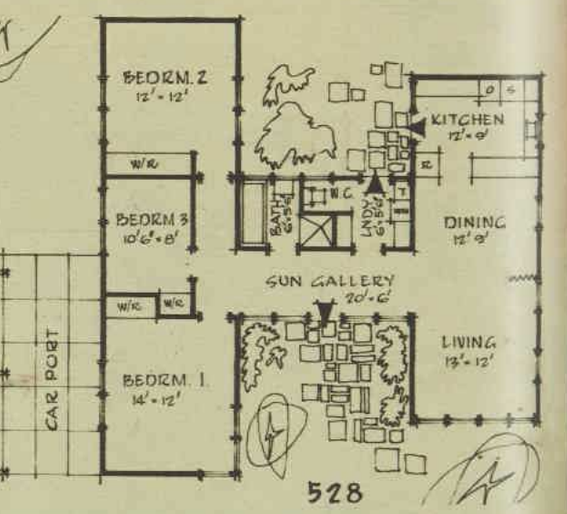
● **This week's home plan, No. 528, is a simple plan with the accent on informal living. The design is in H-shape.**



A house for easy living

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH (above) shows the large amount of window space in the living-room (right).

FLOOR PLAN (below) of the H-shaped house illustrates how the sun gallery divides the two wings.



THE plan has the sleeping and living areas (kitchen, living-dining area) in two separate wings linked by an entrance gallery containing bathroom and laundry.

Thus all three bedrooms are grouped together away from the living area to eliminate noise.

The H-shaped plan automatically provides two protected courtyard areas—one at the front entrance, the other at the rear of the house.

These courts could be roofed to whatever degree the owner wants — a minimum of 6ft. roofed area would be advisable to provide shade and to protect outdoor furniture.

Access to the rear court is from the laundry and the kitchen, so children playing there can be supervised as the housewife is doing her chores.

It also means that in summer food can be quickly served from the kitchen to the courtyard for informal outdoor meals.

The bedroom wing, with its three bedrooms, could easily be added to in the future without greatly increasing corridor lengths.

Each bedroom has built-in cupboards. The two larger bedrooms, adjoining the front and rear courtyards, have large windows which look out on to these areas, allowing more light into each room as well as making them seem larger.

The bathroom, which is positioned close to each of the three bedrooms for convenience, has a bath, washbasin, and shower recess. The toilet is in a separate recess adjoining the bathroom, with access through the laundry or from the rear courtyard.

Cupboards divide the kitchen and dining-rooms. However, you could turn these cupboards into a snack bar and servery with cupboard space underneath if you wished.

The large living-dining area could be divided by a screen to provide two separate rooms.

Bathroom, separate toilet, laundry, and the kitchen are grouped close together to reduce plumbing costs.

The plan in timber-frame construction is 11.25 squares and in brick 12.25 squares.

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Continued from page 31

MR. BODLEY'S OAK

"Can't talk to a man when he's fidgetin' around like a hen on duck eggs."

"I am not," said Mr. Summerfield, then decided against discussing personalities, and, cautiously, he "set". The railing yielded slightly. "Now, Mr. Bodley—"

"Y' can't chop my oak down," said Mr. Bodley. "I've said my last say-so on it." He settled farther into his rocking chair.

Mr. Summerfield drew a deep breath of a calming nature. "It is not your oak, Mr. Bodley," he said. "It is my oak. You sold ten acres of your land to Townsend—"

"A fine lad," said Mr. Bodley reminiscently. "I knew his pa."

"And I bought it from him. The oak has to come down, because my roadway is going to run through it, and you have no say in the matter whatever." He drew another deep breath. "Do I make myself clear?"

"Should," said Mr. Bodley. "Y'r legal friends have been around for weeks now, all spoutin' the same thing. But it don't make no difference. Y' can't chop down my tree."

"It is not your tree!"

"I've got a letter," said Mr. Bodley placidly.

"I know all about your letter," Mr. Summerfield snapped, forgetting he was being very calm, "and it's no —"

"Letter says, in black and and white, there ain't nobody what can cut down my oak tree without my say-so, no matter who buys the land. It says so in black and white; I've got it put by. Townsend, he signed it when he bought them ten acres off me. Wouldn't have sold them acres otherwise." He blinked again.

Like an old toad, thought Mr. Summerfield indignantly. Biting off his words, he said, "That letter won't hold up in any court of law."

"You want to sue me," said Mr. Bodley affably, "you go ahead and sue."

There was a pause, during which Mr. Summerfield chewed on the words he'd bitten off. It was true that Mr. Bodley's letter would not stand up in a court of law, but it was equally true that it had considerable nuisance value. If the matter went to court there would be inevitable delays.

It was Mr. Summerfield's intention, warmly supported by Mrs. Summerfield, to move into his new house by late summer, and this was May. Speed, as the lawyers kept saying, was of the essence.

"Look," said Mr. Summerfield sternly. "I'm a fair man."

"Ar," said Mr. Bodley.

Mr. Summerfield ignored this irritating monosyllable and stuck to the point at issue. "I am prepared," he said, "to offer you three hundred dollars for that letter. Not," he added hastily, "because it would stand up in court, which it wouldn't, but because I am a fair man. Also, frankly, I would like the matter settled."

"No," said Mr. Bodley, and started rocking again.

"No what?"

"No, thank you kindly."

The man must be touched in the head. "Listen," said Mr. Summerfield with real sincerity, "three hundred dollars are a lot of money. Your letter isn't actually worth a cent, but I'm willing to be generous."

Mr. Bodley opened his mouth, and Mr. Summerfield, fearful that he might say "Ar" again, added sonorously, "Besides, you can't stand in the way of progress."

"I can," said Mr. Bodley. "I've a feeling for that tree." He then shut his eyes, folded his hands across his middle and, to Mr. Summerfield's horror, fell asleep then and there.

It was the most unfair thing that had ever been done to Mr. Summerfield in a long and frequently embattled career, and he was so outraged he nearly shook Mr. Bodley back to wakefulness.

Only a conviction that the old man would say nothing but "Ar" checked him, and he stalked off the porch as loudly as possible, causing the floor boards to groan and a ginger cat to come out of the house and stare at him vindictively.

He started down the weed-grown, brier-tangled path from the house, intending to get his car and go home and sue somebody; but a sudden thought struck him and he decided he could plan further action better if he actually saw the tree itself.

He found the surveyor's path easily enough, since the underbrush had been slashed down to mark the future roadway, and he had no trouble finding the oak tree, which was certainly in the way. When the path reached the oak, it stopped short and continued on the other side.

Mr. Summerfield stood for a moment and eyed the tree closely, and he felt distinct relief. It was only a tree, adequate, but hardly spectacular. Mr. Bodley's stubbornness had prepared him for one of these monarchs of the forest that date back to the sixteenth century and are full of noble history.

This tree had a greyish, shaggy sort of bark and the usual quota of spreading branches. It was very tall, but it had no special distinction of shape or elegance, and when he had circled it once, he was satisfied of its mediocrity. There was not even a carved heart or intertwined initials, which might have had some sentimental value.

The whole thing was clearly no more than a clever device to get money out of the tree's owner. There in the woods, Mr. Summerfield's temperature began to rise. It made him very angry indeed to think that he had offered three hundred dollars for this chunk of cordwood.

He marched back to his car and drove home in a warlike mood. "Dammit," said Mr. Summerfield to his wife, who was the only one around he could say it to, "the old man's trying to hold me up. Sits there and rocks like a seesaw and says nothing but Ar."

"Says what, dear?"

"Ar," said Mr. Summerfield.

"Is it a word?" said Mrs. Summerfield, who was timid about new things.

"No! Of course it's not a word. It's an expletive, blast it." He glared at her. "I'm going to call my lawyers and tell them to go ahead and sue. No rocking idiot is going to put this kind of deal over on me. Dammit, I've got blackberry bush all over my trousers."

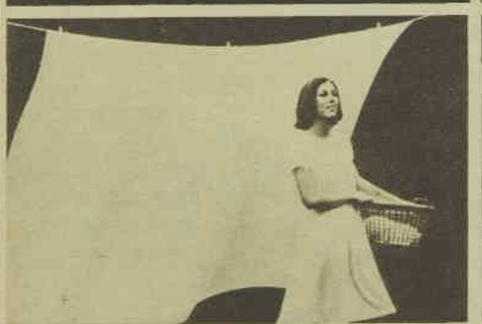
Wordlessly, Mrs. Summerfield handed him the phone

To page 49

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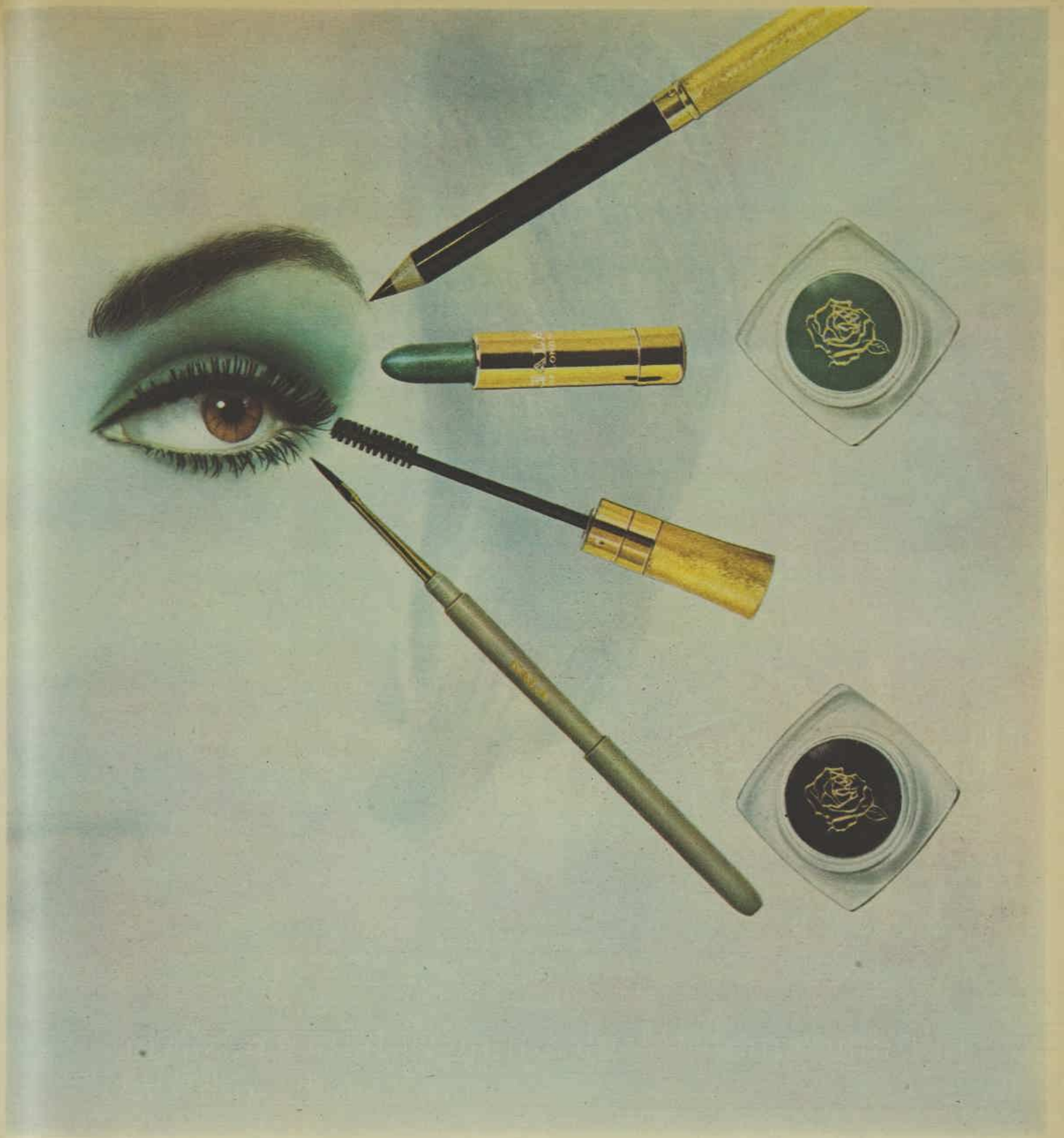
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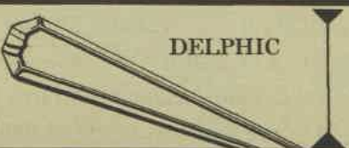
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Continued from page 46

MR. BODLEY'S OAK

"We're going to sue," Mr. Summerfield announced as soon as he had a lawyer on the line. "I offered him three hundred dollars for that miserable tree, and he wouldn't take it, and he can—" he hesitated, struggling for the right phrase — "he can abide the consequences," said Mr. Summerfield magnificently. "We'll haul him into court and settle the whole matter."

The lawyer murmured his objection. "A court settlement will take time."

"Nonsense. You can speed these things up if you want to, can't you?" There was a pause. "Can't you?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, meaning no.

"Well, how much time?"

The lawyer thought about it. "Well," he said finally, "it would come up in a local court first. The local people would be friendly to Mr. Bodley. These courts can be very slow; country people have a slower rhythm than business executives like yourself."

Mr. Summerfield gave a wounded cry, and said his rhythm was as good as anybody's, dammit. He then repeated, "How much time?" and knit his eyebrows at his wife, who was saying to herself quietly that she did hope it wouldn't take too long getting into their new home, because of the curtains. "My wife is trying to get the curtains up," Mr. Summerfield relayed. "How much time?"

"It could be a matter of months, sir," said the lawyer deferentially. "And the roadway would have to wait until the suit was settled. My advice to you would be—"

"Dammit, I know what your advice would be," said Mr. Summerfield morosely. "Pay him more, I suppose?"

"Well, five hundred dollars might just make the difference. After all, if you think of the saving in time and trouble, it's really an investment."

MR. SUMMERFIELD thought about investments, then looked at his wife totting up her mental curtains. He made a sharp, despairing sound like a pop bottle surrendering. He said, "All right, I don't know what I pay you lawyers for," started to hang up, and was caught by a thought. "Wait a minute, what's Bodley's phone number?"

The lawyer said, "Mr. Bodley has no phone, sir," and hung up, sounding unnecessarily cheerful.

For five minutes Mr. Summerfield gave his wife a comprehensive survey on what he thought of people who had no phones. He then bowed to fate and went and got his hat and his cheque book. Mrs. Summerfield asked anxiously if he would like her to go along, but he said no, women were too sentimental.

He found Mr. Bodley again (or possibly yet, for all one could tell) rocking on the porch. The ginger cat was under the chair this time, combing its whiskers in the shade, and Mr. Bodley's own whiskers appeared to be fractionally longer.

"Mr. Bodley," said Mr. Summerfield, "I'm a man of action." He hurried on to forestall a possible Ar, but Mr. Bodley merely rocked while the cat combed. "As I told you, you have no legal position at all, but I am willing to be generous."

He took out his cheque book while Mr. Bodley gazed at him. "In fact," said Mr. Summerfield, "I am willing to give you five hundred dollars for that letter about the tree. Cash."

Mr. Bodley stirred. His chair creaked mildly and the cat pulled in her cautious tail. Somewhere from a tree a bird gave a trilling song. Mr. Bodley smiled.

Mr. Summerfield smiled also and uncapped his fountain pen. "I knew you'd see it my way," he said. "Now, I make this cheque out to—"

"Warbler," said Mr. Bodley. "Ain't been about lately." He pushed the cat back under the chair and said "No" to it. The cat, denied warblers, philosophically went back to whiskers.

"Mr. Bodley?" said Mr. Summerfield, speaking loud and clear.

"E?"

"Perhaps you didn't hear what I said," said Mr. Summerfield, each syllable making its presence felt.

"Heard you all right," said Mr. Bodley. "I ain't deaf. You said you'd give me five hundred dollars for my letter. He shook his head. "Sorry, young man, but I ain't selling."

Mr. Summerfield was no longer young, and on a happier occasion, the epithet might have gratified him, but he was coming to a rapid emotional boil, and Mr. Bodley's grandfatherly kindness accelerated it. He folded both hands tightly around his cheque book and breathed deeply.

Counselling himself to patience, he shifted emotional gears. "Mr. Bodley," he said pacifically, "perhaps we can talk this thing over and get the true picture. Now, this tree of mine—"

"Mine," said Mr. Bodley.

"This tree," said Mr. Summerfield, who was not going to be drawn into a pronominal hassle. "Why do you feel so strongly about it?"

"Like it," said Mr. Bodley. "Always did. It's a good tree."

"It's no good where it is now," Mr. Summerfield pointed out. "An object out of place is not a good object."

"'Tain't out of place."

"It's in my way," said Mr. Summerfield, his voice rising.

"Tree was there before you were," said Mr. Bodley.

This was irrelevant, immaterial, and poppycock. Mr. Summerfield said so. "I went and looked at it," he added indignantly. "It's way off in the woods where nobody can see it."

"Why should they see it?" said Mr. Bodley. "It ain't growing there to please people." He reached under his rocking chair and pulled the ginger cat out by her tail. She settled on his knees, folded in her paws, and closed her great eyes. Mr. Bodley closed his own. Everyone was very comfortable.

Mr. Summerfield's frayed nerves began to rip. In two minutes more, cat and Bodley would be snoring asleep, impervious to five hundred dollars. "Blast it!" said Mr. Summerfield. "I'll give you seven hundred and fifty."

Mr. Bodley, without opening his eyes, shook his head. A passing breeze stirred his and the cat's whiskers.

Mr. Summerfield rose to his feet, and his voice rose with him. "One thousand dollars!" he said wildly. "I'll give you one thousand dollars for that infernal letter, and that's my last word!"

The cat's tail twitched. Mr. Bodley opened his eyes. "Good," he said pleasantly. "Now we'll be hearin' no more of it." Dormouse-like, he closed himself up again. The chair creaked faintly.

Mr. Summerfield, outraged beyond words, quivered all over. He strode to Mr. Bodley's nose and shook his fist under it. "It's a racket, that's what it is," he shouted. "And you're not getting away with it. I'm going to call the contractor and tell him to get his men out tomorrow and cut down that miserable tree. Then we'll see whose tree it is. It's blackmail, that's what, and I won't stand for it. You hear me?"

Mr. Bodley, apparently from somewhere off in slumberland, replied briefly. "Ar," said Mr. Bodley.

It was too much to endure. Mr. Summerfield snatched up his cheque book and stormed off down the path. He was nearly back at his car before he began to calm down slightly. After all, he had the last word. Let a hundred Bodleys and two hundred ginger cats sue him if they wanted to.

Tomorrow the tree would be down, and work on the roadway could proceed. He should have taken his stand from the first and saved his breath.

Still militant, but satisfied, Mr. Summerfield went home to tell his wife how calmly he had behaved.

The following day, Mr. Summerfield made careful calculations and timed his appearance at the oak tree. The contractor had promised two men and a cross-cut saw at nine o'clock. Allowing for delays, the tree should be felled by noon and in the process of being hacked up. Once it was down, Mr. Bodley was welcome to take his case to court.

EVEN if the judge, in a fit of May madness, allowed damages, they could not exceed the thousand dollars Mr. Summerfield had (so rashly) offered.

At quarter to twelve, feeling vigorous and victorious, Mr. Summerfield parked his car and strode along the surveyor's path, ignoring blackberry bushes. As he neared the tree, he could hear men talking but no sound of the saw. The tree, then, was down.

He rounded a bend in the path, and there was the tree. It was not down.

In fact, nothing was down except the two tree-cutters themselves, who were sitting placidly on the ground.

"Hey!" said Mr. Summerfield straightforwardly. "What do you think you're doing?" They glanced up, and after a moment one of them rose to his feet in acknowledgement of Mr. Summerfield. "Why isn't that tree down?" said Mr. Summerfield indignantly.

The man eyed him thoughtfully. "You the owner?"

"I am," said Mr. Summerfield with exceeding crispness, "and that tree should have been down an hour ago."

The man nodded, conceding the point. "We're waitin' f'r instructions."

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******** AS I READ ********

THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting May 5

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, blue, grey.
Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ Good, steadying influences continue from last week, but an adverse patch climaxes the weekend. The 6th is ideal for romance, tinged with glamor. Be careful on the 9th.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ Make the most of the 5th-7th. This is still your know-how and can-do period. Caution is needed at the weekend sudden emotional upsets and muddle are indicated.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, red, yellow.
Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ Uplift and expansion emphasise the week. The first part assists and stabilises plans and projects, but don't let success go to your head. Use caution at the weekend.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, rose, navy.
Lucky days, Saturday, Tues.

★ A reasonably successful time, when solid gains can be made at home and in real estate. The weekend is allergic to romance, and there is danger of accidents if you are not careful.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

★ New plans and ventures initiated last week should be stabilised before the weekend. There could be deceit, muddle, unexpected financial loss. Watch your purse, lock your car.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, green, gold.
Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

★ Favorable until the 7th, when you could encounter another of those trouble-spots to which you should be thoroughly accustomed. This all adds up to vigilance at the weekend.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, orange, tan.
Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

★ Accent is on friends and close associates. An older friend gives you assistance — perhaps helps you realise a cherished wish. Later, someone could betray your confidence.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
Gambling colors, silver, red.
Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ Good for most things, particularly 5th-7th. The rot then sets in. Love and romance could lie under a cloud of deception. Someone could snipe at you over the weekend.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, lilac, blue.
Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ Life could get a faster beat. Marriage and partnership are given stable influences at first, but rate the weekend as a write-off, and beware of accidents in the home.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, blue, white.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

★ Your ruling star gets benign and strengthening aspects from the sun itself, so make the most of 5th-7th. Thereafter the zodiac turns sour — and love could get rough handling.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
Gambling colors, rose, jade.
Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ The drink tastes sweet at first, then suddenly turns bitter. Make the most of the 5th-7th. Stick to routine and tried friends at the weekend. Matrimony is under fire.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, green, brown.
Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ Favors build up and consolidate early in the week, but later, 8th-10th, undercurrents undermine your public relations. Try to see clearly, and be careful of accidents.

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Continued from page 49

MR. BODLEY'S OAK

"Dammit," said Mr. Summerfield, "you've got instructions. That tree's supposed to be cut down."

"Im—possible," said the man, making two words of it. "They's a guy sittin' up in them branches, and he won't come out of 'em."

A horrid suspicion assailed Mr. Summerfield. He marched to the base of the oak and peered up. Some twenty feet high, tucked among the green branches, was an object with whiskers that had last been seen in a rocking chair. Mr. Summerfield gave a cry of fury.

"You!" he howled. "Bodley! Come down out of that."

A single syllable dropped from the leafy heights. Mr. Bodley said, "No."

"I' see," said the man rather proudly. "He won't. Says he'll stay up there all summer if he has to. Says we can't cut down his tree." He gazed interestedly at Mr. Summerfield. "How come it's his tree?"

"It's not his tree," said Mr. Summerfield, vibrating. "It's my tree. He can't do this. I'll have the law on him." He turned to his audience. "You. You get up there and make him come down."

The man shook his head. "Not me, mister. Me and Charlie, we're hired to cut trees down, not climb 'em."

Frustrated and outraged, Mr. Summerfield struck his fist against the tree, possibly intending to shake Mr. Bodley down like a ripe plum. Mr. Bodley did not fall, and the spirited gesture was of little, if any, benefit, to Mr. Summerfield's fist. His temper unimproved, he shouted, "Bodley!"

From the world of leaves there drifted down another unwelcome syllable. Mr. Bodley said, "Ar."

"Come down at once!"

Mr. Bodley did not respond.

The man named Charlie said philosophically, "Guess he likes it up there. Cooler, maybe."

"Nice view, too," said his mate.

"Will you please shut up?" said Mr. Summerfield. He turned his gaze upward once more, drew a long breath, and launched into a powerful and well-expressed peroration, which began, "Now see here, Bodley—"

It lasted for a considerable time and, in its way, was a masterpiece of rhetoric, worthy of some of the top-flight Roman orators. Mr. Summerfield tried reason; he tried outright oaths. He wheedled, he argued; he threatened. He appealed to Mr. Bodley's better nature; he then reversed his field and said Bodley was a swindler and would languish in jail.

He touched on the brotherhood of man; he asked what Mr. Bodley's sainted old mother would think of her son; he said he would call out the fire department. He said he would call out his Congressman. He said he would have the tree chopped down with Bodley in it — and at this point his immediate audience which had been most attentive, became restless.

"Can't do that," said Charlie, shocked. "He'd break his neck."

This seemed to Mr. Summerfield an admirable solution, and he was about to endorse it warmly when Charlie added, "Look, mister, we've got to go. It's lunchtime." He and his mate picked up their jackets, nodded an affable farewell, and departed without further words.

For a moment, Mr. Summerfield stood glaring after them; then he transferred his glare to the tree, where it belonged. His wrath mounted. "Bodley!" he roared. "You come down out of that tree or I'm going to climb up there and pull you out!"

He was greeted by nothing except a faint murmuring of leaves. He waited, seething, and then repeated his ultimatum. "I warn you Bodley. I won't stand for this. Either you come down or I come up."

No comment.

"Very well," said Mr. Summerfield grimly. "If that's the way you want it, that's the way it's going to be."

His jaw sticking out, he eyed the tree belligerently, calculating its climbing possibilities. They were excellent. It was true that he had not scaled a tree since the age of ten; but in the years between he had acquired an education, married, created his own business, and browbeaten innumerable boards of directors. One could not feel that a tree offered any vast opposition.

Surging with righteous fury, he took off his coat, hitched up his trousers, reached to the first branch of the oak, and swung himself aloft.

The leafy dimension closed around him.

He sat on the branch for a moment, congratulating himself, and then he reached for the next one, flattening up against the trunk, which felt solid and rough through his shirt. He looked straight up, partly to sight Bodley, who was as constant as the North Star, and partly to see which branch he should reach for next.

The nearest was a considerable stretch above the first. Mr. Summerfield's groping foot felt instinctively for a hole to offer its hold and found it, knobbed and strong. This exact memory carried over from childhood pleased him enormously, and even the tearing sound of his shirt-sleeves as he strained upward left him undismayed.

He climbed his first branches easily and well, and reflected with pride that there was nothing like golf to keep a man in trim.

The ground dropped away behind him as he steadily ascended, and now, when he looked down, there was a floor of green under him, with patches of ground showing through. He sat on the latest branch for a moment, wiped his forehead, and thought he should perhaps plan his campaign.

A persistent twig stuck him through the hip pocket, and he put his hand around and jerked at it sharply. It came away without resistance, the leaves unexpectedly soft, and when he looked at them, frowning, he saw that some were still tiny and silvery pink.

He eyed the twig, then threw it away, reflecting for a moment that it was mid-May and some things were still young.

A breeze stirred itself and dried his forehead, and the whole tree seemed to move, which, fortunately, was impossible. He returned his thoughts to Bodley, tipping his head well back and staring straight up through a ceiling of green that was also curiously gold.

"Bodley," he said, using his executive voice, "come down out of there."

"I ain't going to," said Mr. Bodley, his words dropping like small apples.

Mr. Summerfield gave his antagonist a hard look. The man fitted so neatly into his arboreal shelf that he might have grown there, and it was exasperating to notice that he even rocked a little, as if he were on his own porch. All he lacked was the ginger cat.

Mr. Summerfield started grimly on his second flight of tree stairs. As he climbed, the single forest about him grew. The leaves clustered more closely, but disconcertingly the branches narrowed. He straddled one and felt it give under his weight.

He gulped, realising abruptly that if a branch bent it might also break, and that he was a long way up. The thought was not attractive.

BODLEY had climbed this staircase, but Bodley was smaller and lighter. Very unethical of Bodley. Mr. Summerfield looked around for a more reliable branch and found one, jutting out the other side of the trunk. This farther ascent looked altogether easier, but Bodley had probably not been able to reach it, his legs being shorter.

Confidence returned to Mr. Summerfield, and, flattening himself once more against the tree, he hooked his leg around and groped with his left foot.

From above came an outraged cry. "Hoy!" Mr. Bodley shouted. "Watch your great feet!"

Automatically, Mr. Summerfield jerked back and stood wrapped in a wild surmise. Bodley's shout had sounded exactly as though he were being stepped on, which given their positions, could not possibly be true.

Holding tight, Mr. Summerfield peered around the trunk, seeking the cause of the excitement and anticipating nothing less than rattlesnakes.

The branch of the tree met the trunk in normal fashion. Baffled, he looked out along it a little farther and saw at once what had roused Bodley. Neat and round and tucked into the cradle of a forked bough was a nest. On the nest, huddled and watching him with beady eyes, was a bird.

Mr. Summerfield gave a grunt of pure astonishment. It had never occurred to him that anybody lived here.

"Don't you move," said Mr. Bodley dictatorially from above. "She's scared enough. You bounce around down there and she'll fly off, sure as God made her." He sounded very cross.

Mr. Summerfield stared. The bird moved her head ever so slightly, a smooth brown head, yellow-beaked. The protective softness of her wings had a motherly look, but the glittering stare she returned to him was fierce. Mr. Summerfield said, "Shoo!"

The faintest flutter like the ripple on a quiet lake, ran across the bird's wings; but she pulled her head in and stayed so, eye fixed and alien.

"If you think I'm going to stand here—" said Mr. Summerfield sharply to the bird. He looked up again at the next branch on his own side of the tree, and the more he looked at it the less he liked it. It might hold Bodley, as, in fact, it had, but it would not hold him. He looked Bodleyward again. The old man was leaning out from his roost, fitted as neatly as the nest, his whiskers almost a part of the leaves.

The very settled sight of him brought back to Mr. Summerfield the full extent of his grievances. "Dammit!" he said wrathfully, and moved once again to action, clutched the trunk and once more swung his foot around it.

The bird rocketed up, startling him so that he almost lost his balance. Then he gave himself a heave, wriggled about, and landed safely on the broad, firm bough. Gasping a little, he sat down and drew a deep breath.

"She's flew!" cried Mr. Bodley.

Good riddance, thought Mr. Summerfield, and looked with the satisfaction of a conqueror at the nest which the bird had deserted. In the nest there were four small eggs, palely blue, cupped in their downy world of twigs and straw.

"Now see what you've done," said Mr. Bodley, buzzing angrily like a bee. "You and your great clumping feet. Scared her off, you have, and she won't come back, and her eggs will never be hatching now."

"Blast the silly old eggs," said Mr. Summerfield. "It's your own fault for coming up here in the first place, and I don't care if they—" He stopped.

Four small eggs. Who cared about four small eggs?

He found himself wondering what would have come out of them if they had hatched. Scrawny, featherless birds, presumably, gawking for food. Well, good riddance indeed.

"It's not my fault," said Mr. Summerfield to himself defensively, and he set his jaw and put his mind back on the business at hand. The next branch above looked as strong as the one he was on, and he was about to reach up to it when a movement among the leaves warned him that it was already occupied.

The mother bird, dappled brown by the sunlight, was perched there, watching him. She had not gone away, then. Not quite.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD

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kitchen fun for everyone



Cooking can be fun. Here are two simple ways to prove it. These recipes for boys and girls are as easy as pie to make, taste delicious and will make Mother proud of you. Make one of them today.

honey coconut balls



Sue Murray says this is the easiest candy recipe *ever*. *Anyone* can make them and *everyone* will like them — what's more, there's no cooking and you can eat them right away.

HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED:

1 basin
1 cup
1 tablespoon
1 rolling pin
1 cup of finely crushed plain biscuits — for example Marie Biscuits. Crush them with a rolling pin.
1 cup of icing sugar
2 tablespoons of cocoa
3 tablespoons of honey
¼ cup of orange juice
1 cup mixed fruit
1 packet of chocolate sprinkles
some sliced almonds for decorating
½ cup of coconut
½ cup of chopped nuts for decorating
some red candied cherry halves for decorating
½ cup of sugar for decorating
some green jubes for decorating

Note: All cup measurements are the standard 8 oz. measuring cup, and all spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO:

Step 1. Put the crushed-up biscuits, icing sugar, chopped nuts and cocoa into the basin and mix them all up together very thoroughly.
Step 2. Now add the honey and orange juice to the mixture and stir them well in.
Step 3. Roll the mixture into one-inch balls and separate them into four groups.
Step 4. Take the first group of balls and roll them in the second lot of chopped nuts — the lot that were put aside for decorating.
Step 5. Take the second group of balls and roll them in the chocolate sprinkles. Then put a slice of almond on top of each one.
Step 6. Take the third group of balls, roll them in the coconut and put one of the half cherries on top of each one.
Step 7. Take the fourth group of balls, roll them in the sugar and put a piece of green jube on each one.

fruity party jumbles



These would be the most exciting party goodies you ever made and most of the ingredients are in the house already. Maybe you'll have to buy a little coconut. That should be all. And NO cooking. How about that?

HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED:

1 medium-sized basin
1 tablespoon
1 wooden spoon
1 cup
1 dessertspoon
some greaseproof paper
4 ounces of butter
4 ounces of sugar
2 tablespoons of milk
4 tablespoons of powdered milk
1 teaspoon of vanilla essence
4 cups of coconut
1 cup of Mixed Fruit
2 cups of corn flakes

Note: All cup measurements are the standard 8 oz. measuring cup, and all spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO:

Step 1. Place the butter, sugar and the two tablespoons of milk in a saucepan on a low flame and stir them with the wooden spoon until they have dissolved.
Step 2. Pour the mixture into the basin and sprinkle the powdered milk over it.
Step 3. Beat the mixture with the wooden spoon until the powdered milk is all blended into it.
Step 4. Add the vanilla essence and stir it in.
Step 5. Mix in the coconut, Mixed Fruit and then the cornflakes.
Step 6. Using the dessertspoon, place small heaps of the mixture on sheets of greaseproof paper and put them in the refrigerator until they're set. That's all.



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Australian Sun Dried Fruits make the dish!

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Continued from page 51

MR. BODLEY'S OAK

"Shoo," said Mr. Summerfield, and raised his hand to flap her off; but then he changed his mind, and let it drop.

She had come back, very close, to see what was going to happen to her eggs. He eyed her, and she was aquiver all over, as if the small heart inside was shaking her like a storm.

"Well, come down if you're in such a fuss," said Mr. Summerfield. "I'm not hurting your silly old eggs."

"Won't come," said Mr. Bodley from upstairs.

"Well, blast it, how do you know she won't?" said Mr. Summerfield snappishly. "I'm doing her no harm, am I? Just sitting here?"

"She's feared of you," said Mr. Bodley.

"Well, I'm not going to break my neck just because some fatheaded bird—" He broke off. The bird had quit the branch in a short flight over the eggs, calling a little call, as if she were giving them a message of comfort. Then she was back on her branch again, hopping sideways, her head cocked as if she expected some answer.

Possible, just possible, if he stayed right where he was, very quiet, she would forget he was there. He held his breath, hoping; but the bird only gave her anxious little cry again.

HE began to worry about the eggs getting cold. The sun should help them a little—it was very warm—but the sun was not going to stay there above the green ceiling of the tree, and the bird might not come back at all.

He felt very unhappy, and it came to him that perhaps the best thing to do now was to climb out on the branch, and get the eggs, and take them home, where he could incubate them. Under an electric light, perhaps. But it was probably useless to expect the mother bird to understand such an act, and she would wait there lonesomely on the branch, wondering where her family had gone.

Also, he was not at all sure that he knew how to incubate an egg. Tucking his handkerchief over the nest might help, but it might upset her even more. He looked at her despairingly. She kept up her little vigil, hopping, sidling, talking to her family, one eye to the stranger and one to the nest.

"I'm just sitting here," said Mr. Summerfield, explaining.

She flew once more, circling the nest, with her cry, and then back to the branch. Mr. Summerfield's own branch was becoming constricted and very hard to sit on. Cautiously, moving with extreme secrecy, he shifted a little and put his arm around the trunk of the tree. It eased him and was comfortable.

The bird fluttered her anxiety. "Come on then," said Mr. Summerfield coaxingly, keeping his voice low.

Surely she wouldn't go away and leave her eggs altogether when they were so near? Surely Bodley was wrong about her not settling? If she would come back he would go around to the other side of the tree again, risking the thinner branches. He was not that much heavier than Bodley. It was really most unlikely that a branch would break under him that had not broken under that stout man with all his whiskers.

The bird was watching him, and he did not move. The minutes began to slip by. A cloud came between sun and earth, making the leaves a sudden darker green, and Mr. Summerfield cast an anxious glance at the sky. He hoped it was not going to rain. The leaves were quite thick, even the little leaves; perhaps they were shelter enough?

The bird seemed no nearer to going back to her nest, and he stared at her, trying to will her to take up housekeeping again. She was not hopping quite so anxiously; but perhaps the hopping had been a good sign, and she was now getting discouraged. Or she might guess at coming rain through some sort of instinct and so be giving up the whole project as useless.

"Bodley," he said.

"Eh?"

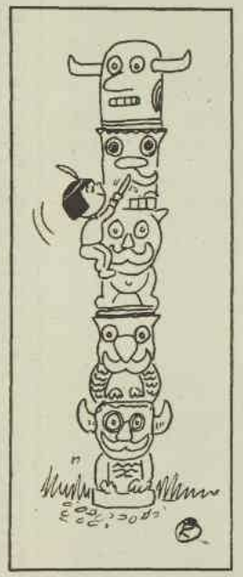
"If it rained," said Mr. Summerfield, "would it hurt the nest?"

"Leaves are too thick," said Mr. Bodley. "Leastways, they are if she's on her eggs."

"She isn't," said Mr. Summerfield.

"I ain't blind," said Mr. Bodley. "You scared her off."

"I didn't. I only—" He sat silent, reproved. It was true; he had scared her off.



He sighed, so heavily that it must have reached the top of the tree.

"Mebbe she'll go back yet," said Mr. Bodley unexpectedly. "They nested here before, that pair. Must be home to her."

"They did?" said Mr. Summerfield.

"Well, likely the same ones," said Mr. Bodley, conceding possibility of error. "They's a dozen nests or more in this here tree, not counting squirrels."

"A dozen?" said Mr. Summerfield.

"Easy a dozen," said Mr. Bodley.

Thinking about a dozen nests in one tree Mr. Summerfield leaned his cheek against its rough trunk. With his arm already curved around it, this seemed a natural thing to do. He sat quietly, and he began to wonder about the tree. "Bodley."

"Eh?"

"How old is this tree?"

"Hard to say," said Mr. Bodley. "Maybe a hundred years, maybe not."

Maybe a hundred years. It had been growing here, then, for a century, with a dozen families every year. A sort of birds' housing development. It seemed to Mr. Summerfield an odd thought, and yet somehow pleasant.

He sat there on his shelf, suspended between earth and sky, and the sun came out and turned the leaves gold again. He was glad about the sun, because it would keep the eggs warm while he waited. The tree rocked a little and the leaves stirred like seaweed in this green ocean of a world.

He closed his eyes to listen to all the small sounds for a moment, and it was quite difficult to open them up again, here in this warm, drowsy quiet. He was very comfortable and he would have felt positively contented, except for worrying about the bird.

He closed his eyes again — just for a minute — rocked so safely. They stayed closed. After a little, his head began to nod. Mr. Summerfield slept. When he awoke suddenly he had no idea where he was, and then he remembered and looked up at the branch above him.

All his contentment vanished. The branch was empty. The mother bird had gone. She had deserted her eggs. The small, feathered, gawking things would never hatch now, never sidle along a green-fingered branch or take off grandly into a wilderness of air.

Mr. Summerfield forced himself to look at the nest, and then he shouted from pure delight.

The bird was home. She had come back to her nest safe as a leaf, her wings fitting down perfectly over the round shape of a family. The breeze cradled her and hers in as satisfactory a form of beauty as Mr. Summerfield had ever beheld.

Above him a voice spoke. "Happened while you was asleep," said Mr. Bodley. "I've never seen the like. Trusted you after all, she did."

"Well!" said Mr. Summerfield proudly.

Neither of them said anything for a moment, sitting there on their branches, admiring the situation. Then, from below this time, there came a shout. "Hey! Hey, mister! We're back."

Moving with profound caution, so as not to disturb his family, Mr. Summerfield leaned forward and beheld from his height the two tree-cutters. He looked at them with disapproval, racketing about, upsetting things as they were. "Go away," he said severely.

There was a silence occupied by consultation. Then, "You want us tomorrow?" said Charlie, sounding confused.

"I don't want you tomorrow," said Mr. Summerfield, "or any other day. I don't want his tree cut down." There must, he thought, be a great many other places the roadway could go. All it would cost was money: "Go away," said Mr. Summerfield again, and did not even bother to see if they followed his instructions.

He turned his head up, one arm still encircling the tree, one eye on the bird. "Bodley," he said, "I want to know. What kind of bird is this?"

"She's a robin," said Mr. Bodley.

There was a pause, into which sunlight streamed. "A robin," said Mr. Summerfield with quiet pleasure, and then, moving with tremendous carefulness, he slid off the robin's branch and down to the next one.

He knew he had to go slowly so as not to disturb anyone, but it was a very difficult thing to do. He was in such a terrible hurry to get home and tell his wife.

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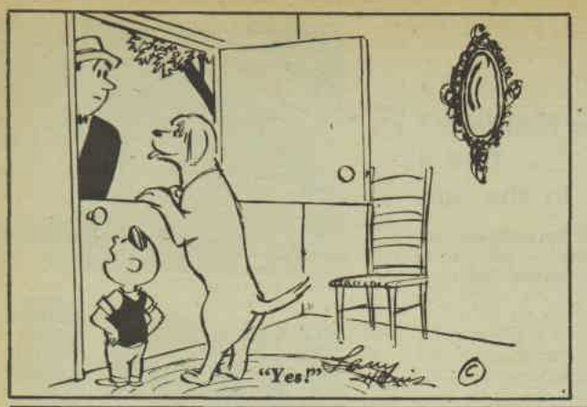
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Continued from page 29

CASTLES IN THE AIR

them outside the glass doors. Cream-colored. So what just stomped to the Silver Cloud was one very jealous husband!"

"If I was married to a man like that—a rich one and so good looking — I'd never even glance at another fellow!"

Judy giggled in a way widely held appropriate to blondine lushness, youth, and its seeming openness. "You didn't act that way in Puerto Rico."

"I wasn't married." Evelyn said that with spirit and then sighed. "Sometimes I almost think there's a trick about getting married that my mother forgot to teach me — and my friends won't tell me."

"If I knew that trick," Judy said earnestly, "I'd pass it on to you." Another giggle. "After I'd worked it, of course."

The Silver Cloud Room was dimly lighted. Two men sat it its elegant, small bar, and a few other people tiredly occupied blue upholstered chairs at round tables. Morrison halted at the door to allow his eyes to accommodate. He recognised nobody. But one of the women was tall and gold-haired (like Angelica) with a similar coiffure—a truncated cone that glittered like the fur of some exotic animal. His face changed from anger to bleakness.

He moved to the bar. Its steward, after a glance, did not need to ask him to show his first-class ticket, necessary for admission to this luxurious chamber.

"Scotch on the rocks," Morrison said, and added, "Double." He frowned. Double drinks were as uncharacteristic of him as chain-smoking.

Time passed and he made his drink last to compensate for the impulsive order. By and by he became aware of the conversation of the others at the bar.

"—seventeen hundred acres I own —and another five hundred I have under option. All of it—high, pine land. Used to be citrus groves — fifty years back. Now. If we can line up enough of you legislators at Tallahassee to change the original plan for the Everglades cut-off so it runs west of Apotakee, not east, well —my associates and I—"

The voice dropped, and Morrison heard no more.

But he had already heard too much.

He'd gone deeply into his capital to obtain cash for the purchase of a far greater acreage of similar land, in the expectation that the thoroughway these men discussed would pass east of the Everglades village of Apotakee.

It had seemed a certain opportunity to double his money. Even treble or quadruple it, in view of the way land values leaped in South Florida. Then a "syndicate" had been formed to buy up land out beyond Apotakee — on the other side —and to persuade the State legislators (by whatever means, Morrison thought bitterly) to change the proposed highway. If the syndicate was successful — and signs of that were growing — Morrison's investment would represent a loss he could not afford.

He took his glass to a table and stared at the legislator, a dumpy man with straight white hair, bright light brown eyes, and a Dixie accent audible in an occasional syllable that reached Morrison. The man nodded almost continuously as the other talked. Morrison's wrath reverted to his condition of the past few months: unceasing anxiety.

He should stay right there in Florida and try to protect his interests by rallying influential friends

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY
By RUD





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Continued from page 54

CASTLES IN THE AIR

(and the public, to whatever extent was possible) in behalf of the original plan for the highway. It would mean more to Miami than the altered route these two plotted.

But he had to be in New York. In Pemton, rather: just outside Newark, New Jersey. Trying to resolve another crisis in the business his grandfather had founded, his father had expanded, and he now owned: Morrison* Rare Metal Refineries. This was the crisis Morrison faced now.

Automation. His board insisted it was essential. But the banks wouldn't back the changeover because Morrison Refineries weren't getting enough government contracts to warrant that.

Politics, he mused worriedly. It was as a politician, not as an engineer or businessman, that he had failed. Or nearly. If he tied up everything he owned and all he could beg and borrow the plant could automate. But what then? Would the ensuing price cuts bring the necessary government orders? Could Morrison Refineries then get deep into the space business? If not . . . what? Receivership.

WHEN the steward for the third time wiped a cloth over his spotless table Morrison reordered. Another double. His mind stewed worriedly over his problems. Just how much would automated furnaces cut the price of pure germanium? Would they lower the cost to the Defence Department of titanium? What about the new methods of purifying rare earths for the ceramics people? Should they —as Howber had suggested at the January board meeting—get into that? And rare gases, too? Agron, Crypton, Xenon—the rest? Compete with the giants? Could they?

Once, he smiled. That was when he remembered the days of his youth. When he was at Exeter, he thought. Maybe before. Then the biggest item refined by the family industry had been platinum. For women's jewellery.

Things changed too fast nowadays!

He worried.

Other people around him and on the floor below, where the tourist-class passengers for Flight Eleven-oh-Five also waited, worried, too. About money. About wives — or husbands. About the lack of either. About the atomic bomb. About Communism. About the drain on the dollar as America's gold supplies dwindled. About segregation. Integration. About jobs. About not having jobs . . .

It was, after all, the Age of Anxiety.

The take-off was normal. When the mammoth jet reached its preselected altitude of 38,000 feet, its captain, Roger Beatty, turned the controls over to Bill Whitmore, second in command. An hour passed. An hour and a half.

Captain Beatty then relieved Pilot Whitmore. In the dim crimson light Whitmore watched the instrument panel and soon saw the expected flashing signal.

"Over Norfolk," he said. "On the nose." Tim Farlane, the flight engineer, heard but said nothing as he watched the regular changes of pattern in the radar-like scopes that perpetually viewed the internal workings of the great turbines. The navigator smiled at his skipper. The communications engineer listened to the voices of men in distant control towers. And with a steady scream more audible on the passing landscape below than to the passengers the jet rocketed on north.

Morrison woke. He felt relieved momentarily. He had needed sleep, and the hour's delay had cost him that much rest. His relief ebbed as he remembered what he had been dreaming. He had been alone in the dream, pan-handling for dimes on a cold street of what he somehow had known was Chicago. All alone on the earth. No Angelica as wife. Penniless.

He shuddered faintly and took up his worries anew.

Sweeping through the sky with him were 75 people, all bearing their diverse worries as best they might. For worrying had become a way of life in this diminishing last half of a twentieth century . . . that had started so buoyantly.

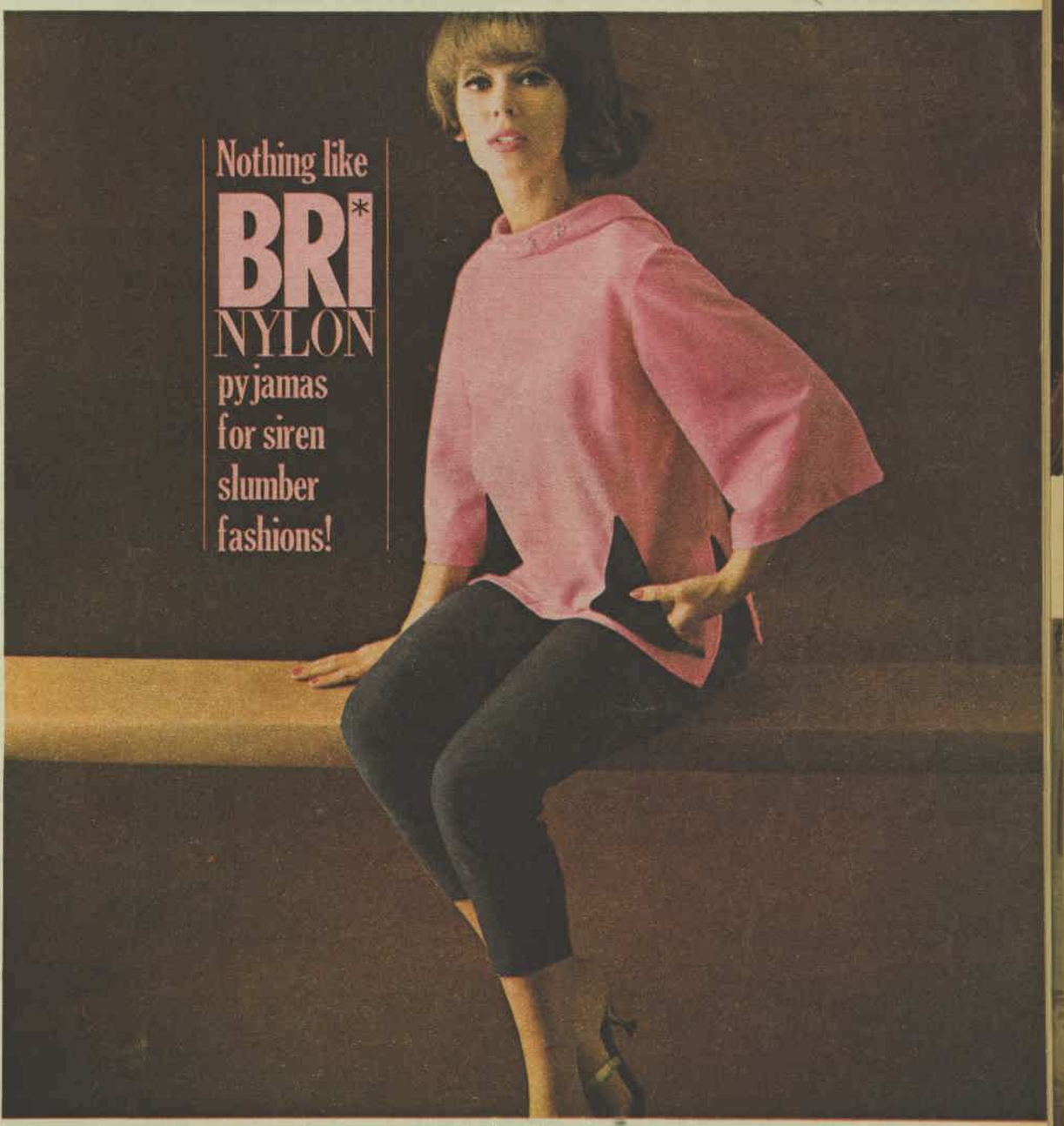
And worry, above the general norm, had suddenly come into being on the flight deck; faces there had paled slightly, though the crimson illumination prevented that pallor from showing. Captain Beatty had just said quietly to Whitmore, "She doesn't respond. Try yours."

And Pilot Whitmore had endeavored without success to start the great plane on its descending path by a thrust of his duplicate controls. But the jet flew onward —and level.

Beatty gave his head a neck-snapping shake without awareness of the act. It was a habit acquired when he'd played fullback for Montclair High School in New Jersey and, later, left tackle on the historic "Bunker Hill line" of the greatest football team ever fielded by U.C.L.A. He would snap his head to clear it when some extraordinary buffet had jarred his six-feet-three of rocklike bone and muscle enough to fog his brain. Beatty had identified the shock of discovering his plane would not let down with that other sort of shock, and reacted as if he'd suffered brain-fog.

To page 65





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Collectors' Corner

Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



Bronzed metal figure.

I AM hoping you may be able to tell me if my "bronze lady" has any particular name? The figure is bacchanalian in character. Does it represent any special goddess?

It stands 20 inches high. The animal at the base is, I think, a fox. There is a different animal's skin across her knees. The flagon in her right hand is embossed with a figure blowing a very long kind of double trumpet. The circular plate behind her foot is like a dish generally known as a comport. The trimmings are grapes and vine leaves. It has a light-fitting at the back. I have an idea it was obtained at the famous Paris Exhibition last century.—Miss N. Tyers, Hawthorn, Vic.

YOUR bronzed metal figure of a lady representing spring was made about 1885. It is probably made of cast iron which has been bronzed over the surface. Use a magnet to test whether it is made of iron. If it does not respond then it must be spelter metal.

The Paris exhibition was held in 1868, but your piece was made later.



Silver-plated teapot.



French plate.

ENCLOSED are photographs of a silver-plated teapot and a plate. The teapot belonged to my grandmother and has the markings of a beaver, the initials W.M., an anchor, two lots of "S's", and further initials E.P. It also has the numbers 0305 with a 4 beneath this number. — Mrs. A. M. Smith, Church Point, N.S.W.

Electroplate tea-kettle on a stand with a burner was made by William Dixon's of Sheffield about 1890 to 1900. Your plate is of French spelter metal 1895-1905.

* * *

WOULD you be kind enough to give me your opinion on a small porcelain bowl, origin unknown, that I possess?

It is grey mottled on the lower part of the bowl and gilt on top. It is decorated with a transfer design of pink and red roses with green leaves, and is glazed all over the gilding.

It seems an unusual way of using gold in ceramics, or so I have been told.—Miss T. Green, Blacktown, N.S.W.

Your bowl is English Staffordshire, about 1880 to 1890. The decoration for the period is not unusual.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

FIRETHORNS' BLAZE OF BERRIES

By R. H. ANDERSON

BERRIED plants add color and variety to the garden. After the fragility of flowers, berries have some air of permanence, and indeed can persist on shrubs or trees for many months.

Beginning to ripen in late summer, they continue on to vie with autumnal foliage in color pageantry. Many stay through the winter, doing much to relieve gardens' bareness.

Also they provide a wonderful source of materials for indoor decoration.

Some, of course, are greatly appreciated by birds, which "roughly raid their ripened stores," and it may become a battle for survival. Birds are selective in their eating, however, and on the whole don't interfere greatly.

You can make a choice from many plants with colored berries, but for hardiness and general usefulness it is wise to remember the Pyracantha species, the Firethorns. These are a comparatively small group of plants from southern Europe and Asia, and closely related to both Crataegus and Cotoneaster—other useful shrubs with colored berries.



P. CRENATO SERRATA

(They are sometimes called Evergreen Hawthorns to distinguish them from the deciduous Hawthorns, which are species of Crataegus.)

Firethorns prefer a sunny position and will tolerate most conditions except severe cold or tropical climates, and are fast-growing. Clusters of white flowers appear in spring, followed later by varying-colored fruits.

They make good garden subjects, as they can be grown as specimen shrubs, can be clipped to form hedges or left as informal ones, or can be trained to any shape. They can be grown on large walls, although not so amenable as Cotoneasters in this respect.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 177



PYRACANTHA CRENULATA



PYRACANTHA ROGERSIANA

Plants are easily raised from seed sown in spring, or from cuttings of firm wood, about 4in. long, in April or May.

The most commonly grown Firethorns include:

Pyracantha angustifolia, a native of west China, and certainly one of the best berried shrubs, producing masses of orange-colored berries in autumn and winter. It grows 6ft. to 10ft., with a fairly spreading but dense habit of growth.

Pyracantha coccinea var. lalandei is bushy, compact, fast-growing. The orange-red berries are freely produced and appear earlier than in most other species, some coloring as early as February. It has proved satisfactory in most districts and seems more hardy in cold climates than Pyracantha angustifolia.

Pyracantha crenato serrata (previously known as Pyracantha yunnanensis) is a Chinese plant with a spreading habit of growth, requiring plenty of room, and growing up to 10ft. It is useful in covering banks or fences and can also be grown as a specimen shrub or for hedges. The fruits, at first orange, turn to brilliant scarlet, often persisting through the winter.

Pyracantha crenulata is one of the most commonly grown Firethorns, although the exact determination of the species is not certain. Some regard it as a form of Pyracantha rogersiana or possibly Pyracantha coccinea. In any case the plant sold under this name is a strong, fast-growing shrub up to 9ft. high, with many rather short horizontal thorny branches which bear dark red berries. It makes a good hedge plant, but dislikes severe frosts.

Pyracantha rogersiana is a spreading shrub up to 8ft. high, but less vigorous and dense than other species. It bears a profusion of berries, orange in color but turning red. The variety **flava** is most attractive, having yellow berries scattered freely through the branches, appearing in late summer and continuing on through early winter.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 178

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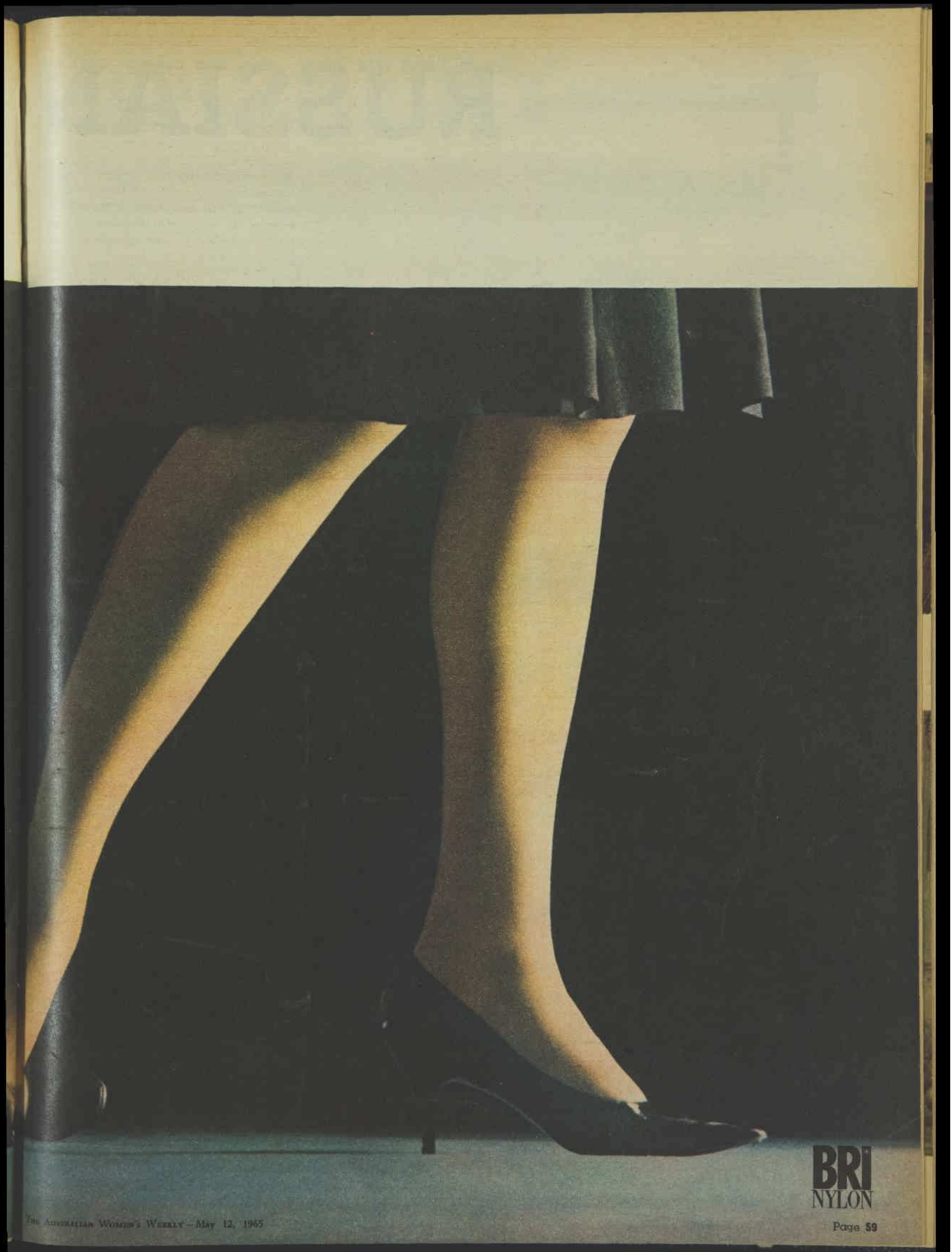




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RUSSIAN



BEEF STROGANOFF (above): World - famous dish of mushrooms, onions, cream, and tender steak.

PELEMENI (below): Delicious morsels with a savory filling. Drop them in soup or deep-fry, eat them as appetisers.



● Traditional Russian cookery, world-famous since the days of the Tsars, is not a difficult art. In this three-page feature are wonderful Russian recipes the Australian housewife can make.

THESE recipes are from a book of traditional Russian cookery, called "Cooking with Nina." The co-authors are Nina Nicolaieff and the well-known Australian writer Nancy Phelan.

Nina Nicolaieff, born in Moscow, is now an Australian. She has lived in this country for seventeen years, and her son and daughter were born here. She loves to cook, to invent new recipes—but, best of all, she likes to cook the traditional dishes of her homeland.

"When I first came to Australia," she said, "ingredients for some of my favorite dishes were difficult to buy. Now they're quite easy to obtain — there has been such a greatly increased interest in Continental cookery."

Nina has helped to further that interest. So popular was her cooking among her friends that she was besieged with requests for recipes and instructions. So she began to give private lessons — which were an immediate success.

From those lessons has evolved the cookery book — and, as the introductory note to the book says: "We have concentrated on typical everyday recipes rather than elaborate restaurant menus. All have been made many times by Nina for her family and friends and tested in the best possible way . . . at the mealtable."

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-cup measure are used in the following recipes from the book.

BEEF STROGANOFF

● It is said that a Russian nobleman, Count Stroganoff (more likely his cook), while stationed in the north of Siberia discovered that his beef, frozen hard, could be cut only in paper-thin strips. Sliced this way, with sour cream added, Beef Stroganoff was created. It is one of the great dishes of the world.

Two pounds rump or fillet steak, ½lb. mushrooms, 1 onion (chopped), ½ cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon butter.

Cut meat into thinnest possible strips, about ½in. by 2in. Melt butter in pan and fry onion, add meat, and continue to cook until almost done. Add the mushrooms and fry until meat is tender. Pour in sour cream, season to taste, and heat through. Serve immediately, garnished with thin strips of fried potato, cooked vegetables and/or salad.

PELEMENI

● Pelemeni probably came from China originally (dim-sims), undergoing the usual transformation in the process. They are now a typical and much-loved Russian dish. Once frozen they will keep for weeks and only need to be thrown into boiling water for a few minutes before serving.

Dough: One and a half pounds plain flour, 3 eggs, 2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt.

Filling: One and a half pounds finely minced beef, 1 onion (grated), 1 cup water, 1½ teaspoons salt, pepper.

Mix dough by sifting flour and salt and beating in eggs and milk. Tip on to floured board and knead until springy. Cut off section of dough and roll out to thickness of less than ¼in. Sprinkle with flour and cut out rounds with tumbler about 2in. in diameter.

Put 1 teaspoon filling (made by combining all ingredients) in centre, fold in half, and pinch edges firmly together, as for a cornish pasty. Curve ends together to form semi-circle. Bring 2 pints water or chicken stock to boil, drop in the pelemenis. Stir lightly to keep them apart but be careful not to break them. Bring to boil, cook 3 to 4 minutes. When they rise to the top, remove quickly and serve immediately.

Fried Pelemeni: Prepare as above and cook in water 2 or 3 minutes, then remove and drain. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in frying-pan, fry pelemeni until light brown. Serve hot.

BORSCH

● This is the best-known hot soup outside Russia, but many people do not realise that there are several varieties. Below is the recipe usually made by Nina Nicolaieff.

Four or 5lb. fresh beef brisket and a few beef bones, 1 small cabbage (chopped), 1 onion (chopped), 2 or 3 carrots (cut into long strips), 1 parsnip (cut into long strips), 2 or 3 beetroot (cut into long strips), 1 cup tomato sauce or fresh tomatoes, 2 or 3 potatoes, salt, pepper, 2 bayleaves, clove of garlic.

Boil meat and bones 1 hour. Take out meat and drain the liquid through fine sieve so no small bones are left. Put meat back into liquid, add the prepared cabbage, carrots, beetroot, onion, parsnip, seasoning, bayleaves, and crushed garlic. Simmer 1 hour. Add tomatoes and potatoes. Season to taste and cook another ½ hour.

Serve the borsch with a teaspoon sour cream in each plate. The meat can be eaten with mustard and horseradish before or after the soup.

Continued overleaf

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COOKERY



WALNUT TORTE: A rich, layered torte with Butter Cream frosting, which is piped on attractively.

Color pictures by Ian Mitchell

WALNUT TORTE

Eight ounces walnuts (ground), 5 egg-yolks, 2 egg-whites, ½ cup milk, ¼lb. butter, 8oz. sugar, 1½ to 2 cups self-raising flour (depending on size of eggs), Butter Cream, whipped cream.

Cream butter, sugar, and egg-yolks together, blend in milk. Add ground walnuts, blend in sifted flour, mix well. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into mixture carefully. Fill into 8in. cake-tin which has been lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven approximately 30 minutes, or until test shows cake is done. Cool, then chill in refrigerator. Cut into as many layers as desired, spread each with Butter Cream. Cover whole cake with whipped cream, decorate with walnut halves and piped Butter Cream.

Butter Cream: Half-pound unsalted butter, ¼lb. castor sugar, ½ cup milk, ½ cup evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon instant coffee dissolved in a little water (optional).

Cream butter and sugar together well until white and fluffy. Combine milks and gradually beat into butter mixture. Add coffee.

CHICKEN A LA KIEV

Four fillets of chicken, ¼lb. very cold, hard butter, ½ cup milk, 2 eggs, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, salt, oil for frying.

To fillet chicken: Lay bird on its back. Remove skin from breast and, with very sharp knife, cut out the white meat, including the top section of the wing with the bone as far down as the joint. Lift out small fillet carefully. Remove any sinews and pound fillet gently to about ¼in. thickness. Be careful not to separate meat from wingbone. One chicken will give 2 fillets; remainder of bird can be used for soup or other dishes.

In the centre of each fillet put strip of cold butter about 3in. long and 1in. thick. It is essential that butter be kept refrigerated until the moment of using, so it is best to cut strips first and keep them cold until needed.

Roll meat carefully round butter, with the wingbone sticking out like the stalk of a pear. It should look like a small lamb cutlet with the bone. Make sure butter is completely sealed in meat. Dip into egg beaten with milk and salt, roll in breadcrumbs. Repeat with egg-milk mixture and breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in hot oil 5 minutes. Serve immediately, garnished with fried potato straws or mashed potato balls, green peas, carrots, or cauliflower dusted with fried breadcrumbs.

STUFFED CAPSICUMS

Four or 5 medium-sized green capsicums (green peppers), 1lb. grated carrots, 1-3rd cup chopped onion, ½ cup tomato sauce, ½ cup vegetable oil, salt and pepper.

Cut tops off capsicums, remove seeds. Heat oil and fry onions, then add carrots, cook a few minutes. Add tomato sauce, salt and pepper. Spoon into raw capsicums. Place in saucepan with a little water, simmer until tender. Serve cold.

HOME-MADE HAM

One leg of fresh pork, 1½lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, water.

Ask the butcher to pump the leg some hours before it is to be cooked; hang it to drain about 2 hours. (The best thing is to order it in advance, which will give the butcher time to pump the leg and drain it.)

Mix the flour and salt with sufficient water to make thick dough. Roll it out and wrap it round the meat. Bake in a moderate oven, allowing approximately 30 minutes to the pound. If it is a very young pig, allow 20 minutes to the pound. Remove from oven, cool. Then remove the dough and peel back the skin half-way; pin it down with cloves or decorated cocktail sticks.

This ham is delicious eaten hot. To serve it hot, remove dough immediately ham comes from oven; brush skin with butter, return ham to oven to brown skin.

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RUSSIAN COOKERY . . . continued



NINA NICOLAIEFF, co-author with Nancy Phelan of the Russian cookery book "Cooking with Nina," from which the traditional recipes in this feature were taken.

VINAIGRETTE (Vegetable Salad)

● This salad, served without meat and with mayonnaise, is usually called Russian Salad in non-Russian restaurants.

Two cups boiled, diced potatoes, 1 cup cooked, diced beetroot, 1 cup cooked, diced carrots, ½ cup salted, diced cucumber, ½ cup fresh, diced apples.

Dressing: Half cup oil, ¼ cup vinegar (or mayonnaise or sour cream).

Garnish: Half cup finely chopped white onion, 2 hard-boiled eggs, lettuce leaves.

Mix vegetables and apple together carefully, trying not to mash ingredients; mix in dressing. Put into glass dish or plate, arrange lettuce leaves round it. Sprinkle with chopped onion. Make a daisy pattern on top, using yolk of egg for centre and cutting the white to make 6 or 8 petals. Serve cold.

Any cold meat, poultry, fish, or finely chopped herring could be added.

MARINADED FRUITS

● These marinades were originally evolved as a means of preserving fruit and vegetables and providing a source of vitamin foods in winter when none are available. Marinades are also eaten for their fresh and pleasant taste, as an accompaniment to meat and to clear the palate during a large meal.

Three pints water, 2 teaspoons cloves, ½ teaspoon peppercorns, 5 to 6 bayleaves, 2½ to 3 cups sugar, ½ stick cinnamon, 1½oz. acetic acid, fruit such as apples, pears, quinces, grapes, or cherries.

Boil all ingredients, except the fruits, 5 minutes; chill. Remove cinnamon, pour over prepared fruit.

To prepare fruit — Apples and Pears: Wash the fruit, place in cold water, bring to the boil. Cook 3 to 4 minutes, being careful skin does not crack. Remove from water, leave whole or cut in halves.

Quinces: Peel and cut into long pieces. Cook as for apples. Drain well, then pour on marinade.

Cherries and Grapes: Drop washed fruit into boiling marinade and simmer 3 to 5 minutes. Put into jar.

Jars of marinated fruit will keep for months if stored in refrigerator.

PASCHA (Uncooked)

● Other countries have their cream-cheese sweets, but Russian pascha is one of the best of them all. It is made both cooked and uncooked, but the uncooked pascha is the softest and finest.

One pound fresh, unsalted cream cheese (it should not be too moist), ½lb. unsalted butter, ½lb. castor sugar, 3 to 4 egg-yolks, vanilla to taste, almonds, glace fruits such as pineapple, cherries, sultanas, etc. (chopped).

Put cream cheese through very fine sieve. Cream butter, sugar, and egg-yolks together until sugar has dissolved. Add vanilla and gradually the cream cheese. Mix well, add fruit and almonds. Mix lightly. Line a pyramid pascha mould with damp cloth, leaving enough cloth to cover top. If pyramid mould is not available use colander or any round mould with holes to allow moisture to escape, such as large, clean, flower-pot. Line all moulds with damp cloth as above.

Fill mixture into moulds, cover with cloth, small board, then several pounds of weight to press on it. Allow to stand 24 hours. Unmould on to large serving plate, shape to pyramid shape (if substitute mould has been used, shape with blade of knife), and serve.

BLINI

● Blini — Russian pancakes — are made with yeast and eaten with caviar, anchovies, herrings, salted salmon — or any other type fish — and served with plenty of sour cream or melted butter or both.

One and half cups lukewarm water, 3 eggs, 2 to 2½ cups plain flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2oz. yeast, butter for frying.

Soften yeast in ¼ cup of the water. Add remaining water, egg-yolks, and sugar. Mix together well. Add flour and salt and beat well again. Beat egg-whites until stiff and add to mixture, folding in carefully. Stand in warm place, allow to rise until double in bulk. Boil milk, add to yeast while still boiling. Mix in quickly. Cover, allow to rise in warm place 1 hour. The dough should be full of small bubbles. Do not mix or stir again before cooking.

Heat frying pan, brush with melted butter. Scoop out approximately ¼ cup dough from sides of basin so as not to disturb remaining mixture. Pour into frying pan, cook on one side. Place small piece of butter on uncooked side and flip pancake over. Cook few more minutes. Remove to heatproof plate, keep hot while cooking remaining pancakes.

COULIBIAKI

● This is one of Russia's most famous pies. It is usually a fish pie and in its best-known form made with salmon and eaten hot. It is found on the menus of most good international restaurants.

Pastry: Six ounces butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 2 egg-yolks, 12oz. plain flour, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 8oz. sour cream.

Filling: One and half pounds salmon fillet (cut in small pieces, stiffened in butter, and allowed to cool), 3 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), ½lb. mushrooms, 1 large onion, ½lb. rice, 1 tablespoon parsley (chopped).

Pastry: Melt butter and pour into bowl. Mix in eggs, egg-yolks, salt, and sour cream. First fold in the sifted plain flour, then the self-raising flour. Mix well together. Turn out on to well-floured board and knead until smooth and even. Roll out into large square. Arrange filling down centre of the pastry in successive layers. Fold over dough, joining it down the centre of pie and forming an oblong. Seal ends. Brush with melted butter or beaten egg, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, cut slit in top, bake in moderate oven approximately 20 minutes or until golden brown.

Filling: Chop onion and mushrooms, toss in butter. Cool, add chopped parsley. Cook and cool rice; use with other ingredients.

HAPPINESS CAKE

● Traditionally offered at a Russian wedding. The parents of the bride and groom wait at the reception to greet the newlyweds with an ikon and the traditional bread and salt, or happiness cake.

One cup milk, 1lb. plain flour, 3 eggs, 6oz. butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. yeast, ¼ cup warm water, vanilla to taste, a little nutmeg, breadcrumbs.

Cream butter with sugar, beat in eggs and vanilla. Add milk. Dissolve yeast in warm water and add to creamed mixture. Sift flour with salt. Beat flour in and continue beating for 5 to 10 minutes. Let stand in warm place until double in bulk. Combine breadcrumbs with nutmeg and dust a greased, shallow-sized baking dish or cake tin. Place yeast dough carefully in tin and stand again for 10 to 15 minutes. Brush with beaten egg and bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes or until test shows cake is done. Cool on cake rack.

KULICH

● Kulich is a tall, cylindrical loaf with a domed top and stands upright on its base. It is one of the traditional foods of the Russian Easter.

Half pint milk, 1½oz. yeast, ¼ cup water, 1¼lb. plain flour, 10oz. sugar, ½lb. butter, 6 egg-yolks, ¾ teaspoon salt, approximately ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. chopped almonds, ½lb. glace pineapple or cherries, 2oz. candied orange peel, vanilla to taste, few drops lemon essence.

Dissolve yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water. Mix in milk and 1-3rd of sifted flour. Beat with wooden spoon, leave to rise in warm place until double in bulk. Beat again. Cream butter, sugar, and egg-yolks together. Add salt and essences. Add to yeast mixture with remaining flour. Beat again with wooden spoon. Add sultanas, almonds, glace fruit, mix well but gently, taking care not to mash up fruit. Cover with cloth, stand in warm place until double in bulk.

Fill into greased nut-roll tins, filling them approximately 1-3rd full to allow for rising. Bake in slow oven 35 to 45 minutes or until skewer comes out clean. Cool slightly then remove from tin.

KOTLETS

● Russian Kotlets are not the same as English cutlets or French cotelettes, which are trimmed lamb or veal. They are more like Australian rissoles.

Two pounds finely minced pork, 1 cup white breadcrumbs soaked in water and squeezed out, 1 egg, 1 cup water, 1½ teaspoons salt, pepper, 1 cup breadcrumbs (extra), 1 to 2 tablespoons butter for frying.

Put all ingredients except extra breadcrumbs and butter into basin and with wet hands mix thoroughly. Form into oblong-shaped kotlets, using about 1 heaped tablespoon of mixture for each. Roll in breadcrumbs, flatten with knife to ½in. thickness. Fry in butter about 10 to 15 minutes or until meat is cooked. Serve with fried or mashed potatoes.

For variation, substitute beef for pork and serve with following sauce:

Sauce: Add 1 tablespoon flour to butter and juice in pan. Brown well, add 1 cup water, stirring continuously.

Other variations for sauce are: Add 1 cup tomato sauce to pan juices and bring to boil.

Add 1 cup sour cream to pan juice and bring to boil.

Add 1 cup sour cream and ½lb. sliced fried mushrooms and bring to boil.

ZVESDOCHKI
(Little Stars—Biscuits)

Half-pound unsalted butter, 4 egg-yolks, 1 cup sugar, approximately 1lb. self-raising flour, vanilla to taste.

Blend egg-yolks, sugar, and vanilla together. Slowly add the melted, but not hot, butter. Fold in flour. Mixture should be quite firm. Chill in refrigerator 1 hour. Roll out to ¼in. thickness, cut into shapes with star-cutter. Cook in moderate oven until golden brown (approximately 10 minutes).

Chopped nuts such as almonds, walnuts, peanuts can be used as variations.

ALMOND FINGERS

Five and a half ounces plain flour, 3oz. blanched and grated almonds, 2oz. pure icing sugar, 4oz. unsalted butter, vanilla, extra icing sugar.

Mix together all ingredients, except extra icing sugar with knife on pastry board, then knead as lightly as possible. Carefully shape mixture into little crescents, about 1½ to 2in. long; place on greased oven slide and bake in slow oven approximately 30 minutes. Watch carefully because the biscuits burn easily. Remove from trays while still hot, roll in extra icing sugar. Cool on wire tray.

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CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded for a cake with a creamy caramel icing.

Level spoon measurements are used.

VEGETABLE RECIPES

Curried cabbage: Saute a small sliced onion in 2 tablespoons oil 2 minutes, add 1 cup sliced tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon curry-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, and 5 cups finely shredded cabbage. Cover. Simmer 5 to 8 minutes, turning occasionally.

Brussels Sprouts Au Gratin: Place cooked drained brussels sprouts in greased ovenproof dish. Sprinkle liberally with grated cheese and soft wholemeal breadcrumbs. Season with salt and pepper, dust with nutmeg. Brown under griller.

Cauliflower Lincoln: Combine 1 cup chopped cooked cauliflower with 1 cup diced cooked potato and 1 dozen oysters, dash cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and 1 cup white sauce. Place in ovenproof dish, top liberally with grated cheese, brown in oven.

Stuffed eggplant: Cut eggplant in half lengthwise, simmer in salted water 10 minutes. Scoop out pulp, leaving shell; combine pulp with breadcrumbs and minced meat or fish, season with onion, pepper and salt. Replace in shell. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs, dot with butter, and bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

Vegetable recipes win £5 prize

● Interesting new methods of cooking vegetables, giving them delightful flavors, win the £5 main prize this week in our regular cookery contest for readers.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Burgess, 15a Park Crescent, Bentleigh, Vic.

CARAMEL CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. brown sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 2½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition, then add golden syrup. Stir in sifted flour and salt, lastly add bicarbonate of soda dissolved in the milk. Pour into greased 8in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Cool on cake cooler, ice with caramel icing.

Caramel Icing: One cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, vanilla.

Combine all ingredients in saucepan, bring to boil, boil slowly 7 minutes. Allow to cool slightly, beat until thick, spread quickly over cake. Decorate with walnut halves.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Morgan, 86 Wells Street, Gosford, N.S.W.

Home Hints

● Readers win £1/1/- for each of these useful home hints.

USE an old woollen glove instead of a cloth when polishing linoleum with liquid polish. The glove fits snugly on your hand and you don't waste any polish. — Mrs. R. Christenheit, 9 Francis St., Castle Hill, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Until the broken glass dome of your coffee percolator lid is replaced, moulded aluminium foil is an excellent substitute — percolating is heard, but not seen. — Mrs. I. M. Copping, 44A Irvine St., Peppermint Grove, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Use wooden or plastic toothpicks to pin together bulky knitting before sewing it up. Toothpicks are easier to use than pins, and also make the sewing easier. — Mrs. I. Fardon, 80 Prices Ave., Woronora River, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To prevent a flower-pot overbalancing from a porch rail, drive a large nail (about 3in. long) into the top of the rail and slip hole in the base of the pot over the nail.— Mrs. A. Plaister, 245 Wellington Rd., East Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

Hint for mothers of toddlers: When planning a new dress or skirt, avoid large hip pockets. Children, when being carried on the hip, catch their feet in the pocket and it will invariably be torn away from the skirt.—Mrs. R. McDonald, 130 Gracemere St., Grange, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

Keep a plastic measuring cup and an old tablespoon in the laundry to measure your soap powders and detergents. You will be surprised how much longer the contents of your packages and bottles will last. — Mrs. L. Dolan, 212 Doveton St. Sth., Ballarat, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Knit in a thread of matching cotton when knitting a garment in mohair. This prevents the finished garment from stretching. — Mrs. Aileen Nixon, 227 Park Rd., Yeerongpilly, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

Mark baby's shoes on the inside with your name and address. Then if a shoe is lost while out you have a good chance of getting it back. — Mrs. H. Hornsey, 18A Florence St., Moonah, Tas.

★ ★ ★

To make a colorful and safe rattle for baby; Boil up old toothbrushes until the bristles fall out. When they have cooled a little, but are still warm enough to be pliable, bend each into a round and join them up as a chain. When completely cooled, they harden again. — Mrs. Gail Henwood, 381 Autumn St., Herne Hill, Geelong, Vic.

★ ★ ★

For that trying job of plucking the obstinate pin feathers from wild ducks, use ordinary household tweezers. — Mrs. J. Hayhoe, 8 Laverack Rd., Warrnambool, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Living in an old brick house painted white outside, and in a dusty area, I find a soft paintbrush dipped in kerosine a quick and easy way to clean window-sills, doors, and wire-doors. Rub afterwards with a duster. — Mrs. H. W. Aspinall, "Windy," Gundagai, N.S.W.



Garden Vegetable soup

You could travel the world but you still wouldn't get a soup as deliciously different!

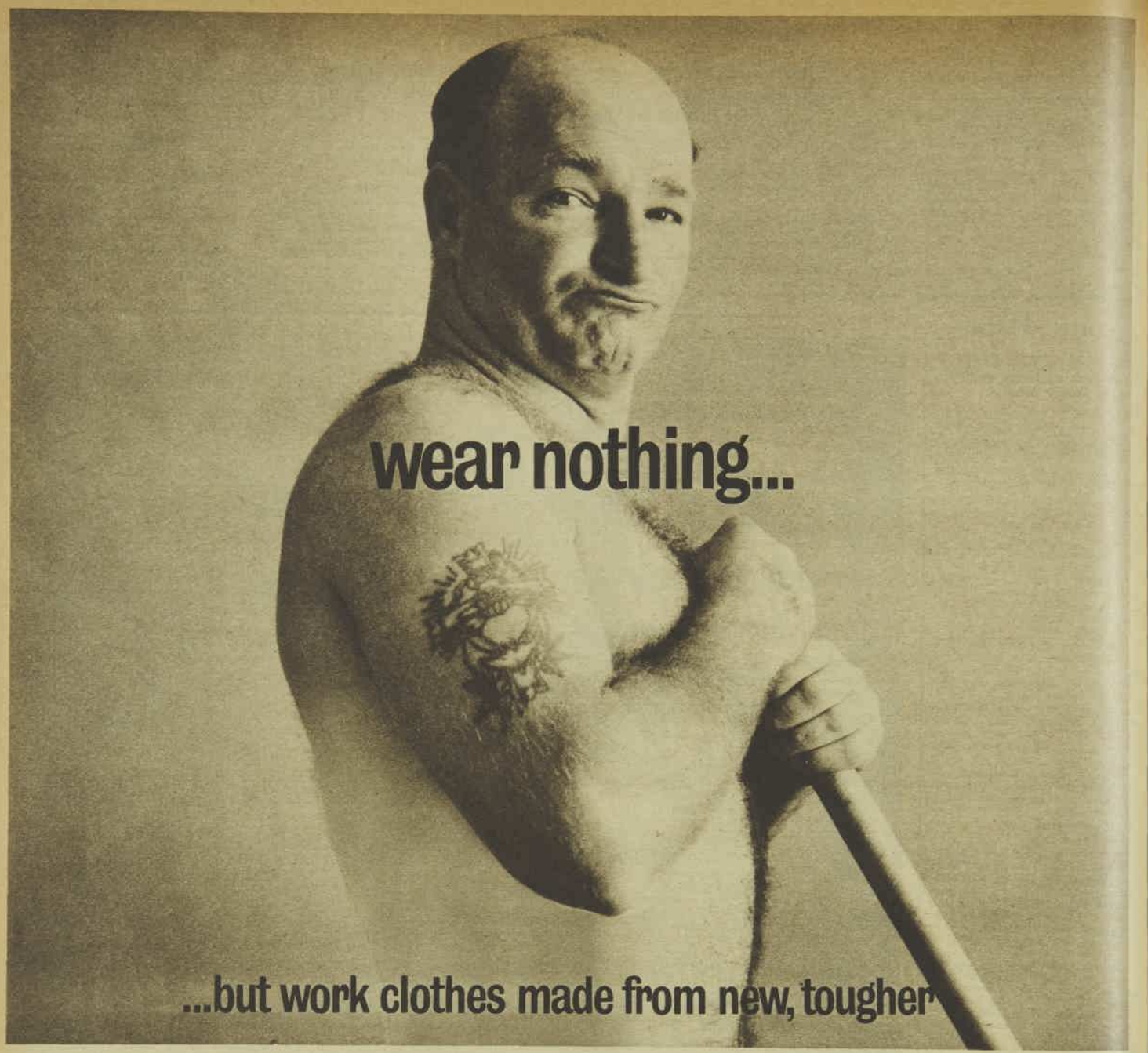
A perfect blend of succulent, spring-fresh vegetables. Juicy red tomatoes, crisp green beans, rich spinach, tender young carrots and parsnips and onions. Mmmmmmm—what a soup! Another triumph of Continental's cooking skill. Continental has blended the flavour of each vegetable perfectly with all the others. You get *extra* flavour, *extra* goodness with this *deliciously* different soup. Continental brand Garden Vegetable. Try it tonight—it's new!



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Everyone who's ever bought work clothes knows the name 'Red Label Bradmill Drill.' Why? Because it was the best drill money could buy. Only the best work clothes were made from it. Then why new Commando Finish Red Label Drill? Because it's even better!

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Better resistance to abrasion
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And, of course, it's a Sanforized fabric

If you knew how good ordinary Red Label Drill was, Bradmill's New Matt-Mercerised Commando Finish Red Label Drill will astonish you! So make sure everything you buy in the way of work clothes has this guarantee of quality on the label,-Red Label Quality Bradmill Drill Mercerised Commando Finish.

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CASTLES IN THE AIR

Continued from page 55

Head shaken, mind certain of its alertness, the captain ran his eyes over the red-illumined instrument panel. Not one warning light. He tried again, moving the controls forward gradually until they had reached a position at which the jet should be almost diving or, alternatively, the panel should be flashing lights and sirens should be blowing.

But the plane did not nose over and no instrument recorded a malfunction.

Beatty broke out in sweat. He thrust his fingers through his blond, kinky hair, narrowed his blue-grey eyes, batted his nose with the back of his hand as it moved from his scalp to the controls, and swung his head around. His voice was curt but calm as he gave orders to the flight engineer, Tim Farlane, orders for a swift series of checks.

Twisting his head a little more he gave further orders to Pete Belland, the communications officer. Then, summoning his full strength, he tried once more to alter the ship's altitude, pulling back savagely and lunging forward to the full dive angle.

The jet did not even tremble. It flew on as before.

HIS pilot Bill Whitmore was about to speak. Beatty saw his eyes come to focus from some distant, imaginary point. And waited hopefully for some solution the man might have.

Whitmore was almost an opposite type of man from the skipper. Three inches shorter — tall, still — but wiry; a man with a skin tanned the color of creamed coffee and, strangely, eyebrows and hair so near the same hue he seemed to lack the former and to have hair only because he wore it somewhat long, so its contours showed.

He'd been a brilliant student in an eastern university — one who had become bored with formal education and failed to graduate. For a while Whitmore wandered from job to job. Like many men he had finally found satisfaction in these great, sky-cruising planes. Quiet, philosophical, an incessant reader of everything; a brain — but not a nervous brain.

Beatty had waited, knowing the other pilot would complete his thoughts before speaking, and heard Whitmore's tenor voice in its most musing register. "I thought for a moment it must be some freak of the jet stream—a supergust we got caught in. So strong it made the horizontals ineffective. But it isn't. Even if such a thing is conceivable, our ground speed would have doubled—tripled —or—"

"—or we'd be standing still —or blowing backward—"

"Yeah. So—"

Beatty waited—grew impatient. "What?"

"It simply isn't happening. We're deluded. Toxic chemical on the flight deck. Or something all of us ate."

"You feel sick? Dizzy? Out of your head? I don't."

"That's the way it is with hallucinations. Sometimes."

Beatty considered, gave one more incredulous look at the instrument panel, and made one more mighty assault on the controls. Shook his head. "I'm OK. You look OK, too. Everybody here does. Maybe the passengers—"

Whitmore loosened his seat-belt, rose and strode from the flight deck. A minute passed. Two. He returned. "People back there are behaving perfectly naturally. Some of 'em sleeping. Some chatting. All three stewardesses passing out coffee and stuff. I merely looked around—didn't ask any questions."

"We should have been letting down for—" Beatty's glance went to the chronometer—"nine minutes nearly."

"Yeah." Whitmore took his position, fastened his belt. "Cut down power."

Beatty did not answer. His face flamed and again, like pallor, the flush was concealed by the red light around them. He had not thought of trying that! The failure showed their predicament had halted his usually reliable responses and blanked out commonsense. He throttled back; the external roar-scream of the great jet engines lost volume, came with a comparative whisper.

"More!" Whitmore murmured, eyes on the dials.

The engines again reduced the exhalation of their inexhaustible lungs. "Altitude unchanged," Whitmore reported. "Ground speed the same. Throttle farther back."

"We'd stall," Beatty answered fiercely.

"We'd think so," Whitmore quietly replied. "I don't believe we'd lose speed or altitude, let alone stall. Even if you cut the engines dead."

"You want about 70 passengers to go nuts, all together?"

"No. Right! Don't kill the engines."

The door to the flight deck banged in, was closed. Stewardess McClaen—Annabelle McClaen—stood in front of it, cap at the regulation angle on her short-clipped chestnut hair, brown eyes a little widened, firm chin trembling slightly (Beatty noticed), hands clenched together.

"What gives?" Her voice (Beatty jotted the fact into his memory as if he were making a census of her fear-levels) was sound as ever, as huskily pleasant. Passengers, he decided, wouldn't realise she was scared.

He was wrong.

Getting no answer, she repeated her question with a

To page 70



"I do believe we've developed a few little laugh wrinkles."

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 258.—BABY'S NIGHTGOWN

This practical nightgown for a baby is available cut out to make in white, pink, and blue good-quality flannelette. Price 17/6 plus 1/6 postage.



260

No. 259.—THROWOVER

Practical throwover is available cut out to embroider on pink, blue, white, and lemon organdie. Lace edging supplied. Price 9/11 plus 1/- postage.

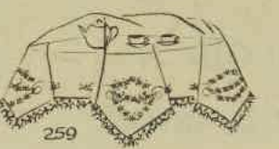
No. 260.—SUIT

This smart two-piece suit is available cut out to make in green, wine, and silk-finished corduroy. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/18/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/0/6. Postage and dispatch 4/- extra.

● *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*



258



259

Advertisement



A SMOOTH elegant neck is soon attained by using vitalizing cream every night. Cream nightly and once a week wrap a towel, wrung out in hot water, round the neck for a few minutes before creaming. This will help the Ulan Vitalizing Night Cream to add moist nourishment and a lovelier milky bloom to the skin.

This is the greatest invention for babies since Johnson's Baby Powder. It's a Johnson's Cotton Bud. It cleans a baby's nose. His ear. His eye. And between his toes: Lots of grown-ups use this invention. (But the babies don't seem to mind.)

Flexible "Safe Stems"*



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Someone's favourite cook uses Carnation Milk for all her cooking!



It's good, sound housekeeping sense to keep Carnation Milk in the cupboard — ready to use at any time

So will you, once you've discovered that Carnation Evaporated Milk is the most convenient milk to cook with.

This wise housewife knows that Carnation Milk is the most versatile milk for cooking. The handiest, too. For unopened, Carnation keeps fresh without refrigeration — ready to use at any time.

She uses it in all recipes calling for milk. Just mixes concentrated liquid Carnation Milk with an equal quantity of water and she has dairy fresh milk ready for cooking.

Our wise housewife also knows that creamy Carnation, used straight from the can, adds nourishment to dishes. She's found that it makes hamburgers juicier, custards and sauces smoother, casseroles creamier, and keeps cakes moist longer. (Try the recipe below.) And she's discovered that Carnation Milk even whips for delicious ice cream and chiffon pie fillings.

Be a wise housewife. Cook with Carnation Milk. Always keep some cans in your cupboard — ready to use at any time.



Carnation Chocolate Layer Cake

CARNATION CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

1 tablespoon vinegar.
1 cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk.
1½ cups plain flour.
Pinch salt.
½ cup cocoa.
1½ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda.
1¼ cups sugar.
⅔ cup butter or margarine, melted.
2 eggs.
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Grease two 8" sponge tins and line the bottom with paper. Add vinegar to Carnation Milk to sour it. Sift flour, salt, cocoa, soda and sugar into mixing basin. Pour in melted shortening and ½ cup Carnation Milk. Beat well for 2 minutes. Add all remaining ingredients and beat a further 2 minutes. Pour into prepared tins and bake in a moderate oven 350° or Regulo 5 Gas — 400° E for 30-35 minutes. Allow cakes to cool slightly before removing from tins. Fill with cream and cover with your favourite frosting.



Look for the series of picture-recipes on the labels

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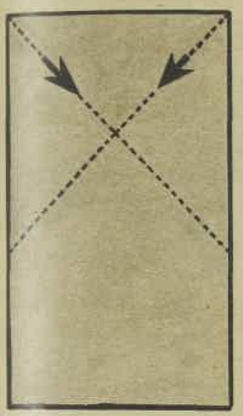
Another folding paper toy

JUMPING FROG

● Origami, the Japanese art of folding paper, is an amusing game for children and adults. This lively frog takes only minutes to make — all you need is a 3in. by 5in. index card, or any stiff piece of rectangular paper of the same proportions.



● *For a finishing touch, paint a face on your frog.*

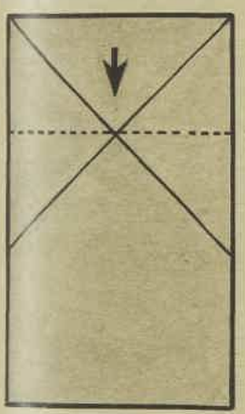


Remember these basic rules when making up your frog:

- Choose a flat, hard surface as your workbench.
- Be sure to make your folds straight. Make your creases sharp by pressing along them with your thumbnail.
- Experiment with different kinds of paper for a variety of effects.

1

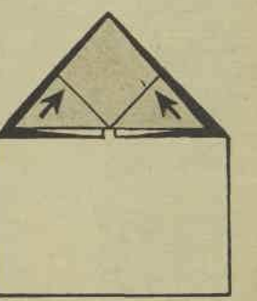
Fold the top edge of the paper to meet the right side of the rectangle (see the sketch at left). Crease sharply and open out. Now fold the top edge over to meet the left edge of the rectangle. Crease sharply and open. Turn the paper over.



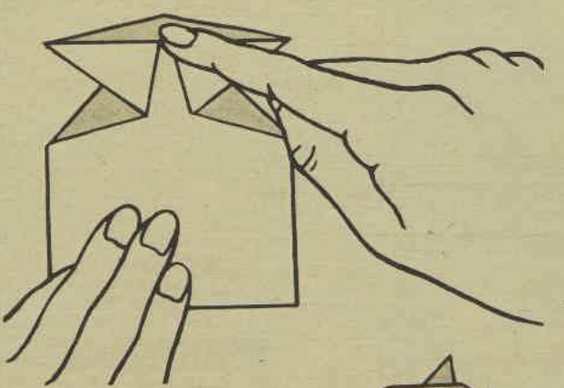
2

Fold the top edge down so the crease runs through the centre of the figure X you have created (see the sketch at left). Crease and open all the way so the centre point of the cross pops up. Turn the paper over.

4

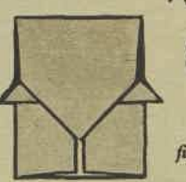


Bring both the right point and the left point up to the top point, forming two flaps (see the sketch at right).



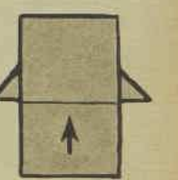
3

Push the top edge down, making sure that the right- and left-hand creases meet underneath in the centre (see sketch at right). You have now made the head and front legs of your frog.



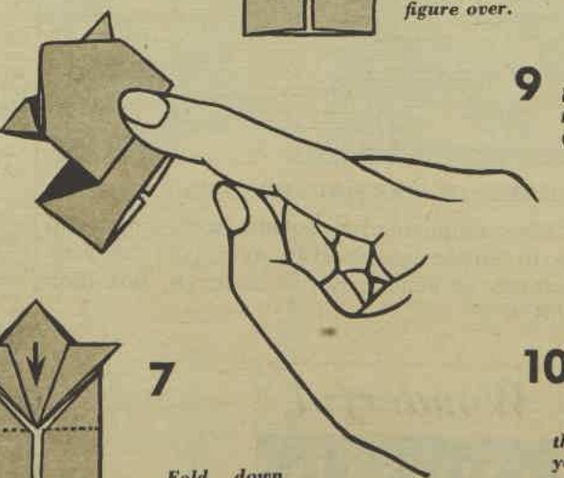
8

Turn the figure over.



9

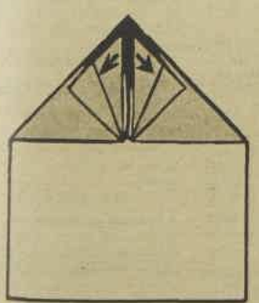
Fold over the open bottom edge to meet the top folded edge (see the sketch above).



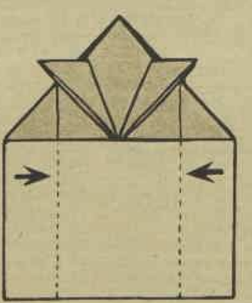
(From "Folding Paper Toys" by Shari Lewis and Lillian Oppenheimer, published by Frederick Muller Ltd., London.)

10

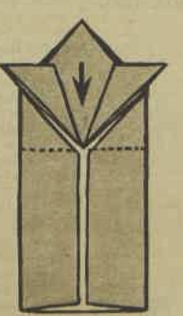
Now turn it over so the head is away from you. By applying pressure on the back of the frog (rubbing down from the nose toward the back, or tapping the back), you can make your frog jump.



5 *Fold the right flap back on itself so the open edges lie along the folded edge beneath (see above). Repeat with left flap.*



6 *Fold the right edge and the left edge together to meet in the centre (see the sketch above).*



7

Fold down the head and the front legs of your frog (see the sketch at left).

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MOHAIR JACKET

Materials: 11 (12, 13, 14, 15) balls "Emu" Filigree Mohair; 1 pair each Nos. 4 and 7 needles; 8 buttons; 4yds. braid or wool binding.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust. (actual measurement will be 3in. larger for comfortable fit); length from top of shoulder, 23¼ (24, 24½, 25, 25¾) in.; sleeve seam 13 (13½, 13½, 14, 14) in.

Tension: 4 sts. and 5½ rows to 1in.

It is essential to test your tension on size 4 needles, over 16 sts. and 22 rows, which should give a 4in. square. If tension square is smaller, a size larger needle should be used, if it is larger a size smaller needle should be used.

Abbreviations: W.fwd., wool forward, w.b., wool back.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 70 (74, 76, 82, 86) sts. and work 2 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at end of last row on 1st, 3rd, and 4th sizes only. 71 (74, 77, 83, 86) sts.

Change to No. 4 needles and pattern.

1st Row (Right side): * K 2, k 1 winding wool twice round needle, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * K 2, w.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise slipping both loops off needle, w.b., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

3rd Row: * P 2, w.b., sl. 1 purlwise, w.fwd., rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

4th Row: * P 2, p 1 winding wool twice round needle, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

5th Row: * P 2, w.b., sl. 1 purlwise slipping both loops off needle, w.fwd., rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

6th Row: * K 2, w.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, w.b., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

These 6 rows form pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures 13¼ (14, 14, 14, 14½) in., ending with a wrong side row

To Shape Raglan Armholes—1st and 2nd sizes only: Keeping continuity of pattern, dec. 1 st. at each end of next row. Work 3 rows straight.

3rd size only: Keeping continuity of pattern, dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row. Work 3 rows straight. Rep. last 4 rows once.

All Sizes: Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next and every following alternate row until 21 (22, 23, 23, 24) sts. remain, ending with a wrong-side row. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 34 (38, 38, 40, 44) sts. and work 2 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at end of last row on 1st and 4th sizes only. 35 (38, 38, 41, 44) sts.

Change to No. 4 needles and pattern as for back. Continue until work measures 13¼ (14, 14, 14, 14½) in., ending with wrong-side row.

To Shape Raglan Armhole — 1st and 2nd sizes only — Next Row: K 2 tog., pattern to end. Work 3 rows straight.

3rd size only—Next Row: K 2 tog., pattern to end. Work 3 rows straight. Rep. the last 4 rows once.

All sizes—Next Row: K 2 tog., pattern to end.

Keeping front edge straight, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every following alternate row until 16 (18, 18, 17, 19) sts. remain, ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Cast off 5 (6, 5, 5, 7) sts., pattern to end. Still dec. at armhole edge on alternate rows as before, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 4 (5, 5, 5, 5) rows. Keeping neck edge straight, continue to dec. at armhole edge until 1 st. remains. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front reversing all shapings, **at the same time** making 8 buttonholes, first ¼ (1, ¼, ¼, 1) in. from base of garment, the others at intervals of 2¼ (2¾, 3, 3, 3) in., measured from base of previous buttonhole.

1st Buttonhole Row (Right side facing): Pattern 3, cast off 2 sts., pattern to end.

2nd Buttonhole Row: Pattern to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., pattern to end.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 38 (44, 44, 46, 50) sts. and work 2 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at end of last row on 4th size only. 38 (44, 44, 47, 50) sts.

Change to No. 4 needles and pattern as for Back. Inc. and work into pattern 1 st. at each end of the 11th and every following 8th (10th, 8th, 8th, 8th) row until there are 52 (56, 60, 63, 66) sts. on the needle.

Continue straight until work measures 13 (13½, 13½, 14, 14) in., or required length, ending with a wrong side row.

To Shape Raglan Top: Dec. 1 st. each end of next row. Work 3 rows straight.

Rep. last 4 rows 2 (3, 3, 3, 3) times more. 46 (48, 52, 55, 58) sts.

Now dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every following alternate row until 6 (10, 10, 11, 12) sts. remain, ending with a wrong side row. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 89 (95, 95, 101, 104) sts. Continue in pattern as for Back for 1in. Change to No. 4 needles and work a further 2½in. in pattern. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press very lightly with a warm iron over a damp cloth, omitting ribbed parts. Using back-stitch, join raglan side and sleeve seams. Sew collar into position, placing cast on edge to neck and taking short edges of collar to front edges. Using fine sewing silk and a small stitch sew braid along base, up front edges, around collar and sleeve edges. Neaten buttonholes and sew on buttons.

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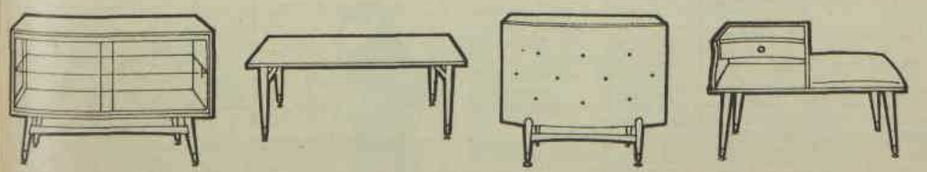
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"Let's see — Roy's over at the park, Bobby is playing down the street, Stephen's up in his tree house, and the girls are doing their homework at the Wilsons' and we eat in five minutes!"

Continued from page 65

CASTLES IN THE AIR

sharper, not-at-all-husky timbre. "What gives?"

"She won't come down. She just stays up here and keeps flying."

The young woman's face showed perplexity; it somewhat erased the other emotion. "You kidding? Because this is no time for jokes."

Whitmore answered now, with Beatty watching him — watching for the simple reason that he knew she would believe whatever Whitmore said. He would not take part in any form of practical joke. Bill Whitmore was not a man who joked, for one thing. And for another thing Bill and Annabelle McClaen were in love . . . however hopelessly.

Whitmore again had pondered before replying. "Truth, Anna. She won't answer the controls—and throttling back didn't slow her a mile or let her down a foot."

"Why?" A faintly panicky question.

"We don't know. Yet. Some — phenomenon. Meteorological probably. Not on the books yet; never before encountered. But who knows all about weather — high-altitude winds — gravity, for that matter? Point is, the ship keeps blasting ahead on course no matter what we do. In a minute. Five. Ten, we ought to be — out of it. Whatever 'it' is. And — meanwhile — nothing wrong has happened."

Seeing her lips part, he added, "To the plane. Flying like a falcon. Steady. On the right heading. Golly!" His face whipped toward the captain. "Tried to steer out of this — what's-it?"

Beatty did not flush a second time. He nodded. "While you were explaining nothing . . . to your girlfriend. Can't turn her even one degree."

"So what'll I tell Mr. Morrison has happened?" she asked.

The captain frowned. "Morrison? Who's he?"

"Passenger. In first class."

"Tell Mr. Morrison," Beatty emphasised the name to indicate their problem was no business of any passenger, "all conditions — and procedures — are normal."

Miss McClaen had spirit, and that spirit was now vexed. "Suppose you tell him that! He's flown Miami-New York scores of times. He knows we've passed the let-down point — and aren't descending."

"Tell him — new flight patterns."

"Look. This particular Mr. Morrison piloted a B-29 during World War II. He knows you should be under 20,000 feet by now.

"He knows you throttled back near to stalling point—and knows that's against all flying regulations. He guesses—and I see his guess is just dandy—that you didn't lose ground speed or altitude when you cut back the engines. And he very calmly and very politely asked me to ask you just what the hell —a quote—is going on here."

Whitmore spoke. "That—J. L. Morrison? Jason Morrison? The real-estate speculator? Lives on the Beach?"

The stewardess shrugged. "He may speculate in real estate. But when I asked him if he wanted a magazine to read, he asked me—rather sarcastically, too—if we happened to have on board this month's copy of *The Journal of Alloys and Exotic Metals*. Then apologised for being 'difficult.' Settled for a copy of *Time*. Or, maybe, it was *Newsweek*. That was soon after we left Miami."

Beatty asked, "Has he let other passengers in on—his awareness of—conditions up here?"

"Of course not! He whispered, practically. I told you. He was a pilot himself once! He seemed—curious. Not scared."

Beatty decided. "Bring him here."

"To the flight deck! It's against all—"

"— regulations. Yeah. Invite him up. Don't demand it. Just—invite him."

She left.

THE captain then spoke almost harshly to Pete Belland, the communications officer. "Well?"

Pete moved one earphone back. "Nada. Absolutamente nada."

"What do you mean—nothing?"

"Kennedy doesn't answer. Baltimore. Washington. I sent a general call, minutes ago. Nothing from that, either. We're not in communication, is all."

"You hear anything?"

"Everything."

"Well, OK. Who's reporting us on radar?"

"Nobody at all is reporting us on radar."

"What!"

"Just listened to the tower of Friendship. A United jet —Flight 2336—half a mile west of us and 15,000 feet below. A TWA ship at our altitude and 21 miles east. Some private prop-jet chasing us—and losing ground—at 17,000. An Air Force B-99-C on our course but up at 62,000. Nothing said about us even though we're closest to Baltimore of any."

The captain was close to rage. "OK—but we must have gone off somebody's scope, somewhere! There must be a search in progress."

"No."

"No?" Beatty stared at Belland. "Has to be!"

His harshness angered Belland so that he almost yelled his answer. "We never took off and don't exist, as far as ground signals show!"

Beatty gestured at Whitmore who took over the controls though they still in no way affected the plane's course. With headphones clamped over his damp-darkened hair, Beatty listened, turning dials to tune the set. After a minute he talked into a throat mike: "This is Inter-Continental Flight Eleven . . . oh . . . Five." He spaced out the words. Gave their position. "Flying at 38,000 feet. Destination, Kennedy."

He gave other data and then in a loud voice, beneath which was a sound like a sawed high note on a violin, he added, "We are out of control completely. Some unknown factor is making it impossible to let down or even steer the plane. Come in! Anybody! Over."

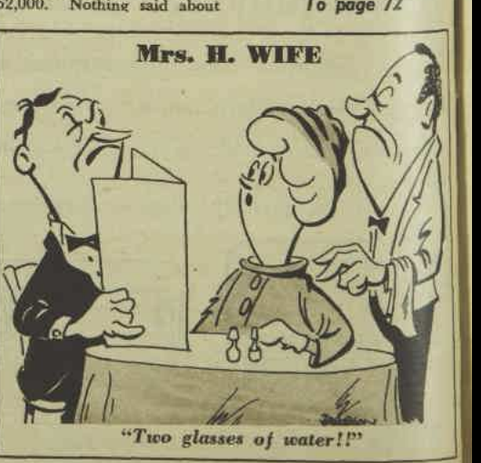
He listened — and a drop of sweat ran down his forehead, then down his big but somewhat flattened nose. It fell on the radio log between his elbows and slightly smeared an inked word there.

Glancing back at him, Whitmore thought, the skipper's almost in panic. He asked himself, "Am I, too?" He didn't think so. He didn't really think Beatty was panicky. Just irritated by an unknown.

Motion, seen peripherally, made him turn farther. Annabelle had opened the door and a man came through it. Morrison. Jason L. Morrison, Whitmore realised; he'd seen newspaper photographs. The guy looked furious and the pilot felt that the flight deck was no place for a man in a rage. Tizzy enough, without an uproar from unauthorised personnel.

Morrison stood uncertainly just inside the door to the first-class compartment. The

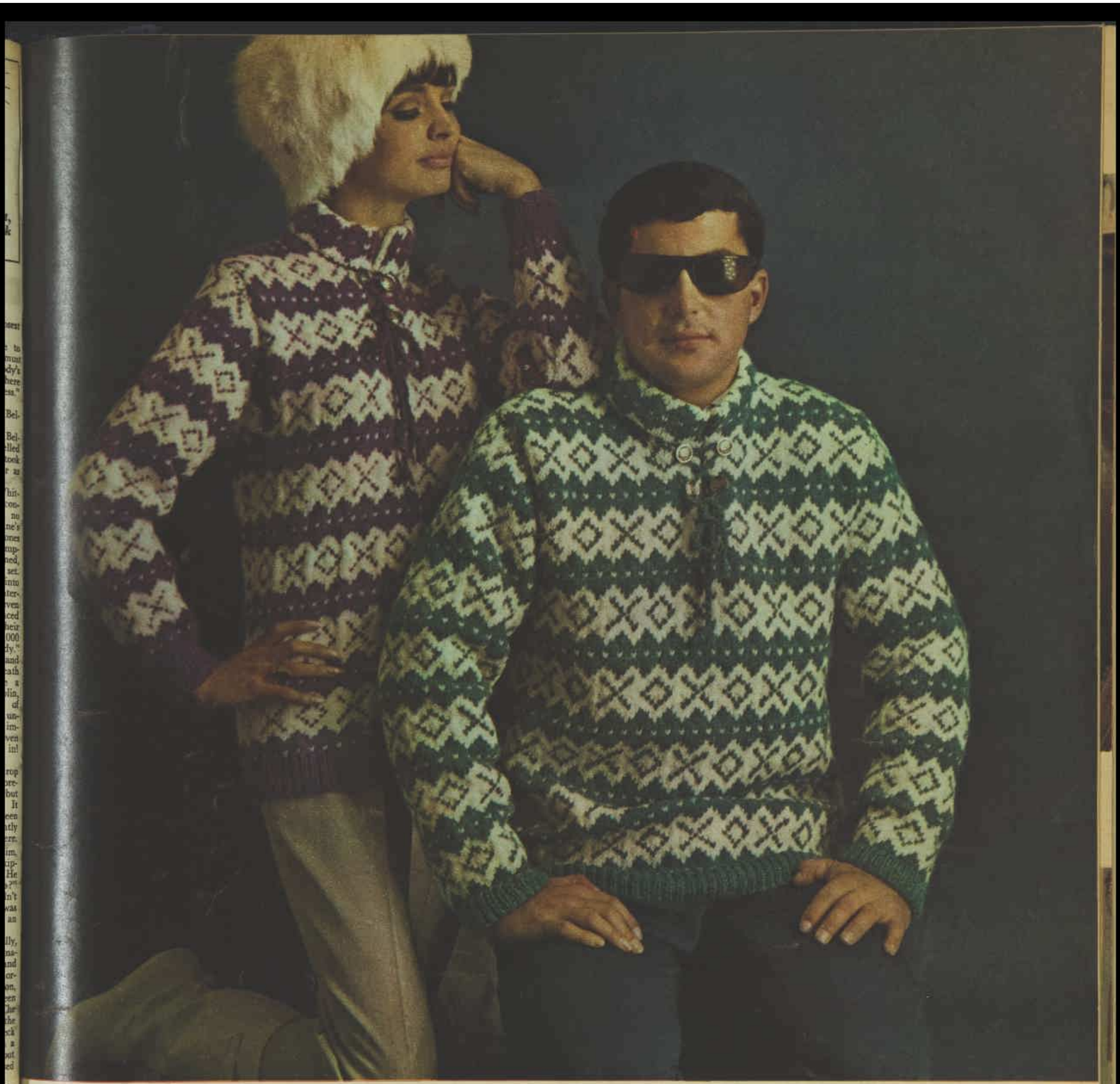
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"Two glasses of water!"

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CASTLES IN THE AIR

Continued from page 70

stewardess closed it behind him. He had come forward to find out what sort of devilment (or disaster) was afoot. And since he could not quite conceive of disaster while the plane flew onward so steadily, he assumed it was devilment; some weird game the pilots were playing with a fantastically strong eddy of the jet current—or an equally bizarre thing.

But a gag. And a gag that if not shortly abandoned might delay his early morning arrival at Kennedy and so curtail the few precious hours in which he had expected to sleep — rest, anyway — before taking a helicopter to Newark airport, a cab to Pemton, and then . . . facing his board and trying to save the Refineries.

His impassioned preoccupation with himself was somewhat diminished by the spectacle of this — to him — novel flight deck. First, its burgundy-red lighting was a surprise. He knew modern planes were no longer flown in the chartreuse glare of luminous-painted instruments: too radioactive.

He had had other opportunities to visit the working quarters of a jet, but he'd casually rejected them, feeling, with an ex-pilot's certainty, the hidden lack of welcome that greets a meddler, and not wanting, besides, to get into any "I was a wartime pilot" act with these younger men who flew jets but had never seen flak burst or tracers rise like roman-candle balls.

His pupils widened to adjust to the blood-hued illumination and he observed the captain's empty seat and the man, himself—to judge by the marks on his uniform—sitting at the radio table, sweating. Pete Belland just stood beside the captain with a look that Morrison couldn't quite analyse: ironic, partly — scared. The man doing the flying glanced at him and turned to stare ahead.

By following that man's gaze, through the plastic windows Morrison could see the stars, some clouds that lay far below them, and somewhat ahead at the bottom of night's gulf the scattered lights of a small town.

The flight engineer had evidently not even noticed Morrison. Tim was too busy running checks. A multiplicity of instruments on the huge panel next attracted Morrison's eyes. Many gauges seemed familiar; more did not. Two radar scopes swept profiles of the earth below into a bright recognisability that faded as their glowing radii swung onward to describe a brief nothing and then the earth below.

He stared at one scope and identified the brightening-fading, vanishing - returning geography it described: New Jersey's shore and the sea beyond it with Delaware Bay just drifting out of view and Sandy Hook destined to appear soon.

But the altimeter—if they called them that now—still registered 38,000 feet.

He'd been in the complicated chamber less than a minute by the time he'd completed those observations. And he now knew not only because of the instruments but because of his long-unused but never-forgettable sense of the emotional states of air-crews that no prank or gag was involved in their situation. The plane was in trouble—in some odd kind of trouble he could not understand.

Beatty gave up his effort at the radio, now, to introduce himself and his fellow officers to Morrison. Then he explained their dilemma, slipping back into his seat, taking over control and demonstrating that nothing he was able to do either slowed the speed of the ship or started it downward, caused it to climb (for that matter) or enabled him to make a turn in either direction.

Morrison had a suggestion. "Maybe it's just that you can't cut out the automatic pilot."

"It's out." He pointed at some instruments.

"Maybe they don't show that it's still on."

Beatty glanced back, then called, "Finished, Tim?"

"Yeah." The flight engineer did not conceal his alarm. "The auto-pilot's out, for sure. You're definitely on manual. Nothing's jammed, cables OK. It's just that—"

Beatty said to Morrison, "—that she won't budge off course."

Morrison opened his mouth to suggest throttling back and remembered they'd tried that, cutting power until he'd wondered where the plane's stalling-point might be. But the light on the ground far below had seemed to slip behind at an undiminished rate. He started to speak and did not, for nothing in his mind meant much.

They were all looking at him now, as if he could perhaps make some new, effective suggestion. Why him? Merely, he thought irritatedly, because he was older. And not in any panic. Pure frustration had prevented Morrison from feeling any fear . . . so far. This unaccountable — this impossible—situation would apparently mean that landing would be delayed, possibly even until they'd consumed all their fuel. He asked about that.

Beatty's eyes ranged over gauges. "Two hours and a quarter more."

His own concerns moved Morrison to reply, "Hell of an uneconomic thing—to carry so much extra fuel clear from Miami."

Beatty shook his head. "Need it, sometimes. Get stacked up over the field for an hour. Even longer. Running out of fuel," the captain went on, "apparently won't change anything—unless we get out of this crazy bind!"

That had not occurred to Morrison. The idea of being unable to let down—with the fuel gone and the engines dead—was not a thing he had as yet envisaged. Remembering how they'd failed to descend on reduced throttle made him face the possibility.

Apparently they could not come down at all as long as this condition persisted. He stood behind Beatty and Whitmore—bent forward a little, as the headroom there was limited; and he tried to discover a cause for their predicament that might be tenable, however fantastic, however theoretical.

A notion came, dimly. He expressed it. "Enemy action, you think? Are other planes stuck on course, like us?"

"No." Beatty killed that invention.

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FROM THE BIBLE

● ***And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.***

—I John 4:14.

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CASTLES IN THE AIR

Morrison's mind went back to his classrooms at Massachusetts Institute of Technology where, in the post-war years, he'd earned his doctorate in physics. His thesis had been entitled "A Comparison of Crystalline Lattices in Certain Metals and in Six Synthetic Substances." Highly specialised scientists still made references to that thesis in their papers. Morrison leafed through his abstruse knowledge.

For all science knew the force of gravity might be similar to electromagnetic forces and, if so, ultimately manageable. Suppose somebody had hit upon a device that negated gravity—and more? Wouldn't it (if not bound down adequately) lift into the air? And if, by chance, such a machine jammed beneath a passing plane, wouldn't the result — stretching probability to its limit—be—?

He suggested that notion.

Beatty shrugged. "Nothing bumped us. I'm no mathematician, but would even such a gimmick also prevent us from steering?"

"I don't know. Probably not."

Morrison tried, frowningly, to speculate on that problem —but since he could not formulate a logical theory to fit it, he could not sensibly decide whether such a thing as fabulous as an anti-gravity machine—fabulous? absurd! —would interfere with right and left turns. And then—why would it prevent climb? It couldn't prevent climb, could it?

He had to face what the others faced: inexplicability.

But, still, he fought it. Sought some physical or theoretical premise that might shed light. Remembered the classrooms of M.I.T.—the endless equations on blackboards, the obscure lectures in maths. His brain ricocheted from the effort to a visualisation of his son, Dick, now in the same classrooms listening to similar lectures. Or was the school year ended?

He felt in his pocket and found the unopened telegram that he'd picked up on the refectory table when he'd left the party—and left Angelica there, dancing with Mario Tully—to change from his dinner-jacket to a business-suit. The yellow envelope had a window and through it he'd seen the Cambridge dateline. Dick, then, telling them, no doubt, when he'd be home again and what flight to meet. Morrison had put back the wire to open later. Changed. Brought his neatly packed luggage downstairs. Then waited a long quarter hour for his wife and her new admirer to come up the drive in the limousine and carry him to Miami's airport.

It was hard to exclude bitter feeling about Angelica from his mind . . . even here . . . even now. Deliberate effort to blot out her face (and his jealousy) failed. But the trick was done for him when he realised what it would mean to his refineries if, owing to this stupid, cursed, inexplicable and unbelievable delay, he missed the board meeting.

Without him there to vote his controlling interest nothing could be decided. With no decision, the Morrison family industry might falter immediately — fail — shut down—cease to produce its exotic elements and other marvels and then . . . lose its furnaces and equipment under an auctioneer's hammer, paying its stockholders pennies for dollars.

He shut his eyes momentarily, and momentarily grew frantic over the dual risk of his wealth—on real estate and (likely) a necessary but futile refinancing of the company. In a mere 90 days—six months, at most—he could be . . . broke.

He'd never even thought of that word in relation to himself—till recently. Till he'd heard rumors of a change in the throughway plans. Till his board had demanded that sickeningly expensive reconstruction of the Pemton Works.



"Stop! Those exercises make you look five years YOUNGER!"

Less than 30 seconds had elapsed since he'd spoken to the plane's captain. He opened his tired eyes, shook off the horrors of his nightmare, returned to the mind-numbing present, summoned will and calm and his own version of self-command. Heard himself say loudly, so all the others would catch his words, "Can't understand it! Some mighty peculiar things were reported by other pilots in the days when we flew the Hump—the Himalayas—India-to-China. Updrafts that took them 5000 feet higher, in no time. Down-drafts that left B-twonines on mountainsides. Near miracles, too. My own plane —once—took two kamikaze hits but the wreck flew back to — just off-shore from Tinian. Still—"

"Yeah," Beatty grunted. "Still,' as you say."

"You asked me up here." Morrison had failed them. "But nothing I know about flying — meteorology, maths — all science — gives me even a clue. Sorry."

"I didn't want that," Beatty answered quickly. "Didn't know you had any science. Annabelle—Miss McClaen—the stewardess—said you were asking a lot of questions. Said you'd flown bombers. I thought—maybe—you could help on another thing."

"If I'm able—"

"The passengers. In minutes, now, they'll be looking down at terrain they'll recognise. Sandy Hook. The Lower Bay. Long Island. Coming in on the scope, already. They'll realise we ought to be down around 4000 feet—those who've made the trip before. But we won't be. Suppose we overshoot Kennedy, Greater New York —and fly on? Which we will, unless this bind lands us by itself. What shall I tell them?"

Morrison had not even thought of that dilemma. He realised, now, that he'd scarcely noticed his first-class companions. A kid and a girl—with a "just married" look. But worried about something. A fat snorer across the aisle—salesman type. Too many drinks. Some old geezer with violinist hair—white—and a bulging forehead. And a tremor. A dozen others of whom he could not now call up any mental image whatsoever.

"Better tell them the truth," Morrison finally said in an absent tone—for his failure to notice his companions on the flight now caused him a moment of shame. He was not, ordinarily, so oblivious to the rest of humanity. Before the burden of his anxieties had become near intolerable, he had been an outgoing, amiable man, a man interested in other lives and people. Dread had made him self-centred.

So be it! His dreads were real. Frightened men were invariably self-centred. That —he mused, thinking of battle fear—or crazy.

Beatty was speaking. "How the hell can you tell a bunch of passengers a plane can't come down? Or a bunch of pilots, for that matter?"

"Maybe they won't believe it. Not until they see it happening. I don't, myself, actually. And maybe it won't be true."

"Maybe." Beatty scowled, as he considered.

"It got us here. Maybe it'll get us down. OK. Thanks."

Thanks, Morrison thought, for nothing.

He returned to the cabin, aware that all eyes in the first-class compartment were on him the instant he appeared. And every pair of eyes shone in a frightened face. They knew now that something was wrong. He did what he'd done in other moments of fearful stress on other planes, bombers. His gaze moved from face to face calmly, almost casually, and it held no sign of alarm.

Before he sat down, the loudspeakers crackled, and so he glanced toward them, smiling a little, as if to say, "Nothing serious—and now you'll hear all about it. Strange, but not really scary."

Beatty did pretty well, Morrison decided. He kept things simple. Some "unknown" condition was "maintaining them at altitude." The plane might even overshoot Kennedy and cruise on until the "condition cleared up." They were in no danger whatever. It was like being stacked up—circling the field waiting for a turn to let down. Only, this way, the course would be straight, not oval. He was sorry about the

To page 75

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Continued from page 73

delay they might be caused.

The young couple who had a "just-married look" turned to each other. The boy—he might be 24—said, "Now your dad will have one more reason to be sore! Late plane!"

"I wish," the girl said softly, "it would never come down!"

They smiled at one another, radiantly. Then the smiles faded and they looked away—unhappily.

The fat snorer, the presumable salesman, had heard. He leaned toward Morrison and said beatedly, "Who ever heard of a 'condition' that kept a plane upstairs? Nonsense! Somebody in the control tower at Kennedy has fumbled and we've been told to scramble. Happened to me before." He looked at a watch half imbedded in black hairs that grew on the pink padding of his wrists. "I should have taken the earlier flight! Got a breakfast date with my best customer—in Rye!"

Morrison murmured, "Tough."

"Tough? If I miss it, it's disaster! Already on the skids, I am. Trying to keep up with customers' martinis—"

His face became babyish. He fumbled out a cigarette, leaned toward the window, swore to himself and informed Morrison, "We're over the Hudson right now."

Someone was lightly tapping Morrison's shoulder. He twisted around. The white-haired, double-domed old party with the shakes. Oddly, the old boy's voice was clear, precise, even authoritative. "May I speak to you a moment, sir?" He sat down in the empty aisle seat before he was answered. "My name is Ludmeyer. I'm a scientist, Emeritus, actually—I resigned my position last night. But you were taken up forward by a stewardess and hence doubtless can shed some light on this rather—ah—unprecedented—flight."

"Morrison," Morrison said and he took what he expected would be a frail hand but turned out to be a firm, wiry grip. "The skipper explained. Some condition holds us at altitude and on course. Nothing they do, up there, changes it."

"You won't object to my saying, I trust, that any such explanation is—fiddle-faddle? Scientifically incredible? And so, this flight must be carrying on because of orders. I've mulled over the possibilities, and there is only one rational solution."

Morrison looked, then, squarely at the man—and found he had met the clearest pair of brown eyes he'd ever seen in a face as aged. Seventy years old, he reflected—minimally. And eyes like back-lighted topazes! A brain, there. His face relaxed as he met the lucid, dark eyes and he chuckled presently.

"If you've guessed the cause—Doctor? — Ludmeyer — I wish you'd tell me. I'm something of a scientist, myself—but I couldn't produce a tenable hunch of any sort."

"They probably didn't give you enough data." The old man had nodded affirmatively at the other's use of "doctor." Now he drew a breath, sighed and said, "You won't panic others by spreading the manifest truth?"

"Certainly not."

"We're making good speed, due north. Doubtless with fuel enough to reach Canada. War's been started. Atomic missiles are momentarily expected in the United States. Planes able to do so are heading for Canada—doubtless neutral."

CASTLES IN THE AIR

MORRISON actually grinned for an instant. That was one he hadn't thought of. However, it didn't fit. He said so. The old man was momentarily dubious and then calmly baffled. He rose. His tremor had not increased. On the contrary. It appeared to be gone. He glanced back with a slight and almost wistful smile. "In that case, I shall have to rethink the problem. Thank you, Mr. Morrison." He paused and the luminous eyes twinkled. "Or is it 'doctor,' too?"

Morrison nodded slightly. "Never use it, though."

Captain Beatty appeared then. He'd overcome the last traces of the near-panic which for some time had come close to freezing his thoughts and caused him to delay in thinking of and trying flight manoeuvres that might have freed the plane of what he called its "bind." Might have—but hadn't.

He now wore a convincing smile — unscared, modest, apologetic. He moved down the aisle, allowing people to question him, talk with him. Soon he had walked on into the larger tourist cabin.

People around Morrison began talking to each other excitedly. Information given by Beatty was tossed about. "What did he mean, the plane won't come down?" A woman in a red hat asked that. "That's just impossible, isn't it?"

"What goes up must come down. Ha-ha!" A man in loud sports clothes offered that banal quotation.

"The airlines," said a dowagerlike female, "are becoming more impossible every day!" She turned to address a thin, nervous girl of perhaps 18 who would have been attractive in less girlish garments and with an adult hairdo. "Lucy. My tranquilliser!"

"Lucy" began to grope in the haughty woman's ogre-size handbag. She found the proper pill container after opening several little silver boxes.

More orders were given the girl. "Ring for the stewardess, Lucy! Water! And take one yourself. It's bound to be tedious."

"Can't let down—fooie!" A teenage boy was giggling. He hooted his wisdom: "Just cut the engines. Down she'll come. Whambo!" His giggle became a falsetto titter. "In which case, no summer school for Alwyn!" Hysteria possessed him. He began to shout. "Listen, everybody! Darling Alwyn won't go to summer school this year! In fact, they won't be able to sort him out of the wreck."

A boy of the same age raised up above the seat backs and dragged "Alwyn" down. "Stow it! You ass!" He said that icily and it got through to his companion. Alwyn began to weep lightly, but he sat down and his pal muffled the sobs, somehow.

The stewardess with brick-red hair and pale skin, long legs, thin, exquisite ankles and an effulgent bosom, now appeared before Morrison with a tray in one hand and a bottle in the other. On the tray were glasses. "Champagne?" she invited, smiling as if nobody ever had or would refuse her anything.

Morrison nodded, took a stemmed glass, held it while she poured—and then wondered what the devil had made him take the drink. It was just about 4.30 a.m. His two double scotches—and the earlier party highballs—were now but a taste like phosphorus and a minor, pricking headache that occurred only when he moved about.

Presently the redhead returned for a second bottle and soon passed by a third time, her mission fulfilled. A male voice behind Morrison caught her attention. "Stewardess!"

She wheeled, came back, leaned. "Yes, Mr. Smythe?"

Morrison reflected that he hadn't even known anybody sat directly behind him. Must be a quiet man. Asleep,

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1500 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE BOYFRIEND



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"Turn around slowly, Kranston, and don't panic."

Continued from page 75

CASTLES IN THE AIR

probably. For nobody had bumped and shoved his chair-back during the entire flight.

Mr. Smythe asked, "The tourist-class get free champagne?"

"No. Only if they order it—and pay."

"Got enough on board for them all?"

"Certainly."

A pause. A faint series of sounds. The voice again. "Here. Give them all drinks. Whatever they want. On me." He handed her a crisp bill.

A gasp from the girl. "Haven't you anything smaller than—this? We can't possibly change it!"

"When we get down's time enough. Go ahead. Hold the bill. Serve 'em all drinks. They need it!"

Before she could depart, a boy of eight or nine materialised from the seats behind Morrison and grabbed the stewardess's elbow, "I'm hungry!"

"I don't think, dear, there's anything—" She frowned and her eyes peered across Morrison into the darkness beyond his window. "Or is there? You sit down and I'll see."

She went.

Automatically, Morrison followed her line-of-gaze as if she might have seen something mysterious out there. He saw something — but it was unmysterious: a pallor in the east where stars had faded. Not long to dawn and then daylight — and how would this day end? Well, how could such a bizarre flight end? It's a dream, he thought; a nightmare . . . and knew better.

We're all suffering from a common madness, he told himself . . . and knew it was not so.

They were all in a jet plane that, quite simply, could move in one direction only: straight ahead.

Accept that, he commanded himself.

But who could?

A little girl could. She teetered down the aisle, inky curls flying, blue eyes shining, and she stopped to tell the fat man, "Mother says maybe we are flying straight to heaven! Isn't that exciting!"

Mother, Morrison thought, may well be right. And she must be a pretty nice mother to put it that way for her cute tot.

The pale sky paled to off-white and then, of a sudden, took on the tints of — what? He sought an exact analogue. A squashed ripe peach, he decided.

THE redheaded stewardess reappeared—looking disconcerted. She beckoned. The third stewardess hurried up—a bit older than the other two and a blonde, but not Angelica-blonde. This one had wiry curls the shade of blond teddy-bears and grey eyes, not sapphire. Of the three, she had seemed to Morrison the least disconcerted by their state. Not much imagination, he had thought. Now, though, looking at her closely, he changed his mind. Preoccupied, this young lady. Something left behind her or waiting back at Kennedy was more on her mind even than the present, shocking reality.

The redhead murmured something. The blonde said, "What!" in so stunned a way that people hoisted themselves up to look. She went on, after shaking her head "It can't be so! All of them? And hot?"

The other nodded. "Must have been intended for Eleven-oh-Three." She shrugged. Anyhow, it's aboard. Once, a Chicago flight got the Buenos Aires meals. But the pilot sensed overload at take-off and came back in.

"I'll tell Bill."

"Break it gently. He's got enough problems as it is!"

"Right!"

Morrison, farthest person forward in first-class, caught the redheaded girl's attention. "What?" he asked.

"By some mistake, before the crew came board, hot lunches were loaded in the plane. We don't carry a meal on this trip—ever. But it may come in handy if—"

Morrison mused upon that. "By some mistake," she had said. And with that into his mind came an inkling of a new possibility, something that might — somehow — be related to the cause of this incredible experience. Maybe the food had not been loaded "by mistake." Perhaps—for unguessable reasons — someone (or some agency) had arranged what was happening. But why? To test psychological reactions of a random group to an inconceivable situation? If it was something like that, the airline could be sued by every victimised passenger for damages certain to be awarded and great enough to ruin the company.

Not—an experiment.

Not, at least, something arranged by human beings.

Little men from outer space, then? Were they to be transferred, at some unknowable point, to flying saucers?

He grinned at himself.

You had to reach the edge of utter silliness even to think up such an idea. After all, his lifelong training was in science. And business.

(But not politics.)

(Or—apparently—love.)

Martha, his first wife, who'd died when Dick was born, had loved him. He thought. But—had she . . . even? Could any man know?

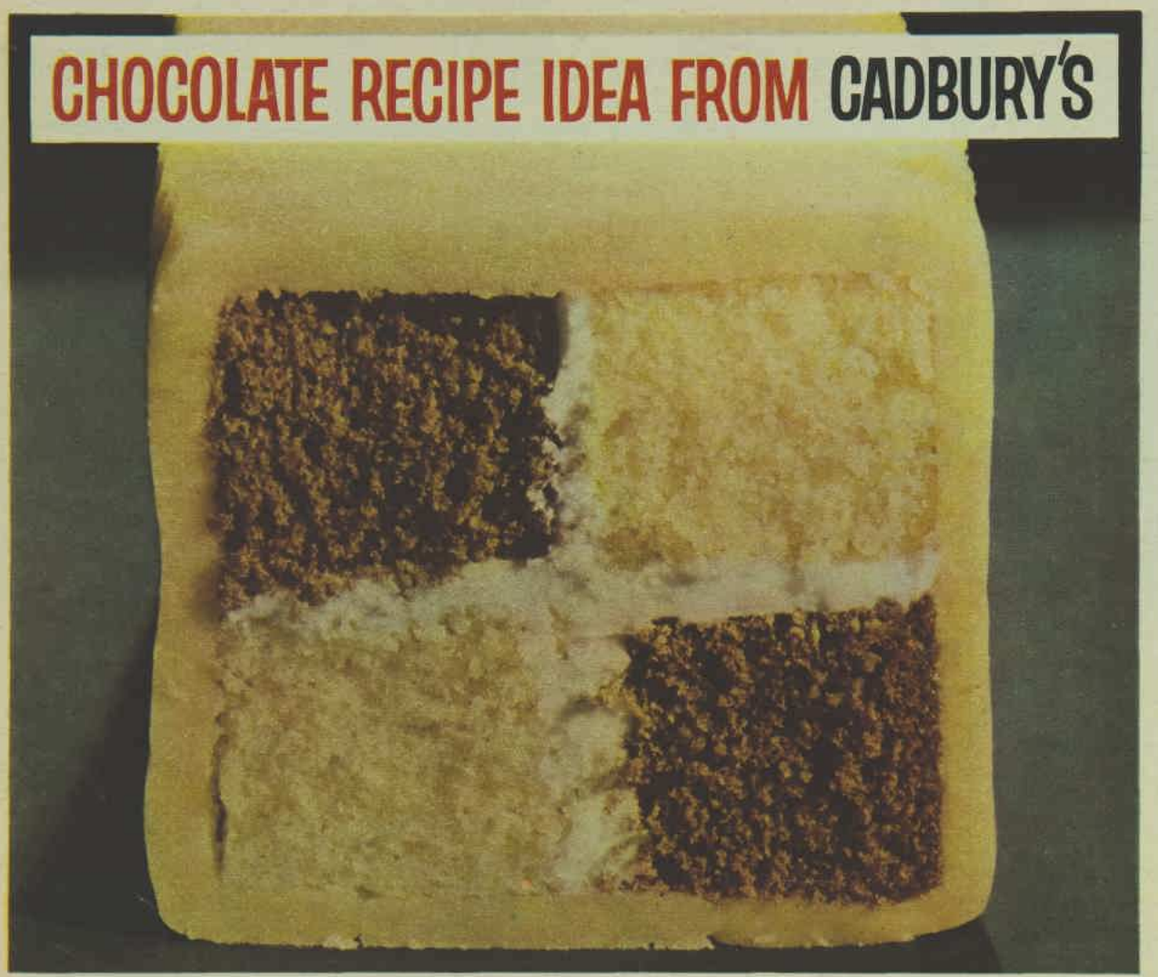
He let that thought run like a rat in his brain until the overwhelming brilliance at his window indicated the rise of the sun's disc. He pulled curtains part way and peered out, down. Mountains. The Adirondacks, he was almost certain.

Soon be over Canada.

He slept . . .

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CHOCOLATE RECIPE IDEA FROM CADBURY'S



BATTENBERG CAKE

Bake it with pleasure...serve it with pride

INGREDIENTS: Cake Mixture: 6 ozs. shortening, 6 ozs. castor sugar, 3 eggs, vanilla essence, 12 ozs. self raising flour, 1 tablespoon Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, milk to mix. **Filling and Covering:** 3 ozs. butter, 6 ozs. icing sugar, vanilla essence, 1 tablespoon seedless or sieved jam, 6-8 ozs. almond paste or marzipan.

METHOD: Grease and line a 7" or 8" square cake tin. Fold a piece of greaseproof paper into several thicknesses and stand across the centre, dividing the tin into two equal parts. Cream the shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add the beaten eggs a little at a time. Add the vanilla essence. Fold in the sifted flour and enough milk to form a soft dropping consistency. Turn half this mixture into one side of the tin. To the remaining mixture, add the sifted cocoa, and a little more milk if necessary to obtain a similar consistency. Turn into the other half of the tin. Bake in a moderate oven 325° or Regulo 4 Gas — 375° Electric for approximately 1 hour. Remove from the tin and cool on a wire tray. Meanwhile prepare the butter cream by beating together the butter and icing sugar and adding a little warm milk or water to form a soft consistency. Trim the cakes and cut each into two even sized lengths. Sandwich together with butter cream, alternating the colours. Brush the long outside edges with jam. Roll the almond paste into a rectangle, large enough to completely cover the jammed sides. Roll the cake in this and seal the join well. Decorate the top with criss-cross scoring and flute the edges. Sprinkle with castor sugar.



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Continued from page 76

CASTLES IN THE AIR

When he wakened, with a dull start, it took a few seconds to remember where he was — and the circumstances of that "where." I was dreaming, he thought. He yawned.

The interminable roar-whine-shush of the engines was unchanged.

Far below, a boundless, slightly rolling bluish-green land stretched to the horizon, its single color interrupted by cobalt patches that were lakes and parts of slow rivers. He remembered this vista from training flights of long ago: Canada — the middle of Quebec, probably.

He became aware that the people in his compartment were peering from the windows — and not talking much.

He gazed ahead — and scowled.

A vast and turbulent mass of cumulo-nimbus. Storm clouds — grey, purplish, almost black — their tumbled bases higher up than the plane. Startled, he peered down. Altitude unchanged or not greatly changed. But the bottoms of storm clouds were never — he thought back and agreed with himself — never very high above the ground and certainly not up above this level . . . no matter how high the tumultuous tops might tower. Storms stayed low.

He eyed the formidable masses far ahead. And suddenly, sickeningly, he thought they did not look so much like storm clouds as, say, the Sierras or the Rockies . . . seen from far off in a plane. The "clouds" didn't move, change shape, shift their darkling hues. They were stationary — and as if solid.

Having noticed that, he now acutely noticed something else, as it began to happen. The jet engines increased their hissing surge and the nose lifted as the ship commenced to climb — toward those seemingly real mountains . . . in the sky!

It was time — maybe past time — to pray.

For one thing seemed sure.

CRASH, land safely, or vanish into thin air — this was their destination or their goal . . . this now-definite range of unknown, unknowable mountains, floating in the sky ahead. There was no other explanation — just as there was no explanation for the existence of these peaks. Like some of the other passengers, Morrison made one last effort to give their circumstances an at-least partially plausible aura — for no logic could describe all that had happened. Not, anyway, till science and its reasoning and data had made some spectacular advance now unimaginable.

He thought, it can only be one thing, really. It has to be a super-mirage. They cannot be floating mountains because mountains do not float. So we must be looking at some refracted or reflected image of a range far from here — the Canadian Rockies, say. Then he asked himself where "here" really was — and could not determine. Over Quebec, doubtless, very high —nearing James Bay and the bigger body of water from which it thrust south: Hudson Bay. Where the land was almost pancake flat. This far north it would be spruce forest — or even permafrost.

They neared the "mountains" now. A towering "peak" rose ahead, snow-covered, glacier-draped, sharp-shouldered, and arrayed here and there with dark, vertical areas that presently could be identified as cliffs of rock overhung by snow visors miles long.

All the passengers were peering ahead now, crowding one another to see—but their talk had died away entirely and they watched this massif as it approached in awed silence. Morrison understood their reasons —shared them. They were going toward a land that was unknown, could not exist. And it was a land of such formidable topography that no plane could find a place in the tumbled, angular geometrics fit for landing.

On the flight deck, Beatty, ghost-pale, and sweating rivulets, kept his eyes fixed on the pinnacle toward which the plane rushed. His fellow officers stared at it in identical certainty. Tim Farlane, the flight engineer, whispered hoarsely their single thought, "This is it."

Beatty nodded. But he was the sort of man who could never accept defeat until nothing else was admissible — until defeat occurred. With a violent lunge, acting almost from instinct, but in a way that typified his employment of instinct, he grabbed once more the long-immovable controls and applied his great strength.

The plane shuddered. His muscles bulged. His shirt split down the back. And, very suddenly, the "bind" gave way so that his over-control threw the plane almost on to its side and cut it away from the imminent ice-faces on a curve that threatened to rip off the wings. Beatty's reflexes levelled it before his brain registered the fact that his ship was, again, subject to his direction.

The white pinnacle passed and a deep gorge was revealed beyond it. Opposite was another mountain-mass as lofty and hostile-looking as any in the high Himalayas. But Beatty now could steer between its crags and he saw, after passing them, a lower range beyond lesser mountains. "Fuel?" he asked tersely.

"About twenty more minutes," Farlane said. "Should have been used up hours ago, though."

The captain gave orders to Whitmore. "Tell everybody to get set for a crash landing. You know the drill."

To be concluded



"Some hunting dog!"



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Letters

Letters must be signed and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 705Z, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Getting to know each other

RECENTLY I sent my Japanese pen-friend a catalogue which took me three months to prepare, and I enjoyed every moment of it. The catalogue is a very thick exercise book crammed with details about the people and places in my life. It opens with short biographies on members of my family, close friends, and others I mention in my letters.

Photos are attached where possible; but, if not, there is a sketch, art being one of my hobbies. I listed things each one liked and disliked, how they dressed, favorite sayings and mannerisms, and also their opinions on subjects of interest.

This lengthy section was followed by a plan of our town, a plan of our house, one of my room, and a list of all my books and records, several of my favorite recipes, sketches of clothes I have or would like to have, pin-ups of Australian pop stars, and a lot of other little items I thought would interest her.

She was thrilled with it, and is now preparing a catalogue about her life for me. We will probably never have the opportunity to visit each other, but we think this is an interesting way to get to know each other better. — *"Pen-friend." Lismore, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK



"Man, I mean like, who needs arithmetic to sum up a good figure?"

The moon . . .

THE subject of flying saucers has always fascinated me. Having read three books by prominent scientists on this subject, there is little doubt in my mind that flying saucers do exist.

Many people do not believe in them, because they do not read very much about them in the newspapers. In America, sightings have to be reported to the police, although accounts of the sightings are not published in the papers.

I accept it as a fact that our moon is a stop-over for inter-planetary craft. Moving lights have been observed in one particularly large crater, and it is claimed that since 1955 a huge highway has been built, and a bridge, 20 miles long, with no supports, spans a crater. Both structures can be seen through the Mount Palomar telescope in the U.S.A.

There may be many opinions on this subject, but I do not doubt that we are being constantly watched from outer space. — *Paul McKeich, Hampton Park, W.A.*

. . . and the stars

THE senior science master at our school has started an astronomy club. The club meets every Friday night to look at the stars and planets through a telescope.

It is wonderful to look at globular clusters, the four moons of Jupiter, and the craters of the moon. One star in particular, Betelgeux (Beatle-juice), is a red giant. The colors of the stars vary according to their age.

Star-gazing is a valuable and interesting hobby. Other schools could copy ours by having astronomy clubs for the students.—*"Star-Gazer," Port Augusta, S.A.*

Being honest

TEENAGE girls are expected to be interested only in boys, the latest in clothes, hairstyles, the top 40, make-up, and everything else that is fashionable.

People seem surprised when they find that we are often not interested in these things.

We consider it stupid to pretend to like current fashions in order to gain popularity, and prefer, instead, to do things we are interested in, whether they are fashionable or not.

If we lose friends by doing this, at least we are being honest with ourselves. — *S. Evans, East Ringwood, Vic.*

NEXT WEEK

● Color pictures of Hayley Mills and James MacArthur from the film "The Truth About Spring," in which they co-star with Hayley's father, John Mills. Made in Spain, the film is about a tomboy teenager whose life aboard a fishing boat has not equipped her to cope with the problems of growing up.

Going steady

SO many times I've heard people say, "Don't go steady too young or you'll regret it." But how can you avoid it when you meet the perfect boy of your dreams and never want to leave his side?

My boyfriend and I are both 16 and met exactly a year ago. We didn't fall for each other from the first moment, but after a few meetings we found that we really hit it off.

I've never had so much fun at parties before—he's the biggest joker you could ever meet. My parents are really fond of him, and there aren't enough words to describe how nice his parents are.

I have been out with other boys, but none of them come up to him. He is really different. When it is raining we take off our shoes and run down the road hand-in-hand as fast as we can. With him the most plain, ordinary, everyday things can be marvellous fun.

Not for the world would I swop or give up my steady, and I can't possibly see how I can ever regret such a perfect memory — *R. Andrewson, Bayswater, Vic.*

Seeing the world

YOUNG people going abroad on a working holiday are often criticised on the grounds that they have not even seen all their own country first. The attitude is that they have a moral obligation to see their own land before they can see anything else.

This kind of reasoning seems senseless to me. It overlooks one of the major reasons why people travel—to gain the experience of living with people of different cultures, with people who have different social environments and historical backgrounds, and who also have different economic and political systems.

To travel abroad is a great challenge for Australians, and surely we should not criticise those who rise to meet it. — *Patricia Evans, Croydon, N.S.W.*

Beauty in brief

Winter Hair Beauty

SUMMER means the sun and the surf, but it often means dull, dry hair for winter, too.

Try this once a week to bring the life back into your hair. Apply warm olive oil all over scalp and wrap head in a hot, wet towel for ten minutes. Repeat and then wash twice with a special shampoo for dry hair.

As artificial drying by the heat of fires and heaters can cause brittleness and split ends, try to sun dry as often as possible.

When your hair is clean and dry, stimulate the scalp with regular, gentle brushing.

Have ends snipped every six weeks. Hair usually grows unevenly, and scraggly ends make it look shorter than it really is.

With regular trimmings your hair will seem longer.

And why not add exciting highlights to your hair with a flattering color rinse?

—CAROLYN EARLE.

THE CLASSICS

SCARLATTI: Harpsichord sonatas

DOMENICO SCARLATTI (born in the same year as Bach and Handel, 1685) was one of the greatest harpsichord players of his day; as well as being a prolific composer he left behind evidence of his own virtuosity in about 600 short pieces for harpsichord.

These pieces (which he called "Exercises" but which are nowadays renamed sonatas) require much more technical agility than was usual in keyboard writing of that period, and are at the same time varied, original, and attractive miniatures.

This combination of qualities has made them favored recital fare for modern concert harpsichordists.

The HMV company has brought out a record of 20 Scarlatti sonatas played by the most famous pioneer of the modern harpsichord revival, Wanda Landowska, who died in 1959. The disc, compiled from 78 r.p.m. recordings originally made in 1939 and 1940, is issued in HMV's "Great Recordings of the Century" series. (It is the second Landowska-Scarlatti disc in this series.)

The sonatas are well chosen, the performances are brilliant, and the sound quality — apart from pitch-fluctuations here and there—is generally quite satisfactory.

—MARTIN LONG

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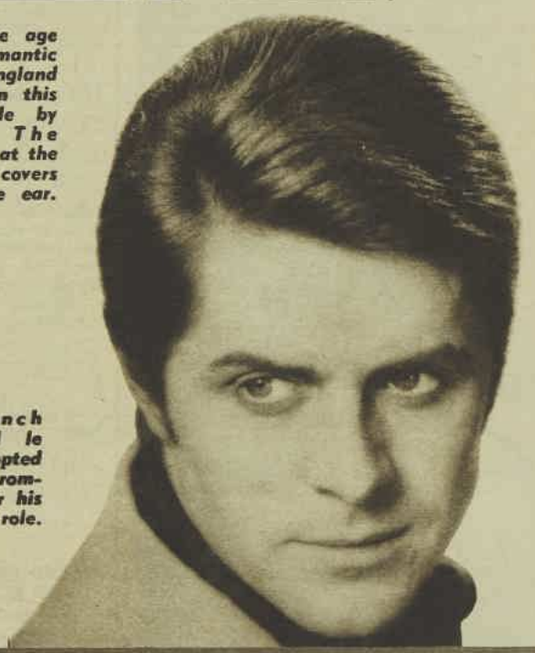
The boys will wear their hair like this, Paris says

● The boys have their say, on page 79, about how girls should wear their hair — now here are the styles that top French hairdressers say the smart young men will have.





ABOVE: The age of the romantic poets of England is revived in this Byronic style by Alexandre. The hair is long at the neck and covers most of the ear.



RIGHT: French actor Michel le Royer has adopted Molinario's romantic lines for his latest film role.

ABOVE: Alexandre's polo cut has a fringe across the forehead, and sideburns. This is an ideal sportsman's style.



LEFT: Alexandre's "Emperor Napoleon" style is popular. It is razor-cut and covers the back of the neck with a thick fringe from ear to ear.



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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Guilty freedom

"FOR a few months I went out with a boy whom I liked very much. The idea of going steady thrilled me at first, then I started to get other invitations and I began to want my freedom. At first I didn't accept the invitations, but eventually I did, which led to arguments and the break-up of my romance. I am free now, but I can't help feeling a little guilty. What should I do?"

"Puzzled," N.S.W.

Your reactions are entirely natural and show that you have the intelligence to realise that, at 17, having one boyfriend is not necessarily the answer to teenage happiness. Going out with different people (provided your parents approve your choices) is a good thing for most teenage girls (and boys). No, don't feel guilty. Enjoy your youth, free of the restrictions of going steady.

Don't chase boys

"I AM 17 years old and I like a boy who lives 98 miles away. His friend has a car and they drove up to my town about four weeks ago. He promised he would visit me again, but he didn't turn up. I rang him and asked him why, and he told me he hadn't wanted to. I have written several times to him, but he never answers. Only the other day I rang him, and we arranged that he would come and visit me on the Saturday, but again he didn't turn up. Do you think I should bother to contact him again?"

P.S., Vic.

No. It is very obvious he is NOT interested in you. To be blunt, you are *being* a pest. On several occasions he has tried to convey the message to you, but you would not understand it. It's a jolt to anyone's pride, but learn one lesson and learn it quickly before you grow older. Never, but NEVER, pursue a man. Let him make the overtures, the telephone calls, write the letters, and do the calling and planning. Play it cool and never do your own courting. Leave it to the boys.

Feeling trapped

"I AM an 18-year-old boy and I have been going out with a girl for some time. There has been no real agreement, but we have drifted into a steady arrangement. There is, however, another girl who belongs to the same sailing club as I do. I would like to ask her out, but I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings. I am beginning to feel trapped. Can you advise me?"

"Adrift," S.A.

Talk to the present friend, tactfully suggest that although you would like to continue seeing her, you feel it would be best for both of you if you both went out occasionally with other young people. Who knows, she may be feeling trapped, too.

He's irritating

"I AM a girl of 18. My problem is a boy of 17 who is pursuing me. Up until now I have not discouraged him from seeing me and have enjoyed his company. Now I find him irritating and immature as he is seeing me far too much and interrupting my study. How can I make this a purely platonic friendship without hurting him?"

"Pursued," W.A.

Whichever way you go about it, you'll probably hurt his feelings. The point is to decide whether you will do this gradually, little by little, or do it quickly by simply telling him you are no longer interested. The latter course is always the best, and most easily understood by boys, the majority of whom like knowing where they stand. It saves them a lot of time.

Never been kissed

"I have been going out with a boy for five years and he has never once attempted to kiss me. All my girlfriends have been kissed and I feel left out. (I have NEVER been kissed by a boy!) I know he loves me very much and my feeling toward him is the same. What should I do?"

M.C., N.S.W.

You didn't say how old you are, which has some bearing on the case. For example, if you started going out casually in a group when you were 12 or 13, then you are about eighteen now. So at the moment you have nothing to worry about. He is obviously fond of you, otherwise he wouldn't have been around for so long. He may be standing off because he is shy.

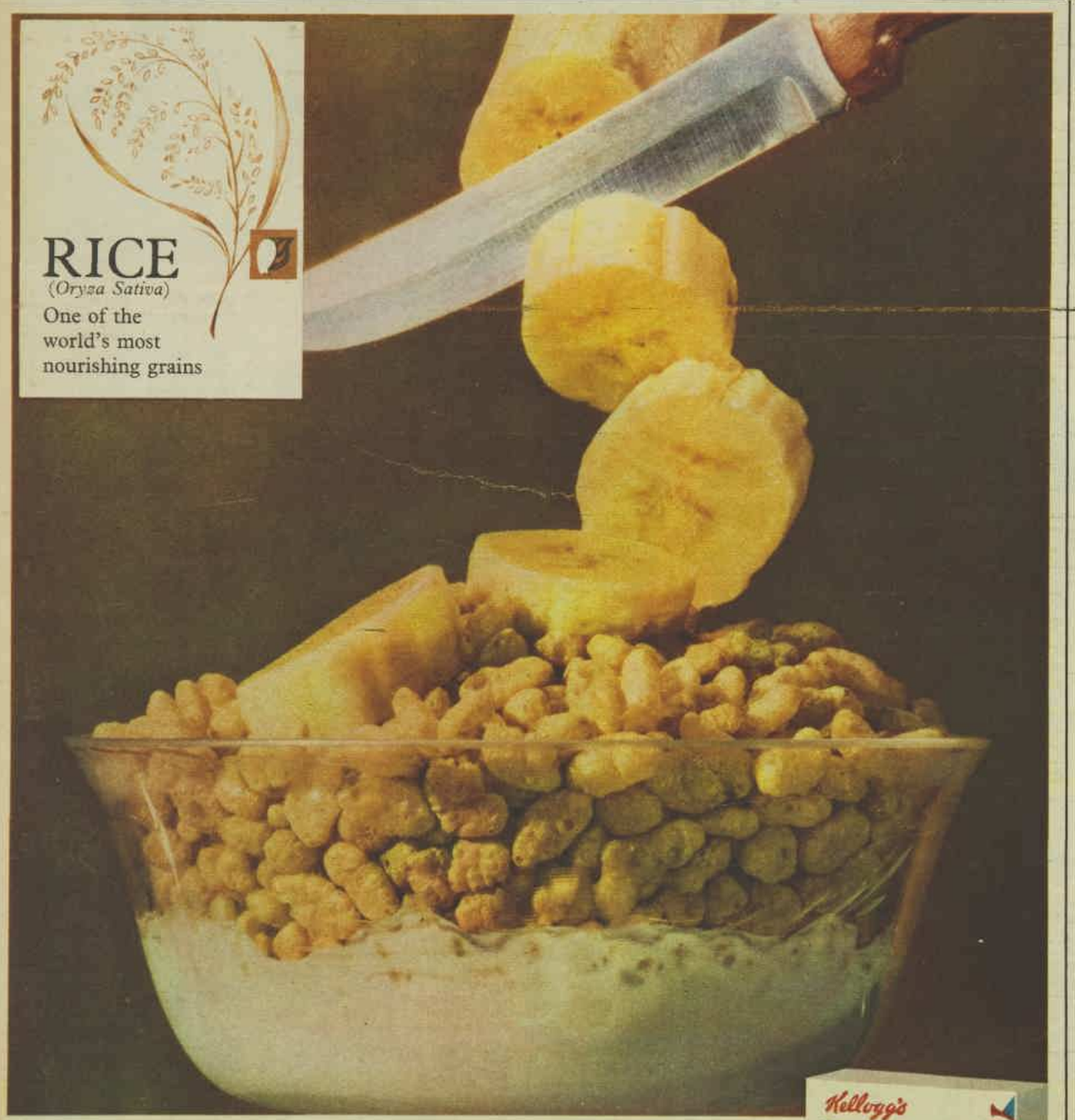
Skin problem

"I AM writing to ask you whom I could contact in connection with operations for the removal of acne scars. My skin is very badly marked, so I would appreciate any help you could give."

"Scarred," N.S.W.

I suggest you see your doctor — the scars may not be as bad as you imagine, but if they are your doctor may be able to help you.

Ask his advice. He can refer you to a skin specialist.



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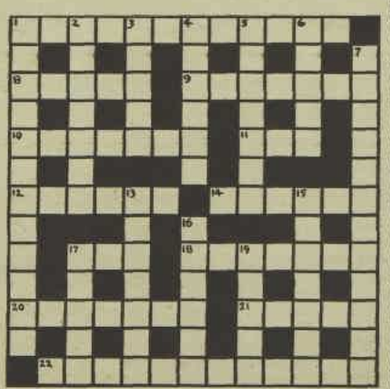
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE arrives at the Charity Ball to discover the place in darkness. The Mole has fused the lights and stolen the great ruby. Mandrake takes up the chase. NOW READ ON . . .





THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Deft tops ever make cerebrospinal meningitis (7, 5).
8. Ragtag or a market place of an ancient Greek town (5).
9. The next month can be a poor mix (7).
10. Intrinsic nature, though its sense is troubled (7).
11. Anger (3).
12. Give this large basket as a present (6).
14. Go on board ship by turning me to the cry of a dog (6).
17. Be well or happy (3).
18. Belonging to the family of seals with external ears (7).
20. Originating on the surface of the earth and containing a pig (7).
21. A pit of importance (5).
22. Get into social contact by friction (3, 9).

DOWN

1. This aside is part of a play (5, 7).
2. So mop us with a marsupial (7).
3. Rat in a body of followers (5).
4. Spruce (6).
5. Self-conceit (7).
6. Banished person (5).
7. Peke dog reels (anagr., 5-7).
13. Odd numbers, which are inwardly even and are sufficient for cricket teams (7).
15. Perturb (7).
16. Precede by use of gore (6).
17. Farewell even from France (5).
19. Divine messenger produced by American gelignite (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

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BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES.

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NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

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FAST, POSITIVE COUGH RELIEF BECAUSE NEW IMPROVED FORMULA NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' HAS

60% More decongestive activity!

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Even persistent coughing, heavy chest congestion and bronchitis are relieved with **improved formula** NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir. It works faster; relief lasts longer because its **active** ingredients are **substantially** increased. You benefit with **increased effectiveness without increase in price!** 6, 12 and 16 fl. oz. bottles: **6/9, 11/6** and **14/9.**

Special age-adjusted dosage strengths for children; babies.

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Get wonderful relief from "stuffy" head colds — anytime, anywhere, with NYAL 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY. A fine mist of relief-bringing medication penetrates high into nose and sinuses. Relief lasts for 4 hours. Soothing and gentle to delicate nasal tissue . . . **7/-.**



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'DECONGESTANT'
NASAL SPRAY

Pain Relief without Stomach Upset

You can get wonderful relief from pain with DOLAMIN without stomach upset. Gets to centre of pain faster; gives rapid, long-lasting relief from headache, nerve pains, muscular aches, feverishness of colds and 'flu.

24 tablets, **3/9;**
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Clear Head Colds with a Tablet!

COLDREX acts immediately to reduce nasal and sinus congestion; ease pain and reduce fever; build resistance to infection; helps speed recovery. 12 tablets, **4/6;** 24 tablets. **8/-.**



Build Resistance to Winter Ills

with NYAL PLURAVIT Multi-Vitamin Capsules. One capsule daily supplies 21 essential vitamins and minerals your body needs daily. 30 days, **22/6;** 90 days, **52/6.**



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Infected, inflamed throats need Coldrex **antiseptic** throat pastilles' **4-way** medication to relieve soreness . . . stop coughing! Coldrex Pastilles are antiseptic, decongestive and expectorant. 30 pastilles in a handy flat metal can—**7/6;** or cartons of 20 pastilles—**5/9.**



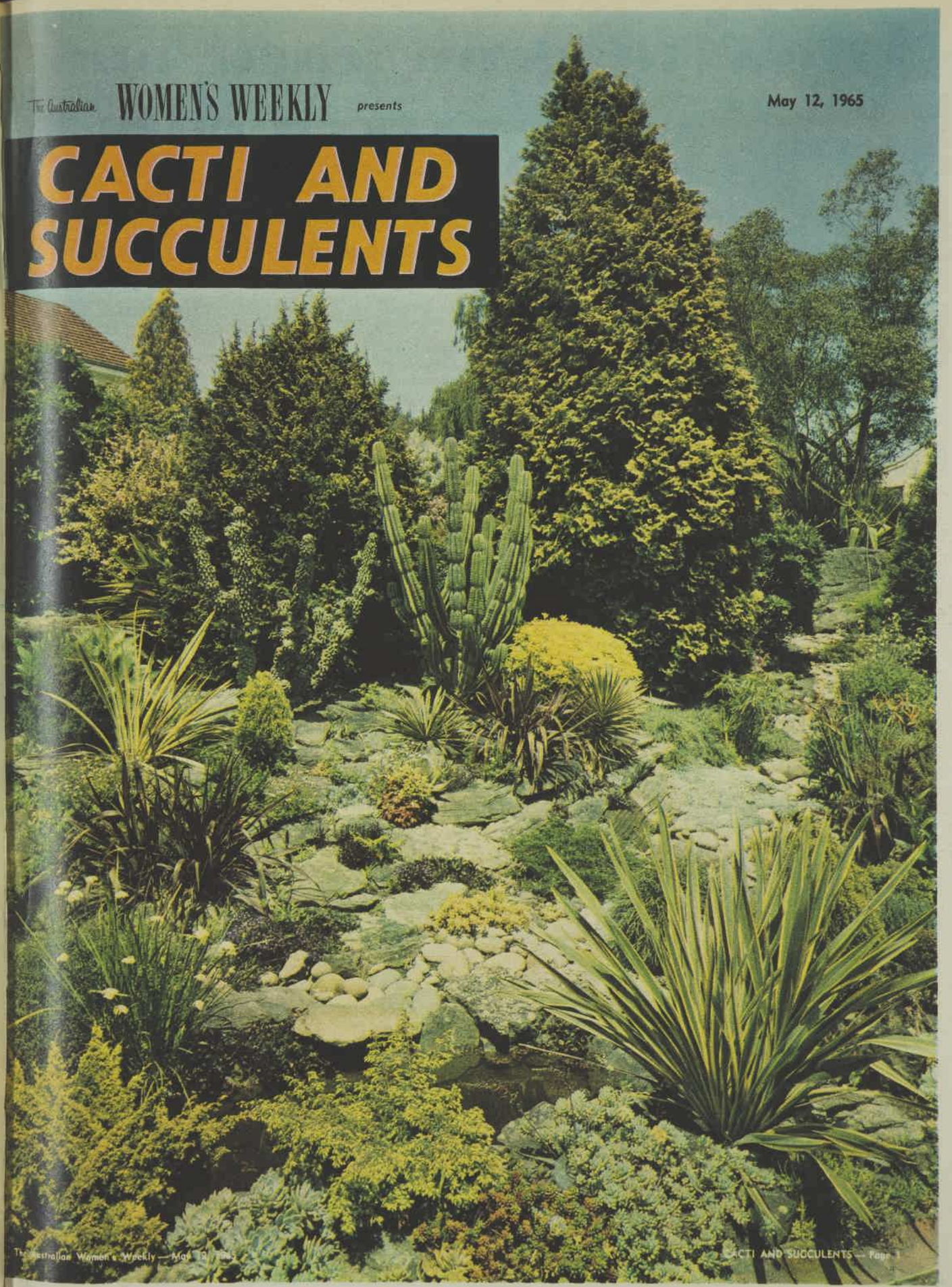
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents

May 12, 1965

CACTI AND SUCCULENTS



Adelaide highway in Victoria's Western District. Picture

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How to grow cacti and succulents



WINDOW-SILL can be the setting for an attractive display of cacti and succulents in small pots. Most plants like a sunny position free from draughts. They need plenty of water and good drainage.

By JOHANNA STARK

● Cacti and succulents are gaining popularity in Australia because of their enormous variety and unusual flowers. They are easy to grow and live for many years.

LIKE most desert plants, cacti and succulents will endure extreme heat and cold. They are good looking all the year round, and quite easy to plant.

Most are hardy, but there are a few species the beginner needs to avoid. Many can be grown well indoors if kept close to a bright window. With a larger collection one always finds one or other of the group in flower.

As they adapt themselves to so many climatic conditions, most plants can be grown successfully in all of Australia's populated areas.

A small collection on a window-sill or outside a window-ledge can give as much pleasure as a large collection in a garden or glasshouse.

Cacti are commonly called desert plants, but they are also to be found high up in the mountains and in tropical forests. Their home is — with a small exception — America.

Cacti are one family of the large group of plants known as succulents, plants whose structure is designed to store and conserve water. The name cactus comes from the Greek word "kaktos," meaning a prickly plant, and the members of this family (there are 2000 species) have spines. There are, however, some succulents with spines which are not cacti.

All the plants pictured grow successfully in Australia.

Cacti and succulents need plenty of water in their growing period, a rich soil, and lots of sun and fresh air.

Flowers

A number will flower at an early age, even less than 1in. across. They flower regularly every year, and in many varieties flowering lasts from early spring to late winter. On many plants the fruit is as decorative as the flowers.

I have often heard people say that cacti do not flower, or that they do so once every seven years. This is quite wrong.

Many suburban nurseries and city chain-stores sell succulents. Some of my own plants come from the flower section of the city markets.

Many of these plants are grown from imported seeds or are cuttings from other plants. Growing from seeds can be fascinating, but is only advisable after years of experience with plants of that type.

Growing succulents becomes a fascinating hobby. To see more varieties of plants, join a Cactus and Succulent Society. Membership is open to any person interested. Beginners are advised on soil mixtures, potting, how to grow from seeds, etc. Most societies have a library for members' use, and you will have the opportunity to see other members' gardens.

Cactus and Succulent Societies have been formed in New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and Queensland. Some publish a quarterly journal.

The Royal Agricultural Society of New South Wales has competitive sections for cacti and succulents in the Horticulture Division which have proved very popular.

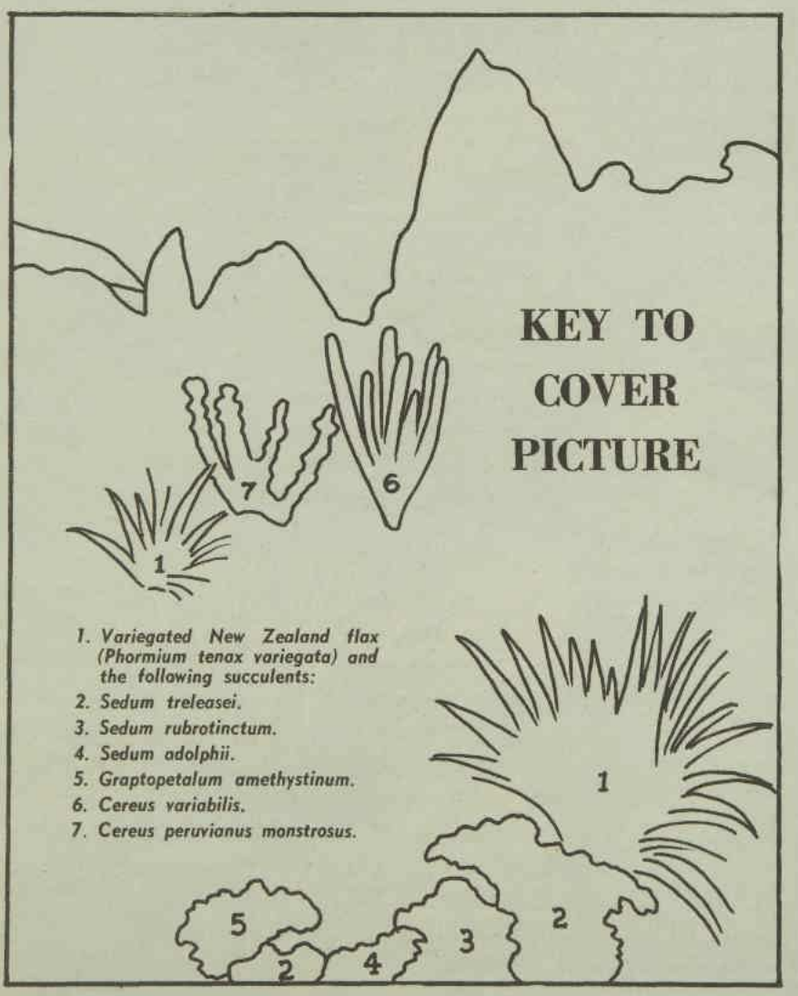
Cacti have an economic value in the Americas, the native habitat of many beautiful varieties.

Cactus candy made out of the large barrel cactus is very common in the United States and is sold in large quantities in Mexican markets, although in Australia the birds usually consume the fruit.

In their native countries some cacti are made up into salads and are also used as vegetables.

The woody structure, especially of the tall Cereus type, is used for making furniture and fences, the spines for fish-hooks, pins, or needles.

Could anybody suggest a better fence to discourage prowlers or animals than the



1. *Variegated New Zealand flax (Phormium tenax variegata) and the following succulents:*
2. *Sedum treleasei.*
3. *Sedum rubrotinctum.*
4. *Sedum adolphii.*
5. *Graptopetalum amethystinum.*
6. *Cereus variabilis.*
7. *Cereus peruvianus monstrosus.*

● Our cover picture (taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow) shows succulents combined with other plants in Mrs. R. Carden's garden at Cheltenham, N.S.W. Other cacti and succulents pictured are from the collections of Mrs. I. Lucas, Bringelly, N.S.W.; Mr. F. Fahey, Northmead, N.S.W.; Mr. and Mrs. E. Lawrence, Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.; the late Mr. D. Scouller, Merrylands, N.S.W.; Mr. A. E. Allen, Hurstville, N.S.W.; Mr. M. Milton, West Ryde, N.S.W.; Mrs. I. Little, Maroubra, N.S.W.; and from the author's collection.

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RE-POTTING. 1. Remove plant from the pot by holding with one hand (or with wooden tongs) and knocking the pot sharply on a potting table.

2. Shake gently to remove as much of the old soil as possible. Examine the plant and its roots for insects and pests, especially mealy bugs.

3. With the roots hanging freely in the centre of the pot, drop soil around the roots and fill up to the rim. Tap the pot to settle the soil.

columnar type of cactus? Not only is it effective, but it is attractive.

Soil

Many people believe that succulent plants grow in the desert in nothing but sand, but this is quite wrong. It is essential for a soil mixture to be nutritious.

For beginners, a good general soil mixture can be made up of equal parts (by bulk) of good garden soil or good fibrous loam, well-decayed cow or sheep manure, or spent mushroom compost, and coarse river sand. This should be thoroughly mixed.

The soil should be sufficiently porous for the water to penetrate. Porosity is most essential, the best soil would not save your plant from rotting if it is not porous. Stagnant water means death to your plant.

Watering

In spring, when plants start making new growth, gradually increase watering. Water fairly freely in summer during the whole growing period, how often depends on many factors.

Do not water if the soil is still wet (test it farther down the pot, the top soil is very misleading and often dries out in quite a short time).

Watering also depends much on the amount of sunshine your plants receive and the speed with which the whole soil dries out. The warmer and sunnier the days, the more water the plants can absorb. Let the sun be your guide and not the time. Small flowerpots dry out more rapidly than larger ones and therefore need watering more often.

When watering, do it thoroughly! Don't water the surface only, it is the roots that need the moisture.

In April, May, and the following months of winter reduce watering, but do not stop altogether. If in doubt, remember that too much can lead to root damage and rotting of the whole plant. Only by practice will you gain the knowledge of when and how much to water.

Plants do best with plenty of sunlight and fresh air. If you grow succulents indoors, keep them out of draughts and put them outside whenever the weather permits. Turn the pots now and then to prevent the plants becoming lopsided, as they tend to grow toward the light. Turning also exposes hidden insects which seem to prefer the shadier side of the plant.

Re-potting

Cacti and succulents may be re-potted at any time, especially if the plant is not doing too well or if it has outgrown its container. In general, the best time for re-potting is in spring, soon after new growth can be seen.

The younger plants are more vigorous and will probably need re-potting every year. As plants become older re-potting is only necessary every second or third year.

A number of small plants in one large pot will do better than individually in small pots, which only dry out quickly.

When ready for potting, select a container large enough to take the plant and roots comfortably. The plant will grow in a good-sized pot much better than if it is forced into a small one. Pots that have been used should be cleaned thoroughly to destroy pests or disease.

Have your soil mixture ready, also some gravel or broken crocks. Remove the plant from the pot by holding it in one hand and knocking the pot sharply on the edge of your potting table. Shake away as much of the old soil as possible. This is a good time to examine your plant for insects and pests. (For dealing with pests, see page 7.)

Place a piece of crock over the drainage hole and cover with a half-inch deep layer of gravel, or smaller pieces of crock. With the roots hanging freely in the centre of the pot, drop soil around the roots and fill up to the rim.

Tap the pot on your potting table to settle down the soil and make room for watering. If the soil is slightly moist when re-potting, no water need to be given for several days, allowing damaged roots to heal.

Succulents make a decorative display arranged as a miniature garden. Instead of potting your plants separately, plant them all in one container. This can be almost anything, as long as it is hollow, and not less than 3in. deep, to allow the roots plenty of space in which to grow.

Choose a container with a drainage hole, so that all surplus water can run off to prevent the soil from becoming waterlogged. A piece of crock should be placed over the drainage hole and covered with broken brick or smaller pieces of crock.

Fill the container with a slightly moist soil mixture up to the rim. Tap down a few times on a hard base to settle the soil and leave room for watering.

Choose plants which are easy to grow, but which will not grow too big. Don't use too many plants—allow for growth, or your garden will be overcrowded in a short time. A piece of rock placed between the plants allows for expansion and improves the composition.

Place your miniature garden in a warm and sunny position, turning the dish from time to time to prevent the plants growing in one direction.

For many years it was believed that glazed or other nonporous pots would mean death to plants, but today plastic pots are quite popular. I prefer plastic pots — especially square ones which save space—to any other container.

Experience has shown that the plastic pot has many advantages over the terracotta pot. Terracotta dries out quickly, particularly in hot weather, and water evaporates through its sides, continually drawing moisture from the soil. In summer this means frequent watering. Far less watering is needed for plants in plastic or other nonporous pots.

If you do not want to dispose of your terracotta pots, a coat of marine copal varnish applied inside will make them nonporous.



MINIATURE GARDEN effect can be achieved by putting several plants into one large container (at least 3in. deep). Don't use too many plants and allow space for growth. Pebbles or small stones are an artistic touch and allow space between plants.

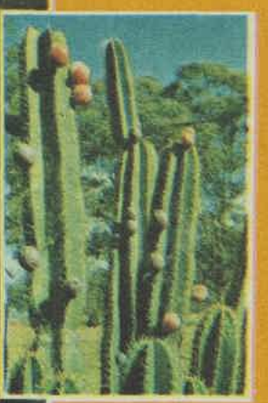
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CACTI

● The quaint cactus, with its odd shapes and protective spines, produces spectacular flowers of great beauty, often flowering for many months of the year



● *Gymnocalycium mihanovichii, var. friedrichii (Paraguay). The flowers are mostly pink or white.*





● *Cereus peruvianus (South America), seen above left with ripe fruit, is a night-flowering cactus. Above right: Chamaecereus silvestrii, or Peanut Cactus (Argentina), is free-flowering.*



● *Mammillaria colombiana (Colombia) has attractive red berries which appear after flowering of the plant.*



● *Coryphantha poselgeriana (Mexico) is a gem among the many species of the beautiful Coryphantha genus.*



● *Stenocactus violaciflorous (Mexico) has wavy ribs and fierce-looking spines. Flowers are numerous near the crown.*

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● *Mammillaria swinglei (Mexico), shown here in flower, grows either as a single column or produces offsets.*



● *Nopalxochia phyllanthoides or Deutsche Kaiserin (Central America) comes from moist, sub-tropical regions.*



● *Krainzia guelzowiana (Mexico), shown here in flower, is a lovely plant which is much sought after by collectors.*



● *Mammillaria elongata, var. tenuis (Mexico), is one of many varieties of this species. All have yellow spines.*



● *Parodia auriespina (Argentina). Parodias are particularly beautiful, most species have hooked spines.*



● *Mammillaria aureilanata (Mexico). This Mammillaria, shown here in flower, is treasured by cactus collectors.*



● *Astrophytum myriostigma (Mexico) is commonly called the Bishop's Hat. It flowers freely, likes full sun.*



● *Mammillaria nunezii (Mexico) is a beautiful cactus, good for beginners as it is easy to grow, free-flowering.*



● *Notocactus ottonis, var. tortuosus (South America). Flowers very freely and the flowers are mostly yellow.*

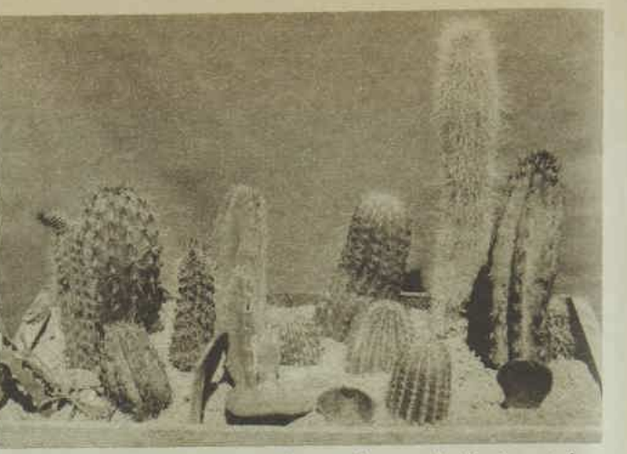
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1. Use a sharp knife or razor blade to take cuttings from succulents.



2. Dust the cut surface with flowers of sulphur to heal, stop decay.



3. Plant cuttings in coarse river sand or vermiculite to root, keep moist until roots have formed (usually two or three weeks).

CUTTINGS

CUTTINGS can be taken from most cacti. Many of them consist of separate branches or offsets, also called "pups," which normally root quite easily.

Other succulents can be propagated from cuttings of rosettes, leaves, or pieces of stem. Occasionally even a flower stalk will strike. Succulents can also be grown from seed.

The best time to take cuttings is summer, when plants are most active. Use a sharp knife or a razor-blade.

Dust the cut surface with flowers of sulphur (obtainable from chemists) to heal the cut and keep out decay. Leave in a sunny position for the cut to heal. This may take from a day to a week, depending on how much sap each cutting produces.

The cuttings may then be placed into a rooting medium of coarse river sand or vermiculite. Coarse river sand is most satisfactory for both cacti and succulents. The container with the cutting should be kept in a warm, half-shaded place and the soil kept moist until roots have formed.

Check how each cutting is progressing by gently lifting it out of the sand (the time of rooting naturally varies with different plants, but usually takes from two to three weeks).



HANGING BASKET of Sedum morganianum.

SPACE-SAVERS

● Where space is at a premium, succulents can be displayed on windowsills or in hanging baskets.

ONE way to solve the space problem is to use discarded house guttering attached in tiers to a sunny wall. By the time it is discarded, guttering usually has ready-made draining holes, so all it needs is a coat of paint. Prepare it as you would a pot with crock to cover the holes, gravel, and porous soil. It will not take long for the trailing plants to hide the guttering.

Another way of making use of a wall is to attach shelves of wrought-iron about 10in. wide. There is plenty of scope to expand until you have reached the top of the wall.



GUTTERING attached to a wall makes a trough for succulents. Several tiers look attractive.

Cactus favorites

● The five cactus genera described here in detail all grow well in Australia and are favorites with collectors. They are ideal for beginners.

ECHINOPSIS (originally from South America) are widely grown in Europe, where they are known as "Easter Lily Cactus" because the flowers come in spring—Easter in the Northern Hemisphere — and resemble lilies:

These are excellent plants for beginners and are probably the most familiar type of cactus. The plants are globular with many deep ribs, and are relatively small—under 12in. tall and about 3in. thick in even the larger species. They make excellent pot or rockery plants. The flowers, large and sometimes heavily scented, are on long tubes. Propagation is easy from the offsets, which are formed in profusion and which root freely, sometimes commencing while still on the mother plant. A sunny position is best, otherwise shoots become spindly.

Good species are: E. multiplex, E. grandiflora, E. calachlora, E. oxygona, E. eyriesii.

(The genus **LOBIVIA** — the name is an anagram of Bolivia —is closely related to Echinopsis, as is **REBUTIA**, another native of South America.)

NOTOCACTUS (the name means "Southern Cactus," a reference to its origin in South American countries such as Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina):

They are among the most beautiful of the small cacti and are ideal for pots or rockeries, as they are very hardy. A warm, sunny position is best. The fairly large flowers are produced freely, even on small plants, and they rarely fail to flower each year. The yellow-orange and pink flowers last for several days.

Species easily obtainable are: N. pampeanus, N. concinnus, N. apricus, N. mammulosus, N. rutilans, and N. ottonis, with its many varieties.

GYMNOCALYCIUM (from South America):

The name, meaning "naked bud," describes the unusual flowers. Gymnocalyciums are easy to grow and flower even when quite young. The flowers are large and showy, usually white or pink, seldom yellow or red. Plants grown in full sun become purplish in color. This is quite natural and is not a sign of disease.

Species suitable for beginners are G. denudatum, G. mihanovichii, G. multiflorum, G. saglionis, G. venturianum.

MAMMILLARIA:

No collection should be without Mammillarias. In shape they vary considerably—some are round, others elongated, many form large groups. They are easily divided. There are many free-flowering species, some of which will flower when less than 1in. across. Flowers are small (white, cream, yellow, and all shades of pink, red, and purple) and are followed by red fruit. Most are easy to grow but require full sunshine (they turn to the sun).

Of this large family the most popular species are M. bocasana, M. lanata, M. prolifera, M. gracilis, M. hahniana ("Old Lady Cactus"), M. compressa, and M. rhodantha and its many varieties.

ASTROPHYTUM (from Mexico, commonly known as "Star Cactus"):

There are four species, two of which (with their many varieties) are easy to grow. These plants like plenty of sunshine and will flower when the plants are about 2in. across, producing blooms throughout the summer. Flowers are large and yellow with a satin-like sheen. The body is covered with tiny, hairy flecks. Beginners, not knowing this to be natural, have often sprayed the plants, mistaking the flecks for insects, or have scraped them off.

The species A. myriostigma is known as the "Bishop's Hat." Spines are completely absent on this species. The flowers reach 2½in. in diameter.

A. ornatum grows up to 15in. tall. Spines are straight and very sharp. Flowers are very large—3½in. across—and a beautiful yellow. Both species can be planted outdoors, even withstanding light frost.

Other popular genera suitable for beginners are: Parodia, Coryphantha, Echinocereus, Hamatocactus, and Epiphyllum.

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MAKING A ROCKERY

● In their native countries succulents grow in stony, shallow soil, narrow crevices, and on rock ledges, covering the rock with their trailing foliage.

THEY are ideal for rock gardens on a sunny slope.

If you are building a rockery, choose a sunny position with good, well-drained soil, or if necessary improve the soil with plenty of coarse sand and leaf-mould or well-decayed manure. Succulents need porous soil so that rain will drain off quickly; heavy soil brings root decay.

Succulents can be planted in any hollowed stone or soil pocket between rocks. Small stones are useful for supporting new plants and protecting them from excessive heat in summer.

The plants listed below will grow well in rockeries or in pots.

SEDUM: A world-wide genus of succulent plants, found almost anywhere rocks are present.

All are easy to grow, provided there is plenty of sun. The flowers are mostly yellow and white. Cuttings root very easily.

The most attractive species are: S. allantoides, S. bellum, S. adolphii, S. spectabile, S. guatemalense, S. pachyphyllum.

ECHEVERIA (Central and South America):

Sometimes called "Hen and Chicken" because the young plants grow in circles round the mother plant, Echeveria are easy to grow and especially suitable for rockeries or dish gardens. Many are excellent wall plants, whereas some make useful borders for flowerbeds. The flowers (quaint little bells) make a fine show when in bloom. Cuttings of almost any part will root.

The most popular species are: E. elegans, E. derenbergii, E. hoveyii, E. multicaulis, E. peacockii, E. pulvinata.

SEMPERVIVUM (mountains of Central and Southern Europe):

Very easily recognised by their small, stemless rosettes, these plants form clusters and eventually spread into large mats. They require very little attention. The flowers are white, yellow, red, or purple. The clusters can be divided or individual plants made to root.

Attractive species are S. arachnoideum, which has fine hairs spun like a cobweb from tip to tip of its leaves, S. montanum, and S. calcaratum. All like a semi-shaded position.

HAWORTHIA (South Africa):

These charming little plants show a marvellous variety of leaf forms. Flowers are not very spectacular, forming a mass of tiny white clusters on a long stem, which usually falls over. They are relatively easy to grow, but do best in a semi-shaded position. Propagation is done by detaching and striking rosettes or by seeds.

Recommended species are: H. fasciata, H. tessellata, H. tortuosa, H. cuspidata.

CRASSULA (mainly South Africa):

This genus offers a great variety. Some are dwarfs of unusual shape, others grow into semi-shrubs or bushes. In general very easy to grow. Some prefer shade, others do best in a sunny position. Flowers are small, white, pink, and red; in a few species very beautiful, in others of no significance. Propagation from stem or leaf cuttings.

Recommended species are: C. cordata, C. arborescens, C. falcata, C. lactea, C. justus corderoy, C. rosularis, C. tetragona.

M E SEMBRYANTHEMUM (mainly South Africa; a few exceptions are natives of America and Australia):

Most people are familiar with the shrubby type of mesembryanthemums used as borders in rockeries, on slopes, or covering bare walls, where they reach a height of 3ft. They grow readily in any porous soil in a sunny position. The daisy-like flowers range from white to yellow, orange, pink, and red, and are up to 2in. in diameter. They make a blaze of vivid color. Propagation is very easy from cuttings.

Some vigorous growers are: Delosperma, Drosanthemum, Lampranthus, Oscularia, Ruschia.

Dorotheanthus bellidiformis is an annual mesembryanthemum grown from seed and known to many home gardeners as the "Livingstone Daisy." It is also called Mesembryanthemum criniflorum.

Among the mesembryanthemums are the amazing mimicry plants of South Africa: Conophytum, Lithops, Gibbaeum, and Fenestraria. These very succulent types are not suitable for outdoor cultivation.

EUPHORBIA (widely distributed throughout the world):

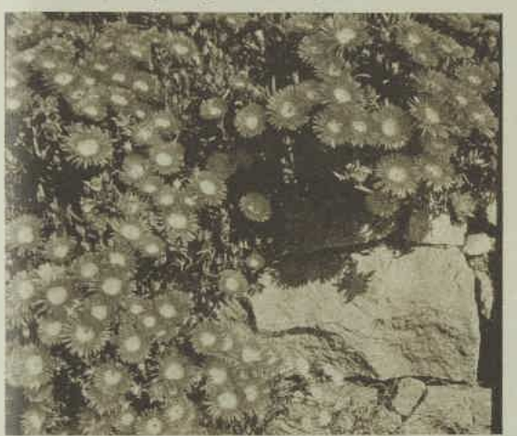
This very large family contains both succulent and non-succulent species. It is easy to mistake many of the spiny euphorbia for cacti, though some can be distinguished by the milky juice which appears when a euphorbia is cut or by their small flowers, which are insignificant in most species. The shrubby euphorbias are easily grown, and many species will endure cold spells, even a few degrees of frost. Cuttings can be taken at any time.

Euphorbias generally available are: E. splendens, E. pseudocactus, E. schinzii, E. grandicornis, and E. lactea.

Other plant families suitable for outdoor gardening and rockeries are Agave, Aloe, Aeonium, Cotyledon, Dudleya, Pachyphytum, Kalanchoe, Gasteria, Bryophyllum, Kleinia, and Stapelia.



● *Echeveria elegans with its attractive rosette formation is useful for rockeries.*



● *Mesembryanthemum Lampranthus have colorful flowers — white, yellow, orange, pink, red.*



● *Sempervivum arachnoideum has cobweb-like hairs joining the leaves.*

Insects and pests

● The most common pests which attack succulents are mealy bugs, which become a real menace if not checked as soon as they appear.

THE mealy bug is a small white insect covered with a mealy coating which makes it immune to the usual insecticides.

The best way to remove the bugs is to pick them off the plant with tweezers.

The female can lay up to 500 eggs three times a year, and these hatch out within ten days.

The root mealy bug is similar in appearance, but smaller. It lives on the roots and is even a worse pest than the ordinary mealy bug, as its presence is not known until the damage is done. The cause of a sickly looking plant is often the presence of those root mealy bugs.

When repotting, watch out for little balls of wool; this usually is a sign of their presence. When noticed, remove all the soil and clean the roots and containers thoroughly.

Ants are quite a common sight around the plants. Although they do no harm, their presence indicates mealy bugs. Follow the ants and you will find the infested plant.

I have found that using a "systemic" spray has kept my plants free from the insects. When watering, use the solution to saturate the soil. The poison is taken up by the roots into the sap stream and in this way comes in contact with the sucking insect. Apply once a month for three months.

A warning: Examine every addition to your collection for insect pests; 500 eggs three times a year means tens of thousands at the end of a growing period.

Red spiders and scale insects also attack cacti and succulents.

Scale should be removed with a stiff brush or pointed stick. When the round, scale-like covering is removed, the small insect underneath will die, so it is important to remove all the scale. Treat the plant with insecticide to prevent recurrence of scale.

The tiny red spider causes a reddish, rusty covering on the plant and marking of the skin. Syringe the plant with insecticide diluted in tepid water.



● *Euphorbia pseudocactus is often mistaken for a cactus because of its spines.*

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● Crassula Morgan's Pink (South Africa) is a hybrid of Crassula falcata and Crassula mesembryanthemopsis, has large, fleshy, grey-green leaves.



● Titanopsis calcarea, Agave parviflora, Faucaria haagei, Euphorbia obesa, Crassula Morgan's Pink, Adromischus cooperii, Echeveria peacockii, Crassula hemisphaerica, and Crassula teres.



● Pleiospilos bolusii (South Africa) belongs to the Mesembryanthemum family. One of the mimicry plants, its wrinkled surface makes it resemble a small, weathered granite rock.

SUCCULENTS

● Most of the succulents pictured on this page come from South Africa. They do well in Australia, which has a similar climate and soil conditions.



● Conophytum luisae (South Africa) is a dwarf succulent from Namaqualand near the Kalahari Desert. Conophytum means "cone plant."



● Stapelia nobilis (South Africa) has magnificent flowers from 10 to 12in. in diameter, with a bell-shaped tube.



● Euphorbia woodii (South Africa) is an unusual species, rare in collections. The genus has world-wide distribution.



● A group of Lithops, known as Pebble Plants or Living Stones (South Africa) with two species of Conophytum. Both are mimicry plants.



● Agave americana, var. medio - picta (left), with the flowering Aloe spinosissima in the foreground. (Both from South Africa.)

● Aloe variegata (South Africa) has unusual markings on the leaves and produces beautiful red flowers.



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